April 6, 1968 Price 35 cents

THE NEW YORKER

BLUE [illegible] COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

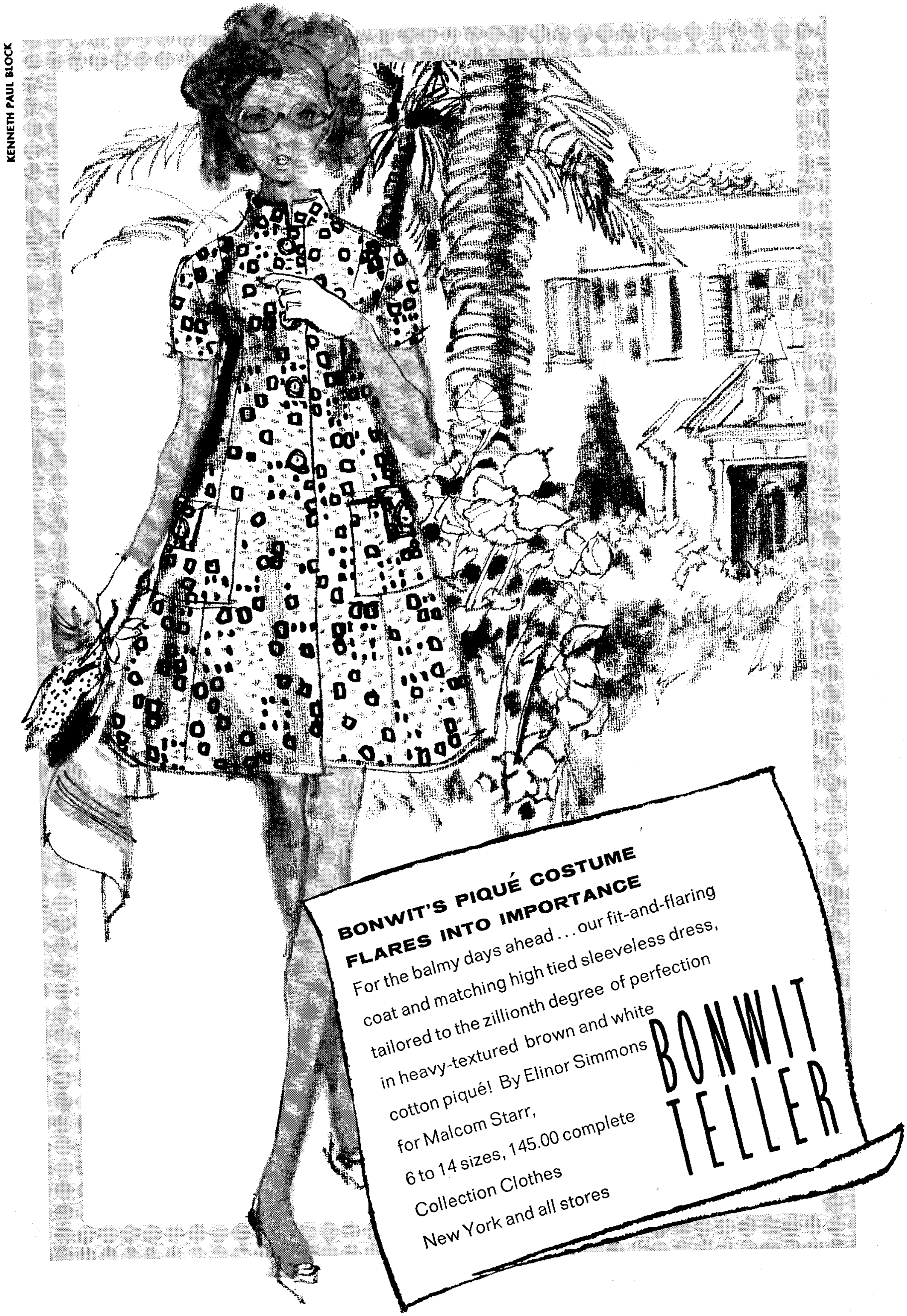
AUG 0 3 [illegible]

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

André François

When the yachting season opens with a perfect day, a new boat is entered in the regatta, and you expect to repeat last year's win, the shoe that fits the mood is the White British Buckler by **Johnston & Murphy**

Johnston & Murphy's White British Buckler completes the fresh new look of today's double-breasted blue blazers and slimmed-down white trousers. $40.00. At America's finest stores.
Johnston & Murphy "the shoe with a memory" Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. Genesco Everything to wear.



KENNETH PAUL BLOCK

BONWIT'S PIQUÉ COSTUME FLARES INTO IMPORTANCE

For the balmy days ahead . . . our fit-and-flaring coat and matching high tied sleeveless dress, tailored to the zillionth degree of perfection in heavy-textured brown and white cotton piqué! By Elinor Simmons for Malcom Starr, 6 to 14 sizes, 145.00 complete

Collection Clothes

New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Ionesco's **exit the king**: Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, at 8:30; Saturday, April 6, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 8-9, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 10, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's **the cherry orchard**, wth Uta Hagen and Nancy Walker: Thursday and Friday, April 11-12, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 13, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Electronic Nigger and Others—A trio of one-acters by Ed Bullins, resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. The plays are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perform very well, a few of them matching the dramatist in brilliance. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

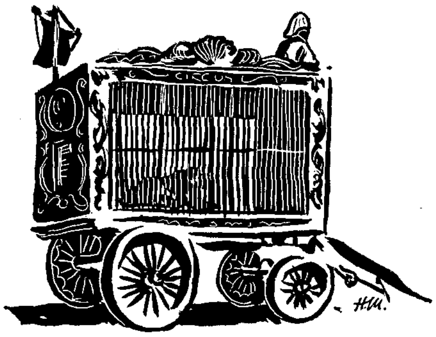
Ergo—An old-fashioned Expressionistic play by Jakov Lind that exposes either Teutonic or general corruption (it is hard to be sure which) in a parcel of garish pranks, many of them extremely disagreeable. The production and acting, under Gerald Freedman's expert direction, are fine, but the script is a thick-fingered bore. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Never Sang for My Father—A wan tale of family misery, in Robert Anderson's characteristic vein. With Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy. Jenny Leigh is very touching as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Joe Egg—A self-pitying English schoolteacher and his loving wife threaten to destroy their lives by their devotion to a spastic child. The playwright, Peter Nichols, has somehow found the means of making much of this sad story comic. The cast of this excellent play includes Albert Finney, Zena Walker, John Carson, Elizabeth Hubbard, Joan Hickson, and Susan Alpern. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Leda Had a Little Swan—A comedy by Bamber Gascoigne, in which Severn Darden, Michael J. Pollard, Joan Darling, and Fred Stewart have the leading roles. Directed by Andre Gregory. Previews through Wednesday, April 10. Opens officially on Thursday, April 11. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Loot—George Rose, Carole Shelley, and Liam Redmond enjoy themselves immensely in a loud, bustling farce that requires among its props a well-wrapped corpse and twenty thousand pounds in banknotes. Written by the late Joe Orton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
BOOKS	167
THE CURRENT CINEMA	156
LETTER FROM LONDON	115
MUSICAL EVENTS	143
JAZZ	145
RECORDS	148
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: ABOUT THE HOUSE	150
THE RACE TRACK	112
THE SPORTING SCENE	124
THE THEATRE	109

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Portrait of a Queen—Victoria enjoyed the longest reign in British history, and Dorothy Tutin and a large and able cast hopscotch their way across it with admirable zest and occasional poignancy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and Harold Gary is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rate of Exchange—A play by Milo Thomas. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superlative as the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Saturday Night—Many of the Bronx-Jewish lines of Jerome Kass's play sound amusing and credible, but his trying heroine—a spinster whose dreams of a highbrow way of life get her into trouble—has barely put one foot out of the psychiatric casebook. The actors, under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction, do pretty well with the somewhat synthetic roles assigned them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Seven Descents of Myrtle—Tennessee Williams is extremely resourceful at finding humor in the darkest backwaters of life. This purgatorial comedy is well acted by Estelle Parsons, Harry Guardino, and Brian Bedford, under the direction of José Quintero. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

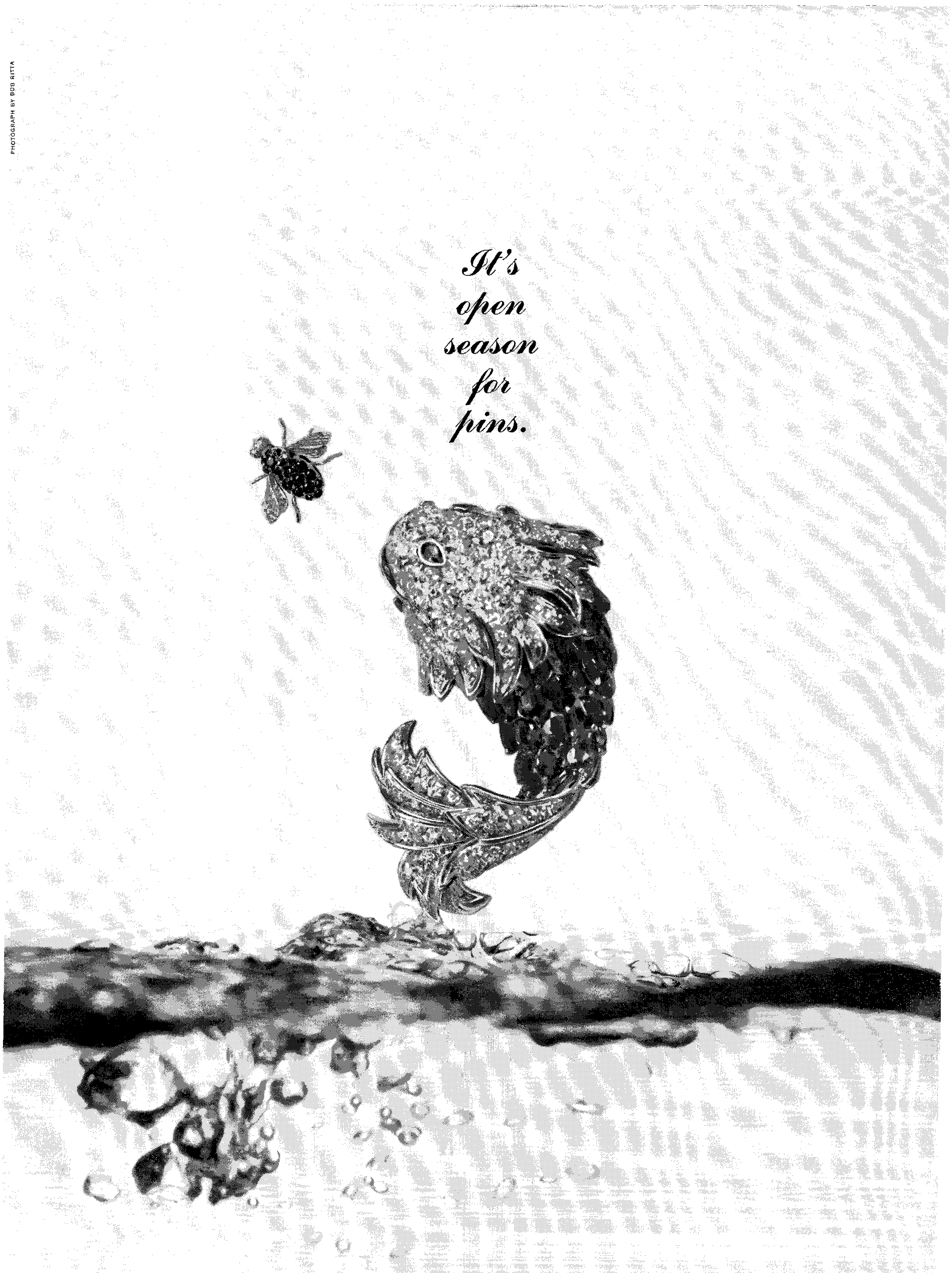
Spofford—Herman Shumlin's dramatization of Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben" is a jolly business dealing with a chicken farmer who sets out to do a sociological study of the commuters invading his homeland. Melvyn Douglas is triumphant in the title role, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont

---

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 7, April 6, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1968 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. *All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.*
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA


It's
open
season
for
pins.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 233 POST ST. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Gig Young performs worthily as a middle-aged womanizer in this one, but, alas, there is not much to be said for his supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger at the Gates—A revival of the Giraudoux work, translated by Christopher Fry, with Philip Bosco and Diana Sands. Presented by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center as the third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vienna Burgtheatre—The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays in German. Nestroy's **EINEN JUX WILL ER SICH MACHEN**: Thursday through Saturday, April 4-6, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Bahr's **DAS KONZERT**: Saturday, April 6, at 2:30, and Sunday, April 7, at 8. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Long Runs—**AMERICA HURRAH**: A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CACTUS FLOWER**: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER**: A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n—A musical based on the stories by Leo Rosten. Benjamin Bernard Zavin wrote the book, Paul Nassau and Oscar Brand did the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Tom Bosley, Barbara Minkus, Nathaniel Frey, Gary Krawford, and Hal Linden. Directed by George Abbott. Opens Thursday, April 4. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—*Joel Grey in a musical with a book* by Michael Stewart and John and Fran Pascal, and music and lyrics by George M. Cohan (with revisions by Mary Cohan). Joe Layton is the director. Previews through Tuesday, April 9. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 10. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, April 11, at 2.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

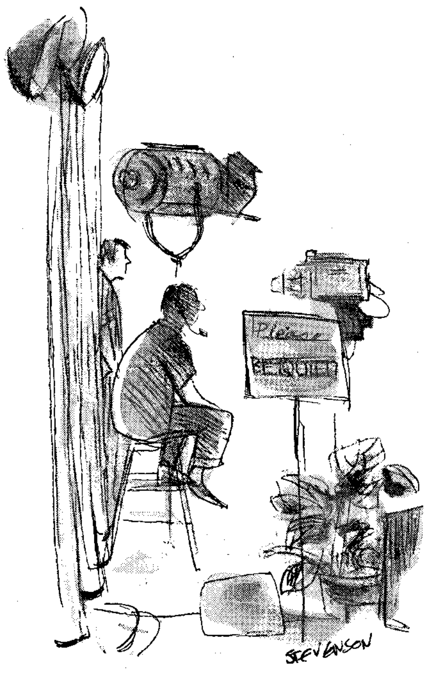
The Happy Time—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Cutting up in the financial district. The book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, are not very sparkling, but Carolyn Leigh's lyrics are often sprightly, and the performers, under the direction of George Abbott, are a lively lot. Conspicuous among them are Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET**: How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 7.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: *Maurice!* Right this minute! (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **I DO! I DO!**: A highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage, with Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME**: Janis Paige has just replaced Angela Lansbury as Auntie in the musical version *of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter* Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA**: Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN**: "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballets Africains—A troupe of forty-five dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

Netherlands Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 21, by this company appearing here for the first time—Tuesday, April 9, at 7:30; Wednesday, April 10, at 8:15; and Saturday, April 13, at 2:30: "Dualis," "Le Diable à Quatre," "Impressions," and "The Anatomy Lesson." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, April 11-13, at 8:15: "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers," "Sargasso," "Screenplay," and "Mythical Hunters." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—In a program of modern dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey are back in town, with twenty-six new acts, three hundred performers, and two hundred animals. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Friday, April 5, at 2 and 8:30, and Friday, April 12, at 10:30 and 3; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. No performances Thursday, April 4, and Sunday, April 7, because of hockey playoffs. Closes Sunday, May 12. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Vienna Burgtheatre—The second of two performances of "The Young Goethe," a dramatization in German, based on diaries and letters, by Loek Huisman. With Helene Thimig. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical, "All's Fair," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 128 W. 44th St. Friday, April 5, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-3344.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors. The rock Cornish hen (a very young one) who sings here now is

The Out Island of Eleuthera. No passport. No visa.

You could walk 100 miles–the length of Eleuthera Island–and see nobody.

Cozy, huh?

Or.
You could have it the other way.

Bahama Out Islands

700 of them. So near. And yet so far.

FRANSK.

Introducing the Dansk® collection of fine French crystal. Dansk in France? Why not? When Jens Quistgaard designed this group for us, he knew we would find the finest craftsmen to make the pieces, wherever the search took us. It took us, of course, to France, where appreciation of stemware is legendary. (Surely, Frenchmen have spent more time gazing thoughtfully into wineglasses than any other people.) Our crystal collection consists of five patterns, each in three sizes: each French in body but Dansk in spirit.

This is Dansk's entry into crystal making. Now we can truthfully say that we make everything for the tabletop, from the cloth to the candleflame. If you know us for our wood, china, silver, steel, iron, enamel and so on, you know the quality we bring to our stemware. If you don't know us, know us. Send 25¢ for our new catalog of 493 wonderful things. Write to Dansk Designs Ltd., Department GE Mt. Kisco, New York 10549.

DANSK DESIGNS LTD.

Linda Ronstadt, and her rock colleagues are the Stone Poneys. They move out on Sunday, April 7, but on Wednesday, April 10, the carousing Serendipity Singers move in.

Café au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—The messages left in this hollow oak are currently being delivered by Blood, Sweat, and Tears, and as of Tuesday, April 9, the messengers will be Ian and Sylvia. Closed Mondays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—There is dancing now as well as pizza pies, and Zoot Sims' quartet is responsible for a large part of the party of the first part. On Tuesday, April 9, Jake Hanna's quartet, which includes Richie Kamuca, succeeds the Sims crew. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The graduates of the Old School keep showing up at one of the Oldest Schools in town. At the moment, they are such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—Nashville, the Athens of the South, maintains its cultural mission here—all of it vocal, all of it country. Through Saturday, April 6, the sound will be Elton Britt and Rosalie Allen, and from Tuesday through Saturday, April 9-13, it will be Mr. B. solo. Dance music, too, and nourishment. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—It will not let bygones be bygones, for the whole idea is a throwback to the fountain-of-youth beer parlor of the presumed nineteen-tens. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of those times a good, sound, nasal twang.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—The Cecil Taylor Unit is riddling the faithful its unfathomable riddles. Saturday and Sunday afternoons, from five to nine, visiting bands have the floor, and the room is closed every Monday. On Tuesday, April 9, Freddie Hubbard's quintet replaces the Unit.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—On the ground floor, every night but Monday, Toshiko's piano takes solo flights of fancy, and Monty Alexander's trio hums, not especially to itself. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, Hugh Masekela's (and Gabriel's) trumpet happily leads a fivesome, and Jimmy Smith's threesome picks up any pieces.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Elvin Jones, dexterously striking all his drums, and never twice in the same place, guides a threesome through its paces, and Jack Dejohnette's quartet fills in the interludes. They check out on Sunday, April 7, and next evening, as usual, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band owns the place. On Tuesday, April 9, the Thelonious Monk quartet will replace the Dejohnettes.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The music is live and cast iron. It goes until two or three all week long, and on Sundays it commences at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for a matinée.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of the earthling Pleasure Seekers, all of whom are girls. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. No Monday action.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—How to separate the men from the boys: eighteen and under assemble, with their lights o' love, on the ground floor, minus bar; the elders assemble, with their likewises, on the upper deck, with bar. The music, in all its glory, is, though, universal. Harumi and the gang called the Surfs are making waves now, and on Thursday, April 11, they will give way to Linda Ronstadt & the Stone Poneys, plus Little Charles & the Sidewinders. Eight to three is the curriculum, every night but Monday.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—This spaceship, which is tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night.

The Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Some of the platters are steak and such, some are wax and wild. Dining until nine, sound until all hours. On Wednesdays, from six to nine, Daphne Hellman, golden harp and hair at the ready, conducts a chamber-jazz session, with the aid of two sidemen. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not exactly at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—There's Egypt in the dreamy eyes of the Sphinxes who survey the scene from their niches, and Americana in the music that issues from what the disc jockey spins and from the Kai Winding quartet, which, as it happens, is dreamy as much as it is jazzy. The last Windings of the horn occur on Saturday, April 6; the room will be shut next evening, and on Monday, April 8, Maxine Brown and the Marvin Alston quartet become the live interludes. Dinner in quite reasonable degree.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—A sort of super motor inn, whose bent is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Not everything is popular mechanics, though; the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, whose Bach is as good as its bop, does extra well for the humanities of the occasion. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door, and prior arrangements for access are a good idea. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): The Jove who is hurling thunderbolts from this well-appointed Olympus is really reliable old Jonah Jones, whose quartet speaks with authority. He begins at nine; Phil Wayne's happy threesome tees off at seven, and all hands work until between one and two in the morning. The Jones boys sign off on Saturday, April 6, and on Monday, April 8, George Shearing, an absentee of long standing, brings himself, his piano, and his quintet back to town. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Scholastic and social standards of the Ivy League bracket are maintained in the Café Pierre, and, naturally, by Ben Cutler's Yale team, which holds nightly practice sessions under coach Stanley Worth. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays off. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2060): The archeologists' picks and shovels uncover but minute evidences of the Arcadian life that once existed in this vanished city-state. Anyone who wants to help should show up between eight and three-thirty every night but Sunday. Collations for the toilers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band. . . .

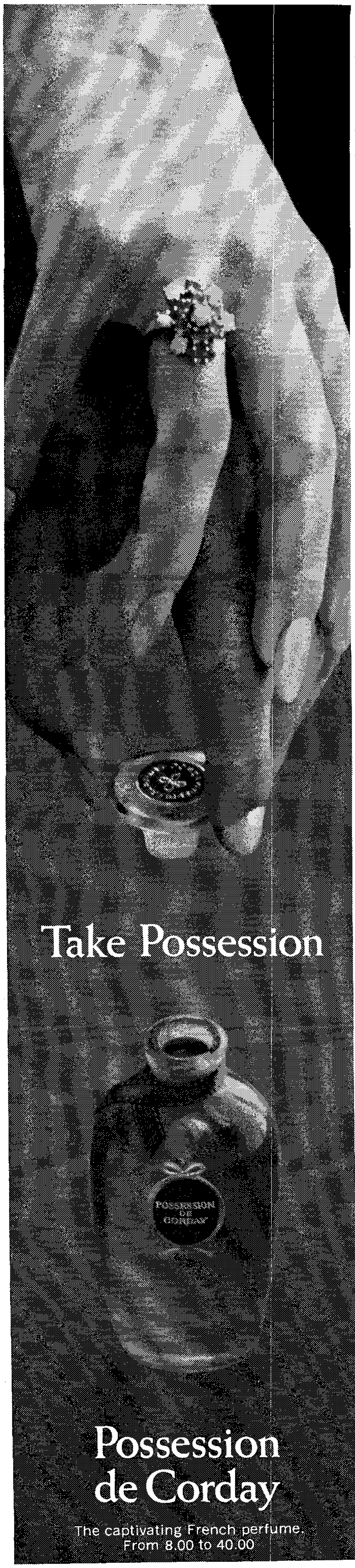
maxi status

for the shirtdress—in long-flowing white crepe, sashed to taste and splashed with a sunshine-bright bouquet: poppy red, cornflower blue, daffodil yellow and grassy green. Printed acetate.

Sizes 8 to 18, 30.00

Mail and phone orders filled. PLaza 9-2940. Regular parcel post charges will be added beyond delivery area.

Elizabeth Arden Salon
691 Fifth Avenue



©1968 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC. AVAILABLE IN CANADA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday) *palais de danse,* in which a minuscule band does the music. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): On the quarterdeck of the old night boat to antiquity, Woody Herman and his Nine-Hundredth Herd are, as always, playing with fire, and Stan Rubin's Tiger Town Five is doing the music the name implies. Six until two is the schedule, every night but Sunday. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): Moderation in all things is the rule of thumb (or, rather, foot) because things like the Monkey and the Urban Sprawl are forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Three ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and two of them very local, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week (Wednesdays, though, at six-thirty) and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The alarums and excursions of Joan Rivers are powerful arguments for the thesis that psychiatry is America's No. 1 killer. She starts around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. The other amusement is not of vast import. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Home on the range in Israel, where never is heard a discouraging word, and the musicians and jesters make the evening more a private party than a public affair. It's a nightly operation, and the dining is native without being naïve. Closed Mondays.

Living Room, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262)—Few of our nightingales have the dramatic force and yet femininity of Felicia Sanders, which now hides itself under this particular bushel basket. Every night of the week, and skip the rest of the amusement.

Plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—The ways of our wicked world are no match for the wickedness of the words with which "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's editorial-with-music, decries those ways. His coruscating Greek chorus is led by Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, who receive valiant support from Terry O'Mara, Dennis Allen, and Alex Wipf. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent intermission piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the newest of the portmanteau revues to inhabit this coign. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Caterina Valente, a slim and trim figurine who blends the best attributes of modest violet, woman of the world, and meadowlark in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, withdraws from circulation after Saturday, April 6, and so, for a time, does the Royal Box. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment, is likewise present.

Château Madrid, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773)—Love in the afternoon, love at night, love at first sight, all are pretty grand when Lucho Gatica, the power and the glory of Chile, unwinds his lyrics about them. True to form, there is flamenco, too, at the hands (and feet) of the Emilia Rivas group. The dancing of the customers is no slouch, either. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, just off the bar, there is the guitar of Alejandro Manzana, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Some of the unity of the trinity now known as Diana Ross & the Supremes has vanished since Miss R. has become a spotlighted superstar, but the sound remains heady, and Cindy Birdsong, the newest accession to the group, is a vocal and visual delight. The rest of the evening is never-no-mind. On Thursday, April 11, a change of cast: Peggy Lee, who can make any song her very own. The Copa ballerinas, each one a choreographer unto herself, will stay on. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten and goes on forever.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—It is not likely that a better voice than Sergio Franchi's ever lets itself loose on the midnight breeze, and so the supper (and dinner) sets of arias he so well chooses for the Persian Room are all exulting, exalting. The Burt Farber orchestra and the band run by Mark Monte are the house bumblebees. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette goes its urban and urbane way with a brace of dance bands that never pause for refreshment, and during dinner and supper Gino Tonetti, who would look at home alongside a table on the Via Veneto, sings some very good songs in his cheery I'm-just-doing-this-for-friends manner. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Bolger, footloose and tongue-loose in the Empire Room, reminds us all that night life can really be fun. He appears at dinner every night, and twice on Friday and on Saturday, April 6, his final stint. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo makes the music. The Empire Room will resume activities a few days after the departure of Mr. B. . . . ¶ Something is sounding off, if mildly, all week long in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—piano Monday through Friday from four to ten, and Horace Diaz's trio for dancing from eight until one Wednesday through Saturday, from five to ten Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano—the whole night through, by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide, Wayne Sanders, plus an opening session (six to eight-thirty) by Francis Thorne. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A shipshape West Indie, visited from dinnertime until after the theatre (Tuesday through Saturday each week) by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaican dialect. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Unhurried dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though not in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from

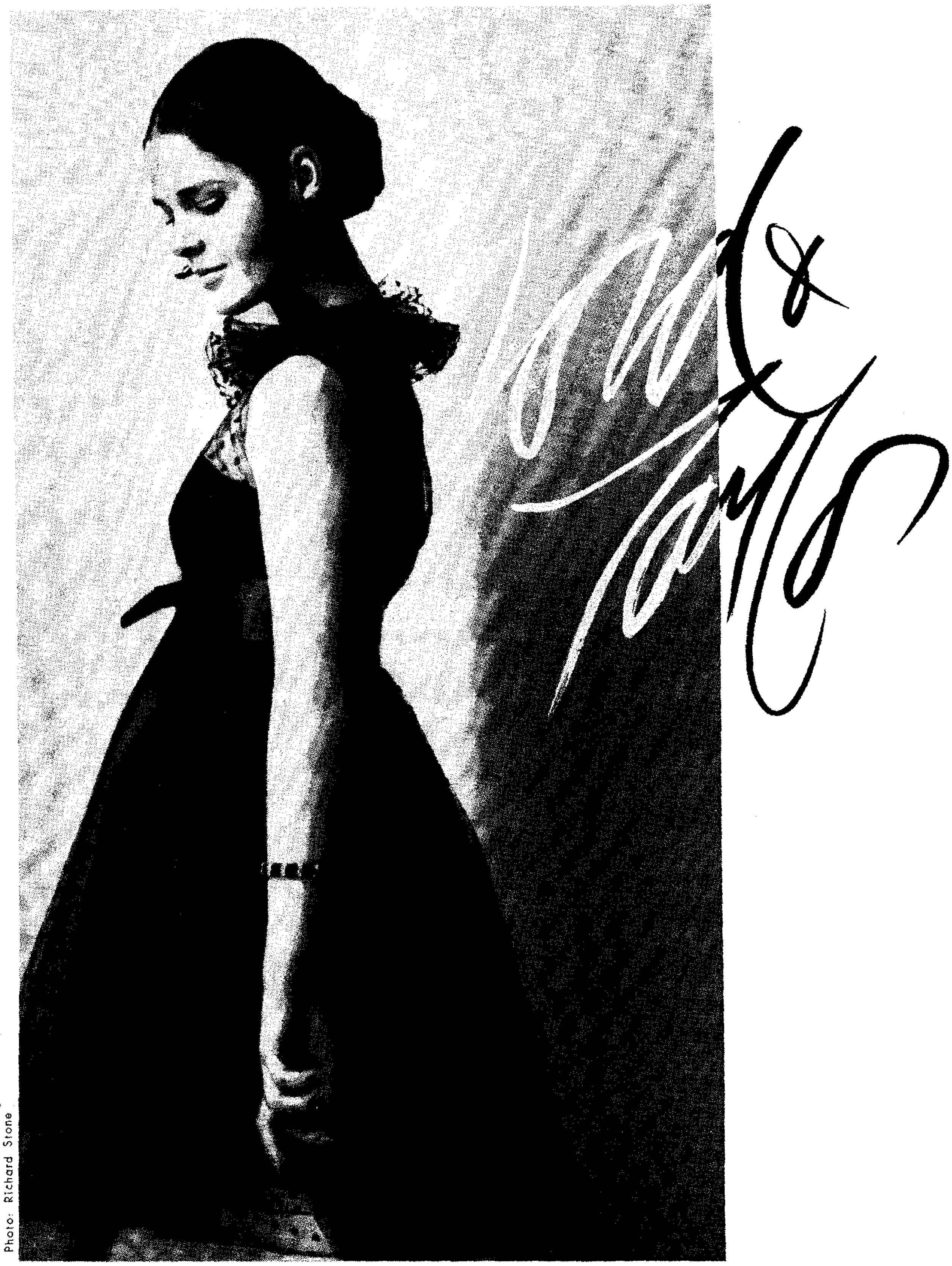


Photo: Richard Stone

A little frou-frou can be glorious if you're just about 5′ 4″—and it's black point d'esprit, sashed high with satin. From Gino Charles, sizes 4 to 12, 90.00 **54 Shop collections,** Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018—all Lord & Taylor stores

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Keep our shirtcoat on—the rain is bound to come. And even if it doesn't, who cares when the coat looks this good. In crisp water-shedding canvas of Avril® rayon and cotton. White with brown or pecan, for 6 to 12 sizes, and $50. In our far-from-drippy Rainboutique. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch any waiter in the place and you'll find an operatic tenor whose mother tongue is Italian and whose voice is trigger-happy. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A noticeable amount of jump enlivens this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals, and Marian McPartland's trio produces music that is by turn ruminative and rumbustious. They are all off on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is well-behaved piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Felipe Gayo's guitar turns its thoughts lightly to nights in the gardens of Granada. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Almanach by which one foretells the future here is not the Farmer's but de Gotha. The chargé d'affaires is George Feyer, whose conversation as he strokes his keyboard may be proof that politics and piano do not mix. He goes on (and on) from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Ruth Abrams—Abstract Expressionist paintings with indications of figures and interiors; through April 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Arp—Sculptures in marble and bronze and painted wood reliefs by the celebrated practitioner of "concrete" art; through Saturday, April 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Harry Bertoia—Sculptures in metal by an artist well known for his building decorations; through April 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Geometric abstraction in circular, diamond-shaped, and rectangular canvases and wood sculptures; through Friday, April 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Pol Bury—Sculptures with kinetic balancings in polished metals that reflect the movement; through April 20. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Cadmus—A retrospective selection of drawings and prints by a realistic painter of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 6. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Gretchen Caracas—Figures in imaginary landscapes and urban public places; through Friday, April 12. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marc Chagall—Twenty-eight gouaches from 1957 to the present, many not shown here before; through April 30. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Dash—Landscapes, some including figures, by a poet; through Saturday, April 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ronald Davis—Geometrical paintings; through Saturday, April 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor de Pauw—Drawings, mostly of people, with a tendency toward abstraction; through Friday, April 5. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Thursday, noon to 5; Friday, noon to 8.)

Frank Eliscu, Ibram Lassaw, and Sahl Swarz—About seventy sculptures; through April 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Floch—Recent paintings of interiors and landscapes by a Viennese artist who has lived in America since 1941; through Friday, April 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Frazier—White geometric sculptures in fibre glass and wood; through Thursday, April 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Gaffney—Figurative drawings; through Saturday, April 6. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St.)

Thomas George—Abstract black-and-white paintings in free forms; through April 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Giles—Paintings composed of planes of bright color; through Saturday, April 13. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Glickman—Drawings from four decades by an American sculptor; through April 27. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonel Góngora—Compositions in mixed styles emphasizing themes in the news; through Saturday, April 6. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Large canvases by a prominent member of the New York School; through April 18. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Caspar Henselmann—Sculptures of plastic and metal featuring fluids in motion; through Thursday, April 11. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Irwin—Abstract paintings stressing color; through Wednesday, April 10. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Johnson—Compositions of assembled elements incorporating words; through April 25. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

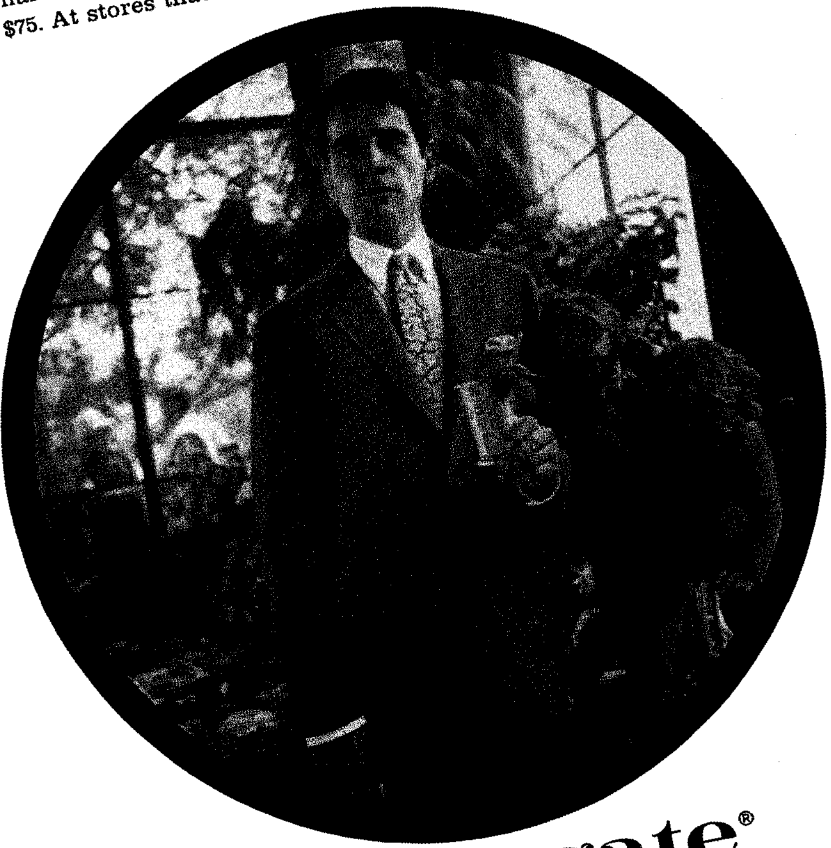
George Kanelous—Abstract Expressionist paintings, mostly suggestive of heads; through Saturday, April 13. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Brandon Kearl—Small semi-abstract sculptures of figures in evocative settings; through Thursday, April 11. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Colorful abstractions; through

© 1968 DEANSGATE, INC.

Why not? Moss green, for town or country, this summer. Yes, this crisp, cool Deansgate suiting is a bit off the beaten path—but not obviously so, and that's what Deansgate traditional clothes are all about. The suit shown, in a chilled Dacron® polyester and wool blend, about $75. At stores that cater to men who are fastidious about fabric, fit and cut.

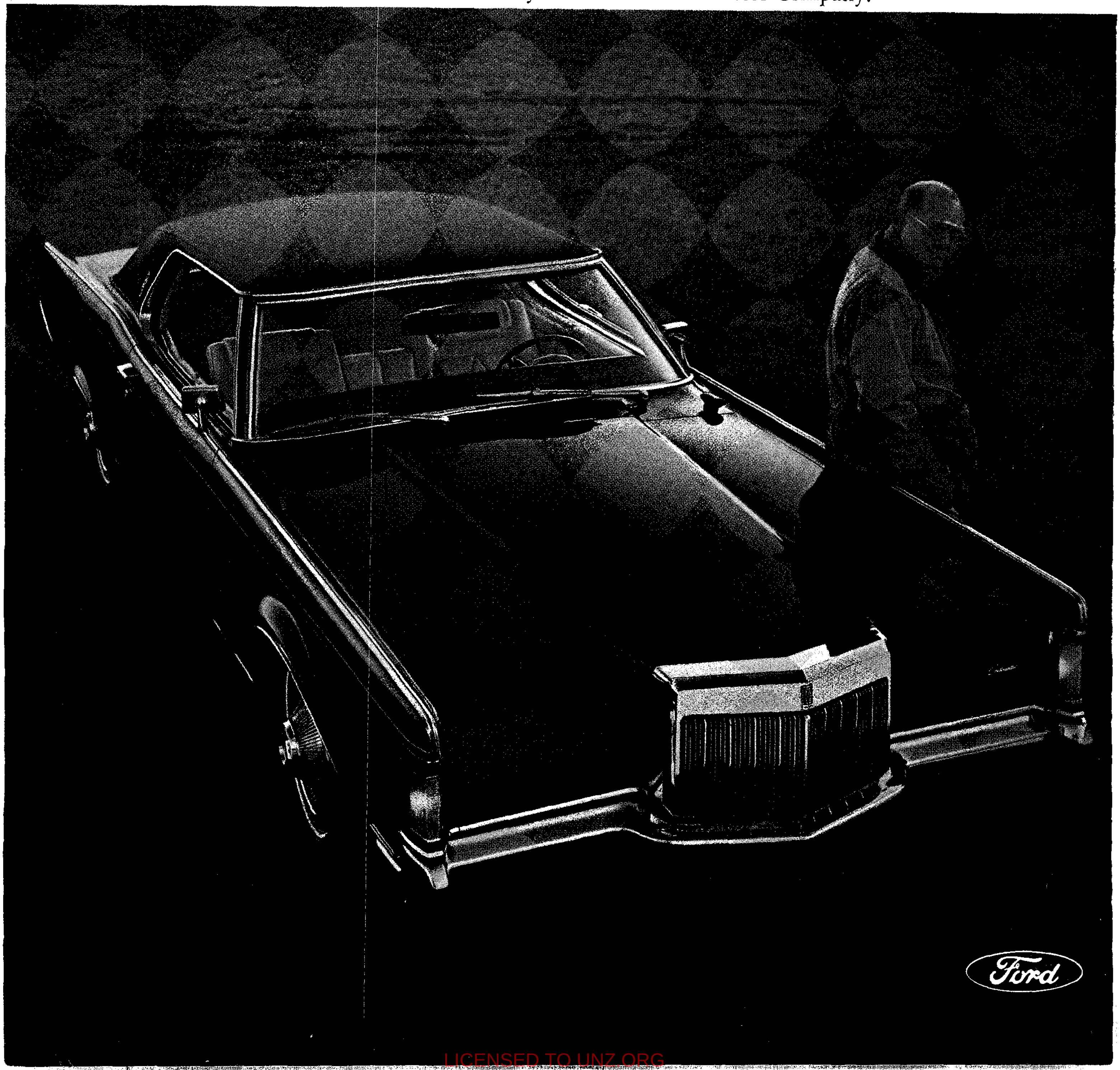


Deansgate®
950 Poeyfarre Street New Orleans

For education/information on natural shoulder clothing, send for Deansgate's free Focal Point booklet.

The Continental Mark III.

The most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motorcar of this generation.
From the Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, April 13. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Kupka (1871-1957)—Sixty oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings by this pioneer Czech experimentalist; through April 27. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

Lenore Laine—Geometrical paintings with Op effects; through April 20. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Leo Manso—Abstract assembled sculptures; through Saturday, April 6. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—A large exhibition of bronze sculptures, door panels, and low reliefs, gold objects, and sketches for ballet costumes; through April 27. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Barrie McDowell—Stainless-steel sculptures with movable parts; through April 17. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Mehring—Color-field paintings, mostly in a "Z" motif; through April 18. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert and Ella Bergmann Michel—Abstract paintings by a German couple who worked at the Bauhaus; through Saturday, April 6. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Rome, Vienna, and Chicago; through April 20. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Joan Mitchell—A new series of landscape-like paintings done in France by a leading "second-generation" American Abstract Expressionist; through April 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Natkin and Judith Dolnick—Paintings, gouaches, and watercolors by a husband and wife—the husband Abstract, the wife, too, but less so; through April 18. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hal Pauley—Colored plastic constructions making use of reflections and light effects; through Saturday, April 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings (1908-64); through Saturday, April 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Randell—Fibre-glass sculptures in bright colors; through Saturday, April 13. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—Twelve objects, from a small hand in a pot to a chess set, by one of the original Dadaists-Surrealists; through April 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Paintings of landscapes with well-defined subjects; through April 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alvin Ross—Paintings of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 13. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Rotenberg—Paintings, many of them on Israeli subjects, by an artist who spends part of his time in New York; through April 18. (Twentieth-Century West, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kurt Seligmann—Drawings and prints by a prominent Surrealist and medievalist who died in 1962; through April 20. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Steiner—Three large geometrical sculptures in bright-colored plastic on wood by an "environmental" artist; through April 24. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Thumim and Lisa Collado—Abstract landscapes by the former and mosaics done in paper by the latter; through Saturday, April 13. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Tucker—Abstract sculptures by a young British artist; through April 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Van Buren—Sculptures of transparent fibre glass over wood; through April 25. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bram van Velde—Abstract paintings done in the past ten years by a Dutch Expressionist well known since the war; through April 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, and prints of the lower East Side representing early works by a familiar American painter of the Paris School; through April 27. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Zajac—Bronze and marble biomorphic and dynamic shapes; through Saturday, April 13. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Society of American Graphic Artists—Their forty-ninth annual print exhibition; through Saturday, April 6. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Americans; Group Show—Oils and watercolors by Demuth, Marin, Shahn, Hopper, Dove, Davis, and other twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, April 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and constructions of doors by artists related to Surrealism, for example Delvaux, Duchamp, Lindner, Magritte; through April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-four paintings and sculptures by Braque, Calder, Dali, Picasso, and Vlaminck (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 6. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and bronzes on the theme of horse racing, by Degas and other French painters, from Géricault to Bonnard; through April 27.

Latin Americans; Group Shows—At the **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Four Argentine artists working in current Abstract modes; through Saturday, April 13. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Nine young Argentine painters and sculptors who specialize in geometrical forms; through May 12. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by noted Mexican artists, including Rivera, Orozco, Tamayo, and Cuevas; through Saturday, April 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Painting in France: 1900-67," a hundred and fifty paintings covering early twentieth-century masters, such as Picasso, Braque, and Matisse, to younger figures like Le Parc and Messagier; starting Saturday, April 6. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ Peruvian silver from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. . . . ¶ Forty-six prints offering impressions of New York City during the twentieth century by Bellows, Grosz, Rauschenberg, Paolozzi, and others; through May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and seventy-five oils, watercolors, and drawings, which constitute a major review of Neo-Impressionism, by Seurat, Signac, Pissaro, Matisse, van Gogh, Gauguin, and many other outstanding moderns who were either in the movement or affected by it; through Sunday, April 7. . . . ¶ Early paintings by Adolph Gottlieb; through Sunday, April 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints done during the past quarter century by John Heliker, an artist who bases his work on nature; through May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran—also carved chess pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Genre paintings by Richard Caton Woodville, a middle-nineteenth-century American; through Friday, April 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath

Truly
Social by
Dynasty. . .the
blaze of red,
white, blue
and green
geometrics on
a silken-soft
cotton
sun shift
and its
matching scarf.
Sizes 6 to 16.
30.00

Jacobson's
MICHIGAN

MEET THE
Young Edwardian®
BY Arpeja
© Jack Litt
SIZES 5-15 ABOUT $50
She's a Tiger! That day on Safari she caught a lion and a zebra. That night in the city... the great, white hunter.
Arpeja
COLLECTION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Our Feet... Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Charles Burchfield (1893-1967); through April 21. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-six American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chinese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums, including paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books, from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Newman, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, Stamos, and others) from the private collection of Betty Parsons; through April 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—An exhibition of photographs called "Man in Sport;" through May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of Gutenberg Bibles, along with related printed material; through Saturday, April 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by Gene Davis, Robert Irwin, and Richard Smith, all mathematical Abstractionists; through May 12. . . . ¶ Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Scrimshaw (e.g. corset busks, puzzle boxes, whales' teeth), rope work, tools, and other oddities that illustrate the ingenuity of nineteenth-century whalers; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Arnold Bennett: The Centenary of His Birth," an extensive collection of first editions, manuscripts, diaries, and letters; through May 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 1.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, April 4: "Luisa Miller," with Montserrat Caballé, Louise Pearl, Sándor Kónya, Sherrill Milnes, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Radmila Bakocevic, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 6: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Nell Rankin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 6: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 9: "Luisa Miller," with Montserrat Caballé, Louise Pearl, Sándor Kónya, Sherrill Milnes, Jerome Hines, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 10: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nancy Williams, John Alexander, and Ron Bottcher. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 12: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Joy Clements, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 13: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 13: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, April 4, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Isabel Penagos, Salvador Novoa, and Robert Gregori. . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Carol Bergey, Enrico di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 2:15: "Bomarzo," with Joan Summers, Joanna Simon, Claramae Turner, Salvador Novoa, and Joaquin Romaguera. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Huguette Tourangeau, Muriel Greenspon, and Enrico di Giuseppe; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Bernabé Martí, Seymour Schwartzman, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 7, at 1:15: "Carry Nation," with Beverly Wolff, Ellen Faull, Arnold Voketaitis, Julian Patrick, and Edward Pierson. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 7, at 7:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Placido Domingo. Richard Fredricks, Michael Devlin, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 9, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Carol Bergey, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Jerome LoMonaco, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Kay Creed, Charlotte Povia, Placido Domingo, and David Clatworthy; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Placido Domingo, Chester Ludgin, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico di Giuseppe, Eugene Holmes, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Francesca Roberto, Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, Richard Fredricks, William Beck, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Beverly Evans, Frances Bible, Carol Bayard, Spiro Malas, David Clatworthy, and Nico Castel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 21.)

"I Am the Way"—Jerome Hines' Biblical opera, performed by his Christian Arts Company, with Carlotta Ordassy, Nedda Casei, Calvin Marsh, Ezio Flagello, and Mr. Hines himself. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 7, at 8. For tickets, call 581-7400, Ext. 303.)

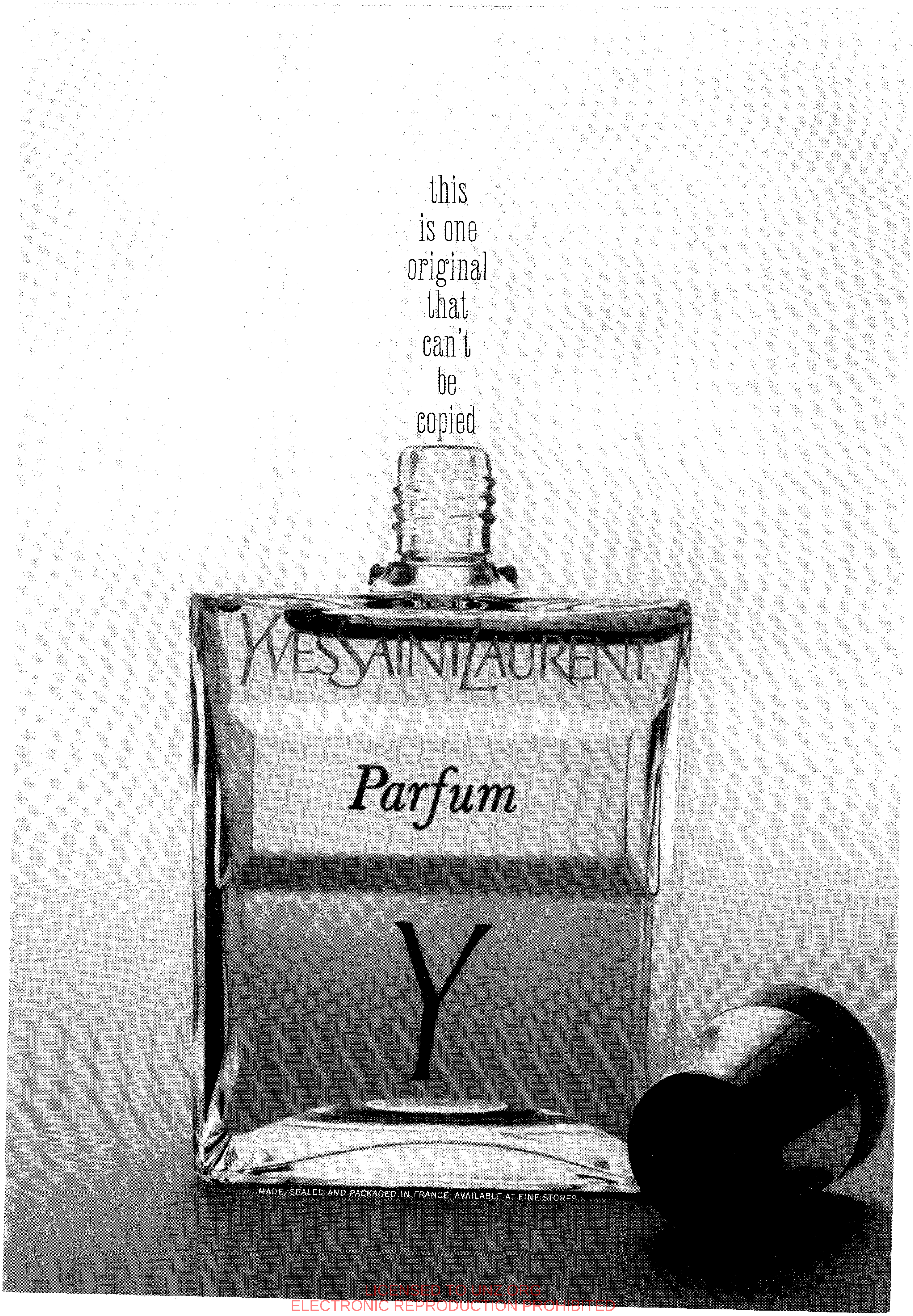
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

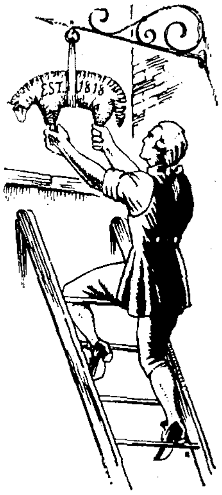
New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Sir John Barbirolli conducting on Thursday, April 4, at 8:30; Friday, April 5, at 2:15; Saturday, April 6, at 8:30; and Monday, April 8, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Leopold Stokowski conducting on Thursday, April 11, at 8:30; Friday, April 12, at 2:15; Saturday, April 13, at 8:30; and Monday, April 15, at 7:30 (all with Richard Kness, tenor).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final concerts of the season here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8:30, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30, with Lilian Kallir, piano.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Duke Ellington's Orchestra—Duke Ellington conducting a benefit program of his sacred music, with the Tougaloo College Choir, the


this
is one
original
that
can't
be
copied
YVES SAINT LAURENT
Parfum
Y
MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES.



150 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
Henry Sands Brooks opened a store at Catharine and Cherry Streets, New York

On April 7, 1818 the son of a Connecticut physician opened a clothing store in the shadow of towering Clipper ship masts in lower Manhattan..."easily arrived at by the Gentry and Seafaring men alike"—and invited inspection of its wares.

Today that business, with seven branch stores, is not only the oldest men's retailing store in the country, but one of the most celebrated.

Faith has been the keystone of Brooks Brothers success. Steadfast faith in the principles on which our nation was founded...faith in our own uncompromising standards of Quality and Honest Dealing ...and faith in the loyalty and Good Taste of an important segment of our population—the people we are proud to call friends and customers.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Manhattan Brass Choir, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8:15.)

Orchestra San Pietro of Naples—Renato Ruotolo conducting a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the last in a series of programs of French choral music, this one with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Robert Farrell, bass-baritone; and John Grady, organ. (Town Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

American String Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Jacqueline du Pré and Daniel Barenboim—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Joan Sutherland—Soprano, in an all-Handel benefit program, with an orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 6, and Monday, April 8, both at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music of the Spanish Court and Theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 7, at 3.)

Franco Corelli, Montserrat Caballé, and Bonaldo Giaiotti—Tenor, soprano, and bass, with an orchestra conducted by Alfredo Antonini. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 7, at 8.)

Harry Shub—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 8, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Herbert Haufrecht and Joan Tower, performed by Amiram Rigai, piano; George McWhorter, baritone; and others. The final concert of the season. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, April 9, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Etc.—Tim Hardin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8:30.)... ¶ Count Basie's band, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8:30.)... ¶ Sun Ra and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. California (first league games here), Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9-10, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Saturday, April 13, at 2.

Hockey—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden Center. Thursday, April 4, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 7, at 2:05.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 6.)... ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 13.)... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 13.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 6; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, April 10; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 13.... **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:15;

Hilton à-yum-yum.

6.
16.
10.
13.
8.
11.
4.
2.
14.
9.
15.
3.
1.
7.
12.
5.

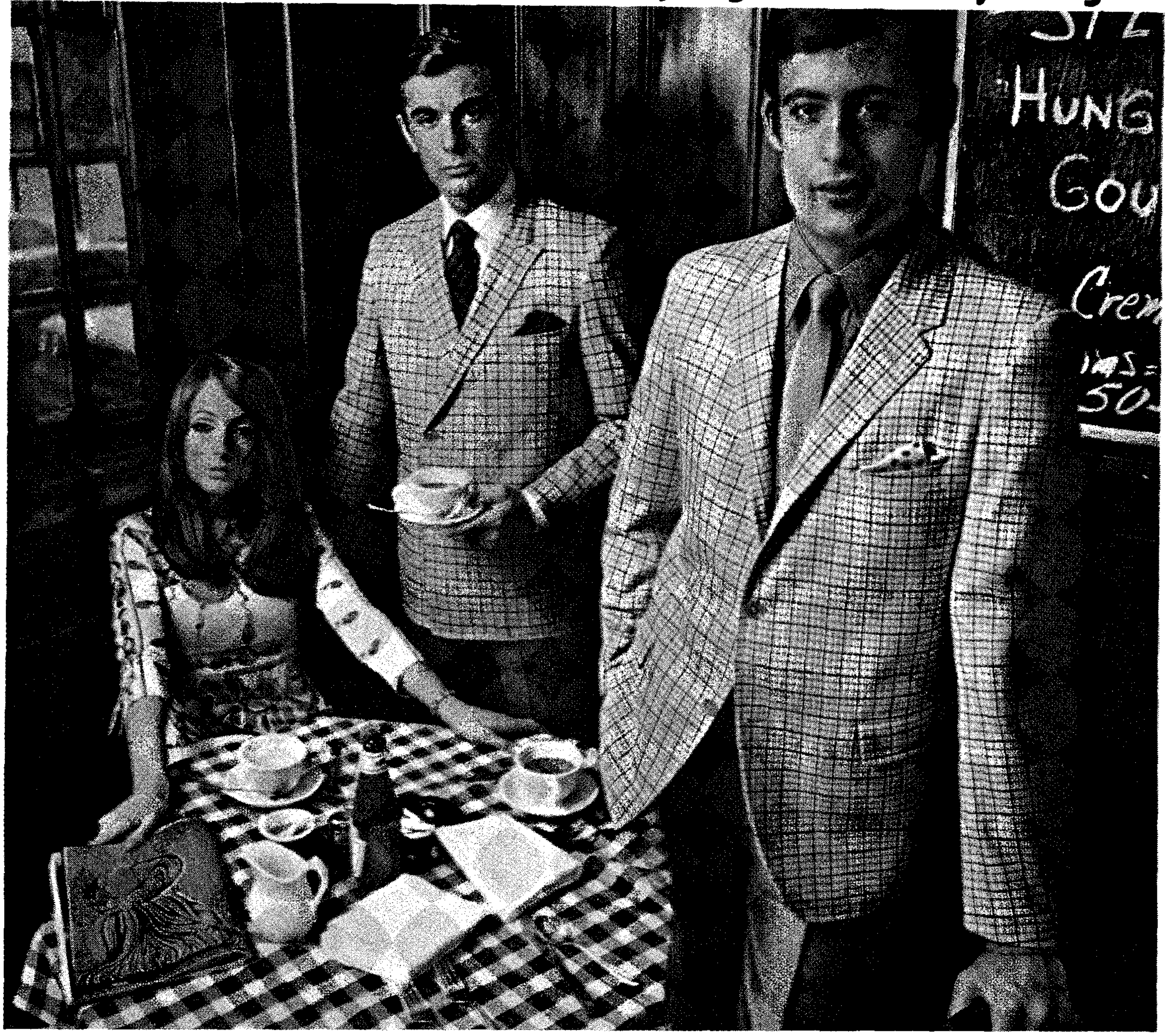
1. Trader Vic's 2. Haymarket 3. Bull and Bear 4. Escoffier 5. Place Lautrec 6. Boulevard Room 7. Statler Steak House 8. Don the Beachcomber 9. Empire Room 10. Rifle and Plow 11. Hungry Pilgrim 12. Four Oaks 13. Top of the Hilton 14. Chef's Table 15. Star on the Roof 16. At all Hiltons of course.

The way they're flocking to Hilton specialty restaurants, you'd think we invented the latest rage.
The truth is, we're just catering to people who crave incomparable cuisine; are starved for splendid service; and eat up exciting atmosphere.
If you're hungry for all these things, it's easy to find them. Just remember the magic word: Hilton.

The friendly world of
Hilton

☎ For reservations at all Hilton, Statler Hilton and other leading hotels, phone Hilton Reservation Service.

Fortrel in I. Aaronson sportcoats makes you glad the old days are gone



Fortrel is the crumple-resisting fiber in these I. Aaronson sportcoats. In days gone by, before Fortrel polyester and cotton sportcoats, wrinkles were always on the menu. Not anymore, however. Fortrel, the freshening fiber of today, is for you.

Tattersall and plaid sportcoats by I. Aaronson, Ltd. Impeccably tailored in a wide range of bright colors. About $45 at B. Altman & Co., University Shop, New York; Filene's Varsity Shop, Boston; Hahne's University Shop, Newark; McCurdy's Oak 'N Leather Shop, Rochester; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

CELANESE FORTREL

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 20. The Governor's Gold Cup, Saturday, April 6.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23.

FOR CHILDREN

Ballet—Benefit performances of "Peter and the Wolf," by the American Ballet Theatre, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 13, and Monday through Saturday, April 15-20, at 11:30.)

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 13, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 6, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Pecos Bill," Saturday and Sunday, April 6-7, at 1:30 and 3. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, April 13, at 1:30 and 3. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "The Thief of Baghdad," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots," Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . **REPERTORY MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30. For tickets, call CH 3-6926.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

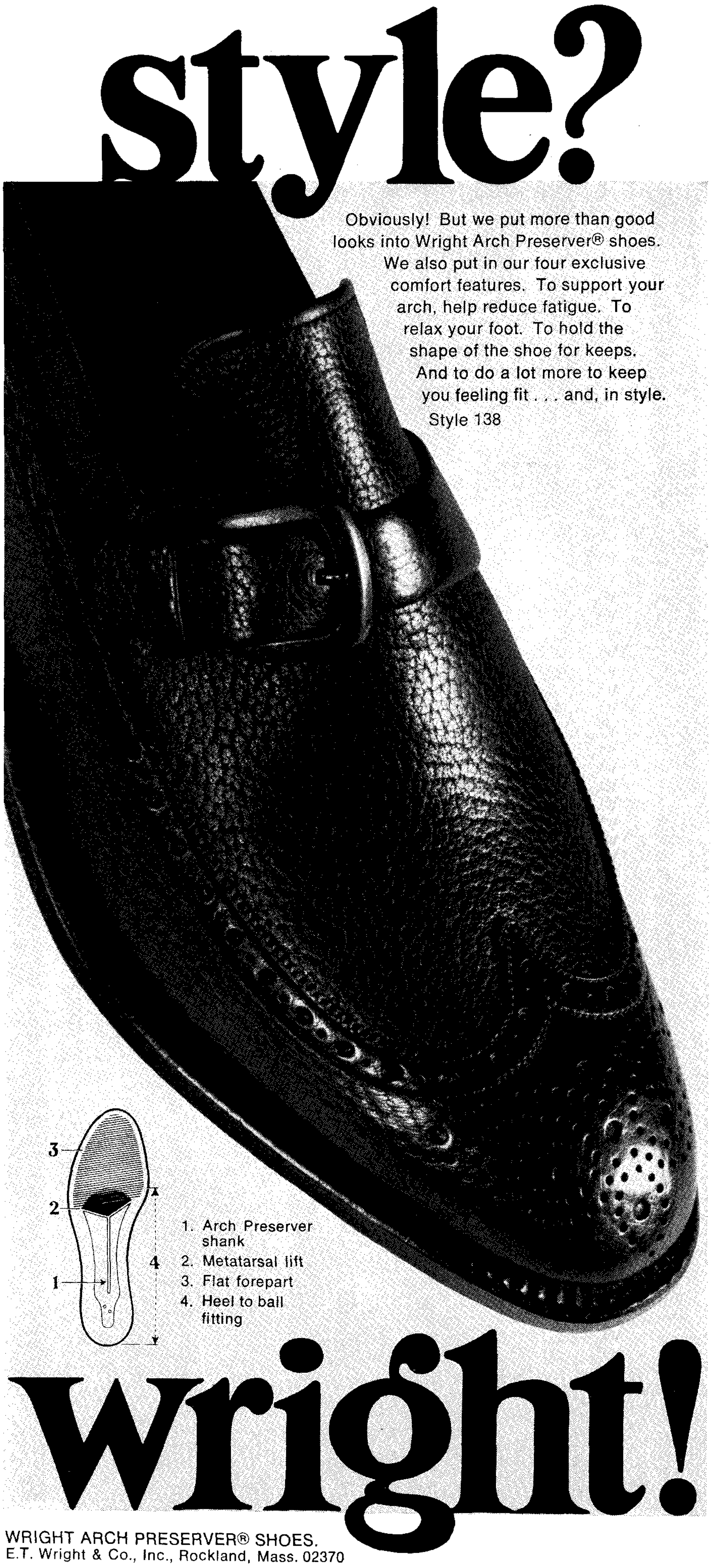
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Many Faces of the Sun." (Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Monday, April 8, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9-10, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Thursday, April 11, at 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Good Friday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Jorge Luis Borges reading from his own works in Spanish, and Norman



Obviously! But we put more than good looks into Wright Arch Preserver® shoes. We also put in our four exclusive comfort features. To support your arch, help reduce fatigue. To relax your foot. To hold the shape of the shoe for keeps. And to do a lot more to keep you feeling fit . . . and, in style.

Style 138

1. Arch Preserver shank
2. Metatarsal lift
3. Flat forepart
4. Heel to ball fitting

WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER® SHOES.
E.T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. 02370

Fashion flash-ahead from 'Ultima' II:
The Transparent Look
A total takeover. For lips. For nails. For skin. Even for eyes.

The look starts with the lips:

New 'Ultima' II 'Transparent Lip Tints'

Never has lipstick glided on such glissy, lip-rounding color... *and yet so little coat.*

The look is noticeably new. *Unlipsticky.* As though your lips were wearing nothing but their jewels. In 10 near-naked colors... from crystally pinks to crushed-ruby reds.

This new breed of lipstick is the focal point of a complete collection of Transparent Tints by 'Ultima' II. For every facet of makeup from face to fingertips.

Transparent Eye Shadow Tints: The first fluffy, super-whipped eyeshadows in sheer, pot-de-creme textures. In 7 colors, from topaz to amethyst.

Transparent Nail Tints: 5 clear tones (pale to plummy), to turn your nails into glistening cabochons of color.

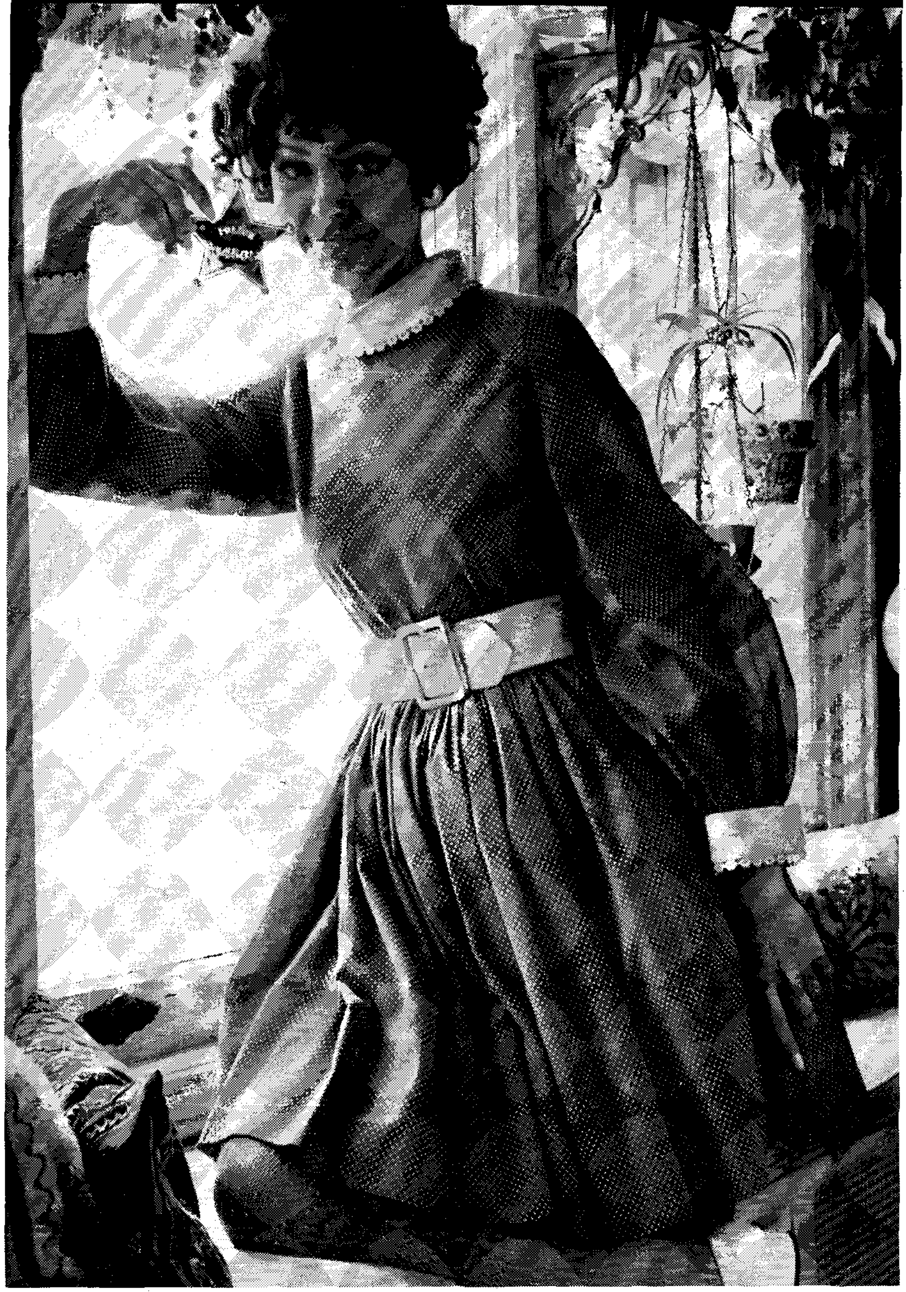
Transparent Face Tints: The first clear-on-your-skin makeups to give a smooth, 'finished' finish. *Tawny Tints:* for a young, sun-basked glow. *Bronzing Tints:* for a deeper, tropic-born look.

'Ultima' II

The first Collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'. Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

Dacron®
It ought to be
a law.

It wins the case for crisp. As witness this fresh-minted froth.
By Frank Adams for Junior Accent.



The new shirtdress mood, feminized by the return of dotted swiss. Uncrushable now, in 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% cotton. Grey, black, brown. About $50. At Bonwit Teller, N. Y., in sizes 5-15. Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Nan Duskin, Phila.; Kaufmann's, Pitts.; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; in sizes 6-16. *DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR FASHIONS.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Better things for better living . . . through chemistry

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thomas di Giovanni, Alan Dugan, and Mark Strand reading translations of Mr. Borges' poems. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Lectures—"The Causes of Human Aggression and Destructiveness," by Erich Fromm. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, April 4; Tuesday, April 9; and Thursday, April 11, all at 8:30.) . . . ¶ "Dreams and Literature," by Jorge Luis Borges. (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Tuesday, April 9, at 8:15. Admission is free.)

International Automobile Show—The annual roundup of the latest foreign and domestic cars. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, April 4-6, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 7, from 1 to 8.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory will repeat the traditional white lily cross, and will also include a Dutch-bulb exhibit, featuring a street of Dutch shops, a windmill, canals, and fields of spring flowers. (Saturday, April 6, through Sunday, April 21. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 4, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures by Henry Moore, Rodin, Renoir, and others; from several collections. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 10:30: African and Oceanic art, from a New York collector. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Jean Dufy, Salvador Dali, and Jacob Epstein; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 5.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—April 4 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1921), directed by Robert Wiene. . . . ¶ April 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert J. Flaherty. . . . ¶ April 6 at 11:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1921), directed by Robert Wiene. . . . ¶ April 6 at 3 and 5:30: "The Covered Wagon" (1923), directed by James Cruze. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Story of Gösta Berling" (1923), with Lars Hanson and Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2 and 5:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Greed" (1924), with Jean Hersholt and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ April 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Miss Julie" (1950), in Swedish, with Anita Björk. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.) . . . **Note:** On Tuesday, April 9, at 8:30, there will be a one-shot première of "Belle de Jour" (in French), directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Jean Sorel. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At **Yankee Stadium:** April 14-16, April 26-28, May 6-8, and May 10-12. . . . **Shea Stadium:** April 17-21, April 23-24, April 30-May 5, and May 14-15.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. April 20.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. April 27.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. April 27.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. April 27.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. May 4.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 4.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 11.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 20-21.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. May 4-5.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt

Informal Elegance

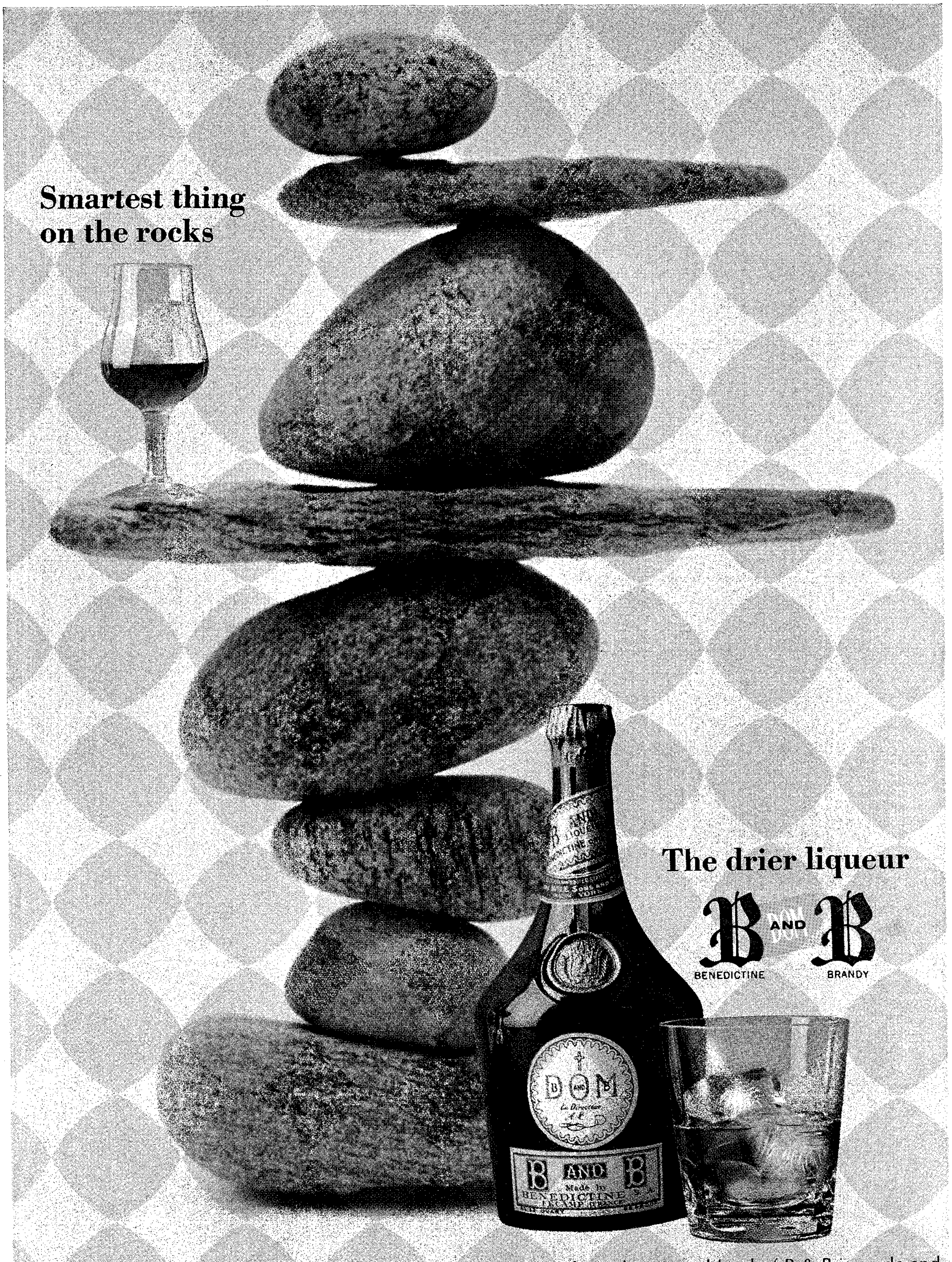
SCHUMACHER'S *"Country Living"* COLLECTION

with

DUPONT ZEPEL STAIN REPELLER

A magnificent new group of decorator-designed Schumacher fabrics styled for relaxed living… in a roadside cottage… a split-level in the valley… or in a big city penthouse. Each charming pattern is available in a choice of colorations and each is coordinated with a plain, a stripe and a plaid for harmony of draperies, slipcovers, bedspreads and upholstery. All are protected from water and oil stains by DuPont ZEPEL®. *See your decorator or the decorating department of fine stores. F. Schumacher & Co., 58 West 40th Street, N.Y. 10018. Showrooms: 939 Third Avenue, N.Y.*

Schumacher's
FABRICS / CARPETS / WALLCOVERINGS / VELCRO®


Smartest thing
on the rocks
The drier liqueur
B AND B
BENEDICTINE
BRANDY
D.O.M
B AND B
Made by
BENEDICTINE S.A.
FECAMP FRANCE

B & B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent. The only proper blend of B & B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B & B. Benedictine's own B & B. Always uniform. Always delicious. After coffee...enjoy B & B. Straight or on-the-rocks.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

86 PROOF

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 10-12.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 20.). . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 20.). . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 27.). . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 4.). . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 11.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 23-May 30. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 4.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium: April 21 and 24 and May 1, 3, and 15.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.). . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 26-27.)

Trotting—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 18-Nov. 16.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, April 14. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 16. . . . ¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, April 19. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Philharmonia, April 21. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, April 23. . . . ¶ Gianna d'Angelo, soprano, April 26. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, April 28. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, April 28. . . . ¶ Houston Symphony Orchestra, May 7. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Piccolo Teatro Musicale of Rome, April 15 and April 23-25. . . . ¶ London Symphony Orchestra, April 17-20. . . . ¶ Cappella Coloniensis, a chamber orchestra from Cologne, April 26, 28, and 30. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 28-29 and May 5-6. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 3. . . . ¶ Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, May 7. . . . ¶ Ginetta La Bianca, soprano, May 8. . . . ¶ Eugene Istomin, piano; Isaac Stern, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello, May 10. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Helvetia Maennerchor, April 20. . . . ¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, April 26. . . . ¶ Dorian Quintet, April 28. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 6. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano, April 20. . . . ¶ Van Cliburn, April 27. . . . ¶ Lili Kraus, piano, May 8.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, April 23-June 16. . . . ¶ Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 23-May 19.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "I'm Solomon," a musical based on an Israeli play by Sammy Gronemann. Erich Segal and Anne Croswell wrote the book, Miss Croswell did the lyrics, Ernest Gold composed the score, and the cast is headed by Dick Shawn, Carmen Mathews, and Karen Morrow. . . . ¶ Dane Clark in "Mike Downstairs," a comedy by George Panetta. . . . ¶ "The Exercise," a play by Lewis John Carlino; Anne Jackson and Stephen Joyce serve as the whole cast. . . . ¶ A four-week repertory by the City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company. . . . ¶ Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," in a new English version by James Forsyth, with Richard Basehart in the title role. The final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ John Colicos has the principal role in "Soldiers," a German play by Rolf Hochhuth. . . . ¶ Leonard Sillman's revue, "New Faces of '68," with music and lyrics by Ronny Graham, June Carroll, Clark Gesner, Murray Grand, and others; sketches by Mr. Graham, Peter De Vries, and others; and a company that includes Madeline Kahn, Robert Klein, and George Ormiston. . . . ¶ A comedy, "Happiness Is Just a Little Thing Called a Rolls Royce," by Arthur Alsberg and Robert Fisher, starring Pat Harrington and John McGiver.

Other Dates—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1967 and estimates for 1968 are due Monday, April 15. . . . ¶ April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, April 24. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 28. . . . ¶ United Nations Economic and Social Council meeting, May 6-31.

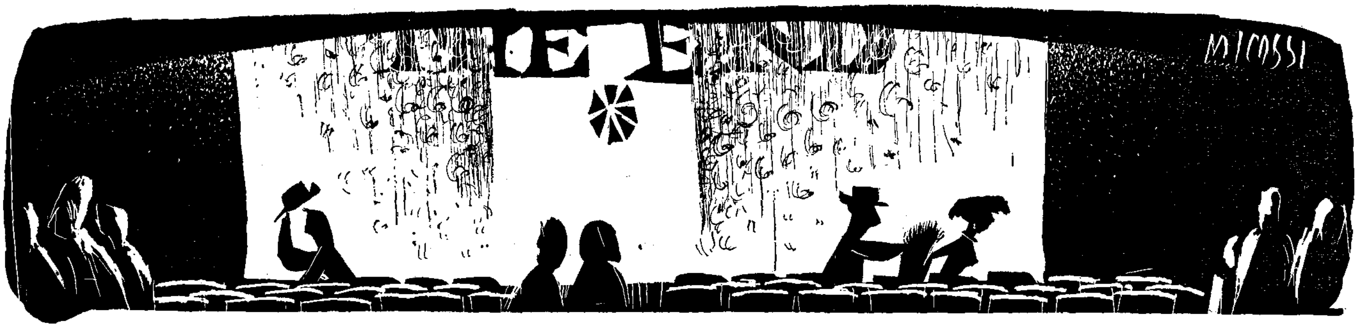
THE NEW SUITWEIGHT TOPCOAT... Imagine a topcoat with all the elegance of traditional London design and the lightness of a summer suit – that's the coat in our picture. Aquascutum tailor it in fine showerproofed English worsteds, with their immaculate craftsmanship and careful handling. It keeps you protected in uncertain weather, yet it is light enough for a cool summer evening. At fine stores throughout the world – from about $110.00 in the U.S.A. – for name of your nearest write or phone:

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND
2 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK, MU. 5-9570

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER,
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
7	8	9	10	4	5	6

The Battle of Algiers—An exciting account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. The large cast has but a single professional actor. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 9.)

Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bonnie and Clyde—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through April 9. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting April 10.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Charlie Bubbles—Alienation again, this time as experienced by a rich, famous, and glum young writer played by Albert Finney, who also directed. The kind of monotonous, one-idea picture that gets high marks for integrity. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard takes a playful but ultimately despairing look at the Red Guard thinking of a group of French boys and girls. An evocative, poetic up-to-the-minute comedy satire. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 9.)

A Dandy in Aspic—Better than average spy thriller with Laurence Harvey, and introducing Mia Farrow. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Doctor Dolittle—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fox—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a fox (Keir Dullea). It's enjoyable in a simple way, and if you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella you might think this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—Well worthwhile for Spencer Tracy's last performance. *The story concerns an interracial marriage,* and the director is Stanley Kramer. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 10.)

Half a Sixpence—Probably the most mechanized movie musical yet made. According to the advertising, "It's everything a motion picture can be." Too bad that it's nothing a motion picture should be. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Planet of the Apes—An entertaining and ingenious science-fiction fantasy. Charlton Heston is Adam as an American, and Kim Hunter is a delightful ape lady-doctor. Franklin Schaffner directed. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Poor Cow—Unexciting version of Nell Dunn's novel, with Carol White as a thieves' Darling and Terence Stamp as her burglar-lover. Kenneth Loach's semi-documentary direction is no more than competent. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway, with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks gives them. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Scalphunters—Burt Lancaster and Ossie Davis in a good, rousing new Western, directed by Sydney Pollack. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation of France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Whisperers—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. The physical detail of solitude and age is nobly precise. Bryan Forbes directed; Eric Portman plays her craven quitter of a husband. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 10.)

REVIVALS

El (1955)—A variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through April 5.)

Falstaff (1967)—A stitching together of Falstaff fragments by Orson Welles, who plays Sir John. Also on hand are John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 10.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 5-8.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 5-8.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through April 9.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More. Directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 9.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through April 5.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. A French film with an English narration. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; April 6-9.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 10.)

Stray Dog (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 10.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; April 6-9.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting April 10.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
POOR COW.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through April 9: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French), revival.
From April 10: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 9: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
From April 10: **STRAY DOG** (in Japanese), revival; and "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 9: "The Happiest Millionaire," Fred MacMurray, Tommy Steele.
From April 10: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 9: **LA CHINOISE** (in French).
From April 10: "Blackbeard's Ghost," Peter Ustinov, Dean Jones.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"And There Came a Man," Rod Steiger, Adolfo Celi.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through April 8: "Separation," Jane Arden.
From April 9: "Hour of the Wolf" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHARLIE BUBBLES.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Party," Peter Sellers.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
A DANDY IN ASPIC.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
THE GOLD RUSH, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 9: "Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke.
From April 10: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 9: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From April 10: "Will Penny," Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 9: **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS**, revival; and "To Sir, with Love," revival, Sidney Poitier.
From April 10: "Where Angels Go—Trouble Follows," Rosalind Russell, Stella Stevens.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
THE SCALPHUNTERS.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through April 5: **LOS OLVIDADOS** and **EL** (both in Spanish and both revivals).
April 6-9: **THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC**, revival; and **TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS** (in French), revival.
From April 10: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (in French), revival; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 9: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.
From April 10: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 9: **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS**, revival; and "To Sir, with Love," revival, Sidney Poitier.
From April 10: "Where Angels Go—Trouble Follows," Rosalind Russell, Stella Stevens.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"491" (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 9: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From April 10: "Will Penny," Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Madigan," Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The One and Only, Genuine, Original, Family Band," Walter Brennan, Buddy Ebsen.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"2001: A Space Odyssey," Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 7: "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.
From April 8: "The Young Girls of Rochefort" (in French), Catherine Deneuve, George Chakiris.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through April 9: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French), revival.
From April 10: "Belle de Jour" (in French), Catherine Deneuve, Jean Sorel.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 10: **FALSTAFF**, revival; and "It Happened Here," revival, Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 9: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "The Quiller Memorandum," revival, George Segal, Alec Guinness.
From April 10: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 4: "The Red Inn" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Françoise Rosay; and "The French Touch" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
April 5-8: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and **GIGI**, revival.
From April 9: "The Trial of Louis Pasteur" (in French), revival, Sacha Guitry; and "Schubert's Serenade" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 9: "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.
From April 10: To be announced.

JUNIOR HOUSE®
does the freshest things

Play a match-game with some dotty but adorable participants from our Jamaican Dot Collection: Dotted blazer jacket, $12. Matching belted culotte, $10. Cap, $5. In red or black with white dots. White shirt vest, $10. All in 100% cotton, sizes 3-15.
Macy's, New York; J.P. Allen, Atlanta; Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis; Hutzler's, Baltimore; I. Magnin, West Coast; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago or write to Junior House, Inc., 1407 Broadway, N.Y.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

next to "I love you"...

...nothing thrills a woman more than, "How lovely you are." These are words said to a woman who is warm and alive, young and exciting in her outlook...her looks. For such a woman, Frances Denney created Source of Beauty...the cream that stands alone in its excellence...and a coordinated collection of Source of Beauty make-up. How lovely do you want to be?

Frances Denney

EURAILPASS 1st CLASS
21
SPAARBANK
CHANGE

"Look how much of Europe I squeezed out of $110!"

Every one of these pictures was taken traveling by train for 21 days with a Eurailpass. Unlimited first-class rail travel through Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland. 21 days $110. 1 mo: $140. 2 mos: $180. 3 mos: $210.

See your travel agent for more information about Eurailpass, Eurailgroup (reduced rates for groups of 10 or more) and Eurailtariff (specially designed for individual travel where Eurailpass use is not beneficial).

Free Eurailpass folder: Dept. A6, Box 191, Madison Square Station, N.Y. 10010.

When Napoleon wanted Swiss cheese, it took a long time to get.
So he built a road across the Alps.

Napoleon wanted only the best for himself. And the best of his day and ours is genuine Swiss cheese.

There are lots of cheeses from lots of countries. But even if you can manage to make a cheese look Swiss, it won't taste it.

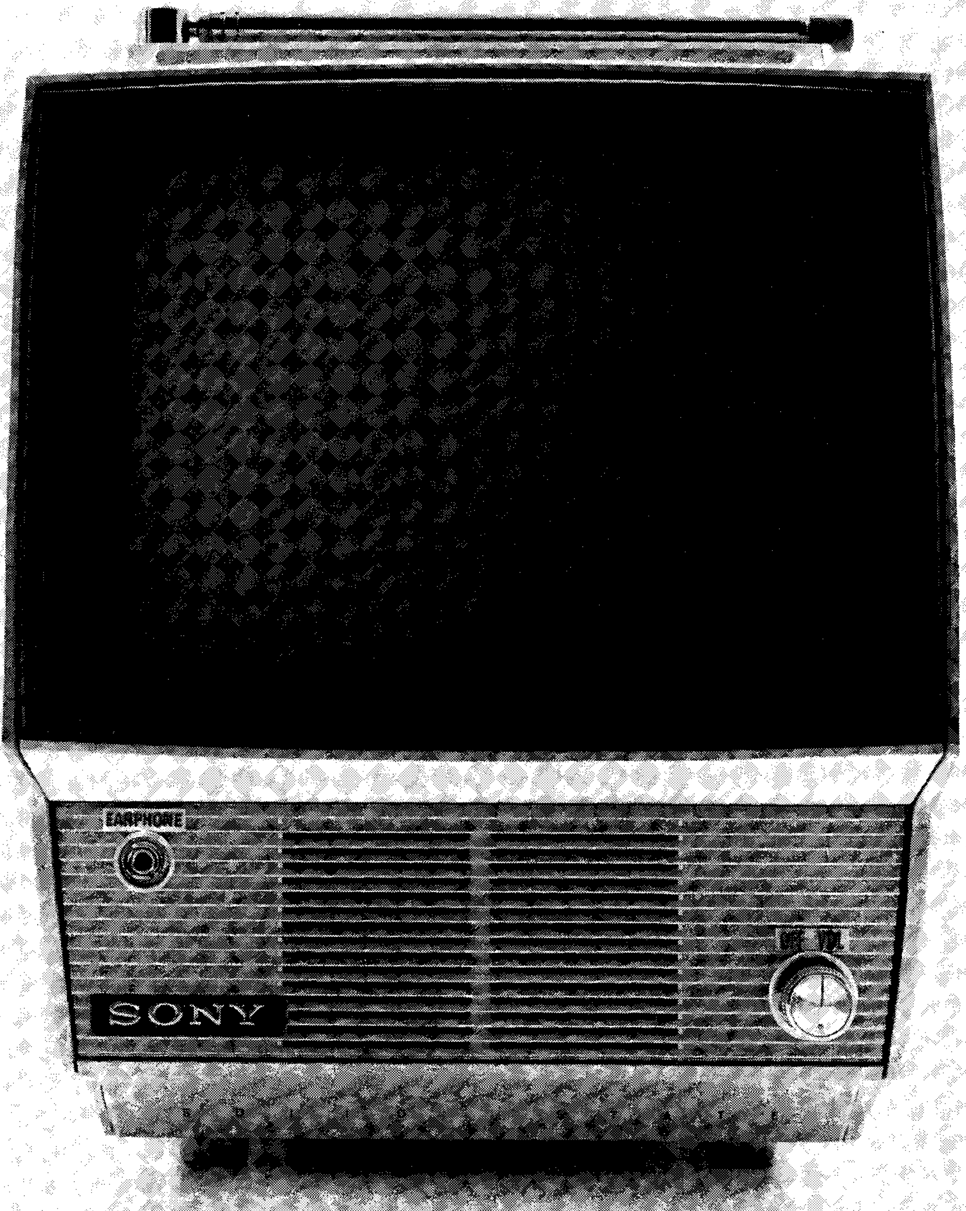
Genuine Swiss cheese comes only from Switzerland. We use whole milk, delivered fresh to the cheese maker immediately after each milking.

Genuine Swiss cheese from Switzerland is made just as slowly now as it was in Napoleon's day, by cheese makers who have inherited the craft from their forefathers. Each wheel of cheese is aged over 100 days to bring out its unique nut-like flavor.

We're sure you'll agree with Napoleon that the best food is worth a little extra trouble. All you have to do is make sure the word Switzerland is on the cheese you buy. It tells you it is genuine Swiss cheese. Made only in Switzerland. Naturally.

Switzerland

The Sony 700-U TV:
A little more screen, a little less money.



There's a lot to be said for any Sony but today we'd like to say something about our 700-U model.

For one, its screen measured diagonally is 2 inches bigger than the Sony 500-U, but it costs $20.00 less.*

A remarkable little value.

Also, the Sony 700-U weighs less than either the Sony 900-U or the Sony 500-U; all the more reason to own one.

However, to be perfectly honest it won't fit in the same small spaces as the Sony 500-U.

(The Sony 500-U is only 5⅝" high.)

And you can't show the Sony 700-U to a whole roomful like you can with our 900-U model.

All three sets, of course, come with the sunglass picture screen for outdoor viewing.

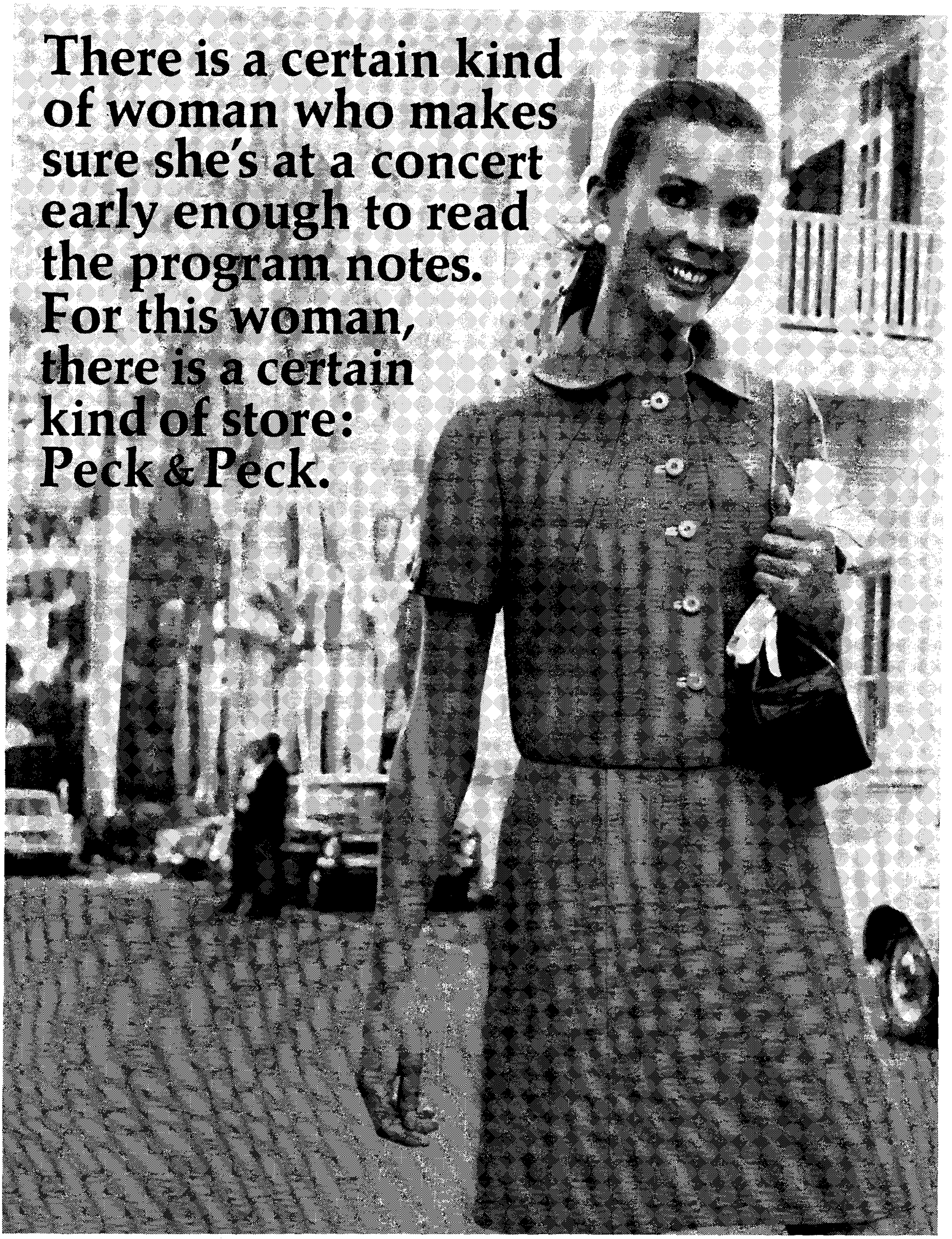
And all three operate on either house current or rechargeable battery.

Which size Sony is right for you?

We make the sets. You make the decisions.

*AT MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES.

© 1968 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.



There is a certain kind of woman who makes sure she's at a concert early enough to read the program notes. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Our own dress and jacket has a surprise in store: the bodice on the sleeveless dress is a bright, contrasting color! And that color is even carried out in the binding on the jacket's buttonholes. When the jacket and skirt are navy, the bodice is canary. When they're green, the bodice is bone. Fully lined textured rayon. 8 to 16, 56.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE/PALM BEACH

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

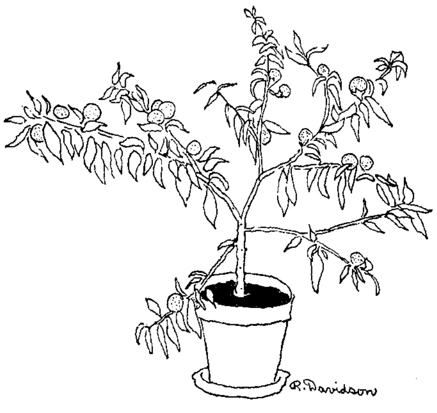
Notes and Comment

THE fine hairs at the back of our neck began to rise the other night when President Johnson, in his speech, described himself as "a free man, an American, a public servant, and a member of my party, in that order, always and only." From these precedences it seemed to flow that, a few minutes later, with breathtaking brevity, he declined to run again. By considering himself first a free man, free even to relinquish the Presidency, he has freed all of us to take stock, and to reappreciate what being an American means. This voluntary surrender of power, by a man in good health, and a man as confident of his judgment and abilities as is the leading citizen of Johnson City, should not, we think, be construed as a defeat, for it is very likely that if he had so chosen, he would have won the nomination and, after that, the election. It is, rather, a victory of imagination, for in one stroke he has added credibility to his search for peace, heightened the dignity of his office for the remainder of his term, and compelled the United States to take its electoral process seriously. The political stage, without him, seems rather thinly populated. Yet fresh opportunity and option have been created, and we can only be grateful for this unexpected gift.

Moment in History

IN town these past few days, in the turbulent springtime, the names were always the same names. McCarthy, Kennedy, Johnson. Kennedy, McCarthy, Johnson. Johnson, McCarthy, Kennedy. Occasionally it was Rockefeller or Nixon. And finally it was Johnson—Johnson alone.

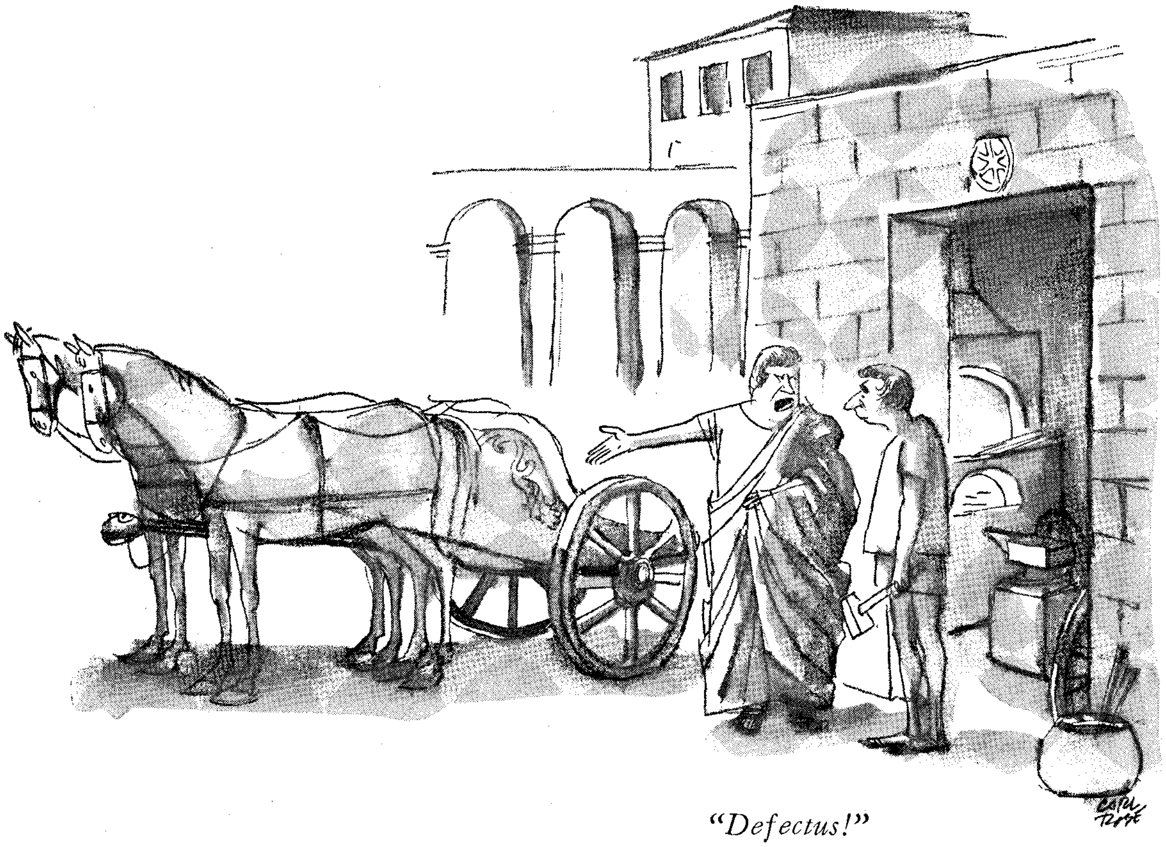
Tuesday morning, at Hotaling's Foreign News Depot, in Times Square, the customary foreign magazines were spread out in profusion. A young man wearing dark glasses, a white turtleneck, and a black raincoat was leafing through the pages of the Italian news magazine *Panorama*, on the cover of which were a photograph of Senator McCarthy and the caption "*La battaglia del senatore McCarthy*." On the shelf was a last copy of *L'Express*, with Senator Kennedy and Governor Rockefeller on the cover, and a quotation from President Roosevelt: "*Ce pays réclame de l'action, et de l'action maintenant . . . Nous devons agir et agir vite*." Standing in front of a Times Square bookshop were two posters—one of President Johnson, the other of Senator Kennedy. Both men were shown on motorcycles, the President wearing a leather vest and Kennedy wearing a flowered tunic. Up Broadway a bit, at Maxies Monogrammed Hats, a button display had been set out in the window. Between a New York Giants button and a button saying "Kiss Me—I'm Spanish" was a button that said "McCarthy for President." In the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton, two thousand people, most of them young girls, were milling around at the International Beauty Show. A middle-aged woman in a gold dress and with a bouffant hairdo was talking to a young woman with a ribbon around her hair that identified her as representing Revlon Hair Color. The woman in gold was suggesting to the young woman that she become a Nixon Girl, and the young woman was saying she would consider it, even though she had a lot of hair commitments of one sort or another.



Down at City Hall, a budget planner was telling one of his colleagues, "Well, when the Governor announced his decision, there went our best hope of substantially increased state aid. If he'd made the race, he would have had to give us more, for political reasons." "From now until November, it's going to be *all* politics," his colleague replied.

At the northwest corner of Third and Seventy-sixth, in Mrs. Mattie Haskins' Irish Music Store, which frequently advertises itself in the *Irish World* as "The Home of Irish Industry," Mr. Michael J. McGlynn, the proprietor, was sitting in an old spindle-back chair at an old rolltop desk, conversing with a customer. He was surrounded by Irish tablecloths, Irish songbooks, flutes, and whistles, Irish rosary beads, clay pipes, Carroll's snuff, "God Bless Our Home" pictures, and Irish oatmeal. One whole wall was covered with photographs of President Kennedy. "He came in here when he was canvassing for President," Mr. McGlynn was saying to the customer. He nodded toward the posters. "He signed an autograph for my wife's niece, but I *still* didn't vote for him. I'm a Republican at heart, and I always vote for Republicans. My departed wife thought he was the only man walking this earth. She voted for him, the Lord have mercy. Now there's Bobby. I call him the Beatnik. If he gets his sister-in-law to canvass for him, he'll be elected. As for McCarthy, he seems a nice enough man. Probably make a good neighbor. Rockefeller, with his neat little income, can afford at least three or four of those gentlemen with little black bags full of money. Nixon. The most you can say about him is that he is a former government employee."

On the second floor of the Hilton, the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers was holding a convention session. Most of the engineers were in a meeting room listening to a



"Defectus!"

• •

lecture on satellite communications, but then the public-address system broke down and none of the engineers present seemed able to repair it, so a number of them retreated to the corridor outside and fell into political conversation. "I kind of hope Rockefeller changes his mind and runs," said Mr. H. E. Nicoll, a tall, handsomely dressed representative of General Electric. "He might be able to bring the war to a close. Oddly enough, the war in Vietnam isn't good for engineering. For one thing, it cuts into the money NASA spends on space contracts, and, for another, it's having a stultifying effect on research and development." Another engineer, Mr. D. Rubin, of the Mitre Corporation, said, "At Mitre, we're interested in research on advanced types of military electronic systems. The country's strength lies in its deterrent capabilities, which involve electronics, and not so much in the actual fighting of war, which doesn't." Just then, a thickset, bull-like man wearing a sharkskin suit strode up and said that he thought the war was beneficial to the country. "I think most of the guys here are against leftist extremists, like Rockefeller, who are fighting Johnson."

Up at the octagonal brick Chess and Checkers House, in Central Park, about two dozen men in their sixties and seventies were sitting at the small, square tables, which have their tops marked off as checkerboards. A large man in a brown tweed overcoat was under the misapprehension that he was winning a game of checkers from a smaller man in a loose gray jacket. A third man, in a corduroy suit, was looking on. "You think you're winning?" the man in the gray jacket said. Then he went snap, snap, snap with a king along the board and picked up three pieces belonging to the player in the overcoat. "Checkers is a game of wits and half-wits," he continued. The man in corduroy said, "It's a game of politicians." The man in the overcoat, staring at the havoc left on the board, said, "The introspection needed for this game could qualify a man to be President. It would make him a better strategist, too." The man in corduroy asked the man in the overcoat what he meant. "Rockefeller wants to be drafted as President. Rockefeller pulls out. That's strategy," the man in the overcoat said. "So you like Kennedy better?" the man in the gray jacket said, winking at the man in corduroy. "So I like Johnson," the man in the overcoat said. "I think he's doing the best that can be done. Kennedy is too young to be President. His brother was too young. A man doesn't really grow up until he is over fifty. I should know. I'm in my twenty-third year over fifty."

At the northern end of the Mall, at the Bethesda Fountain, a number of hippies had gathered. They had arrived hours before, to watch the sun rise. One girl, who was wearing bell-bottom trousers and a dun-colored sarape, was skipping rope on the floor of the fountain's empty pool. The bell bottoms flapped around her ankles. She yawned and said, "I have a lot of sleep to catch up on, but after that I may see what's happening over at the Peace and Freedom Party." She was addressing a short young man with a rectangular sandy mustache. "I'm not politically motivated," he said. "When I'm old enough to vote, I'm not going to. Like I just don't happen to swing that way." A girl in pink tights and a black shawl said, "I like McCarthy, and I wanted to go to New Hampshire to work for him, and now I want to go to Wisconsin, but who's got that kind of money?" Another girl said, "Someone ought to tell Bobby to go away. He's too old to be President. I'm for Teddy. He's against the draft."

In the Delegates' Lounge of the United Nations Headquarters Building, Mr. B. Akporode Clark, of the Nigerian delegation, was talking to another delegate about the American political campaign. "Individuals in the Democratic Party seem to be more alive to African needs," he was saying. "Such as Senator Robert Kennedy, who went to South Africa and has spoken out against racial injustice. The Peace Corps was the first real attempt to meet a genuine need and not dole out money carelessly, and we like to think that the Senator would pursue the kind of politics abroad that his brother did. Governor Rockefeller is known in Africa because the Rockefeller Brothers Fund has done a great deal of useful work in educational, social, and economic fields, but Kennedy seems to have more sensitivity to our problems."

Wednesday afternoon, at the Pierpont Morgan Library, on East Thirty-sixth, two hundred guests in its Meeting Room became respectfully quiet as the eminent art historian Professor Meyer Schapiro, of Columbia, walked toward the lectern to give the last of a series of six lectures on the subject of Early Medieval Book Art. The two hundred guests were of all ages, sizes, and shapes but all looked *very* civilized. They included wearers of the most lavish assortment of beards and mustaches ever seen on East Thirty-sixth Street, with at least one look-alike each of Sigmund Freud, Grover Whalen, Mitch Miller, Charles Evans Hughes, and Ulysses S. Grant. The chairs the audience occupied were of the folding type, but had imitation-leather cushions and armrests. The walls of the Meeting Room were panelled in green silk damask within teak frames. As Professor Schapiro adjusted a portable microphone around his neck, two earnest-looking women on the aisle buzzed in each other's ear. "Do you have a candidate?" one asked. The other said, "I rather lean to the one who is distinguished and young enough to stand the job." The first one asked, "You mean Lorin Maazel?" "I'm afraid so," said her friend. "He has a *quiet* control. It was rather easy to come to a decision. I wish it was as easy for me to make up my mind about Kennedy."

Thursday, at Cushion & Cue Billiards for Guys and Dolls, a sprawling pool hall on the second floor of a building at the corner of Seventh and Fiftieth, a man of about sixty and a man of about twenty-five were racking up some balls on a table and discussing the rules of the game of eight ball, which they were about to play. At a table next to them, a man of about fifty was practicing shots alone. With a relaxed approach, he sank the two ball in a side pocket and the ten ball in a corner pocket, then swiftly cleared the table of all the balls except the cue ball. Taking slow aim, he sent the cue ball to one of the corner pockets, where it oscillated rapidly between the two points of cushion guarding the pocket, hesitated, then dropped in. The man called over to the two eight-ball players, "Beautiful! Now I can go home, take off my shoes, get me a glass of root beer, and argue with my wife about who ought to be President of the United States of America."

At a checkout counter in the A. & P. at Broadway and Sixty-eighth, a young woman who was wearing a blue-and-white McCarthy button was asked by an older woman why she was supporting McCarthy. The woman smiled and said, "Well, my husband's in Vietnam." In the Schrafft's on Fifth near Forty-fifth, two middle-aged women were having a cottage-cheese lunch. One of them said, "Kennedy's certainly popular with the young." The other said, "That man *wants* to be President." The first woman said, "Well, what we need is somebody who's sincere." "That's just the point," the other woman said. "The campaigns are altogether too political."

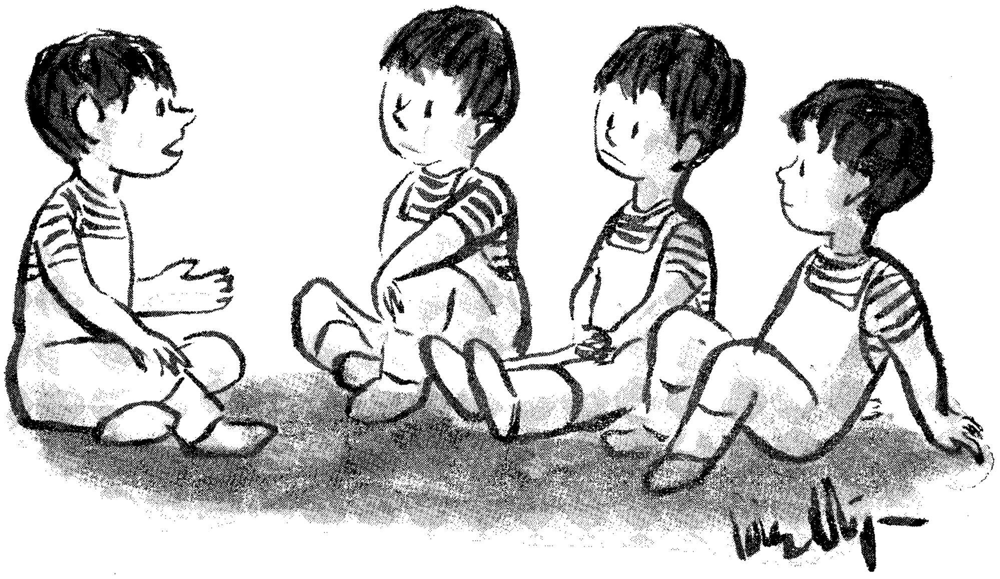
Whether or not the campaigns were too political, they were certainly political enough, and nowhere in town, on Friday, were they more political, or in clearer focus, than at the two newest campaign headquarters—for McCarthy and for Kennedy. At the McCarthy for President headquarters, on Columbus Circle, the joint was jumping. From the tall, smudged windows, above a Childs Ham'n'Eggs place, anyone looking out could see the Coliseum and the towering statue of Columbus, but no one was looking out. Everywhere, heads were bent over file cards, maps of assembly districts stuck with pins, mimeograph machines, open telephone books, and, in one case, slabs of rye bread, for a small blond girl wearing a Pucci dress was earnestly spreading the slabs with lox and cream cheese. Several thirty-cup electric percolators were steaming on tables among McCarthy buttons, bumper stickers, and balloons. Young men in white shirts and chinos were shoving tables through the crowds of volunteers and hammering up standards for rally signs: "President Johnson for Senator—Senator McCarthy for President" and "At Last Democrats Have an Alternative." The girls, mostly in striped shifts and pale stockings, wore their hair either very short or long and trailing. The hair of some of the boys curled over their ears, and sideburns were being worn, but no beards. New Hampshire's "Stay Neat and Clean for Gene" rule, imposed in deference to the squarer type of voter, still prevailed.

"No wonder this place has a lived-in look," Harold Ickes, the thin, straggly-haired young man who is co-executive director of the McCarthy drive in New York State, was saying to two nuns as they stood waiting for an elevator, their arms full of campaign materials. "We've had the third floor since December. After Kennedy announced, the volunteers swarmed in at such a rate we had to take over the second floor, too. Whether or not there were any defectors to Kennedy . . ."

"Don't count George Plimpton, Harold!" a dark-haired girl in a mini-mini called out from the mail desk. "He never did anything for us anyway."

"Contrary to rumor, most of these kids are old enough to vote," Ickes said to the nuns. "They're too young to remember my father, but then I can hardly remember him myself, and I'm twenty-eight. We sold seventy thousand buttons last week. There's good news from Iowa—it looks as if we may get a majority of the delegates there. One day last week, nearly thirty thousand dollars came in in the mail, but we need all the help anybody can spare. We get a lot of letters and checks from concerned Republicans. There's a Republicans for McCarthy group caucusing at this moment. Things are looking very good."

All around the third floor, the walls were covered with a three-month accretion of McCarthy cartoons, clippings, hand-lettered signs ("Do Your Thing—Join Students for McCarthy"), and blown-up political ads, like one with the headline "Our Children Have Come Home," the suggestion being that McCarthy had brought them back from a limbo of frustration and apathy into the mainstream of American life. "*Home!*" a slender,



"If we were triplets, one of us would be missing."

freckle-faced lady with gray hair said. "Mine *were* home. Then they followed him to New Hampshire. Now they're off in Wisconsin. Next week, Indiana, I suppose. I have to come down here and work just to keep in touch with them." As she went on stuffing press releases into envelopes, she was smiling.

The elevator door creaked open and a middle-aged woman stepped out, her hands groping at the air in front of her. "I've come to be of service," she said. "What can I do?"

"You could schedule volunteers for us," said Cheryl Saunders, a tiny girl who had leaped forward to find her a chair.

"I can't *see*, my dear," said the newcomer. "Oh, but I can staple. I can staple anything." The woman sat down among the crowds of sighted young and was soon happily stapling cardboard cutouts of a Diogenes lamp to mimeographed statements that began, "Today Diogenes wouldn't look in vain."

Down at Madison and Thirty-eighth, the Kennedy for President center was also churning with action. The tenants were so new—a matter of days—that the "For Lease" sign still hung outside ("Immediate Possession. Ceiling 18 feet. Store 8100. Basement 7800. Mezzanine 3100. Total, 19,000 feet"). Across Madison, at Thirty-seventh, stood the white granite Renaissance-style mansion that has been occupied since 1923 by the National Democratic Club. "They probably think we did it on purpose," said Thomas Deegan III, a tall, dark-haired young man, who is office manager of the headquarters, and is known as Tip. "Who even knew where the National Democratic Club was?" The moving in of desks and tables had started the Saturday after the Senator's announcement, and the number of people who had called in or had appeared in person to register as volunteer workers now stood at three thousand. At that moment, there were nearly a dozen people lined up to register.

Past the registration table, in an enormous cement-floored room where perhaps a hundred and fifty volunteers were already at work, anyone over thirty—or even twenty-five—was as conspicuous as at McCarthy headquarters. On nearly every table there was a ninety-five-cent paperback of Robert Kennedy's "To Seek a Newer World," which had just been rushed to the bookstands by Bantam Press. Its first paragraph reads, "Not since the founding of the Republic—when Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence at 32, Henry Knox built an artillery corps at 26, Alexander Hamilton joined the independence fight at 19, and Rutledge and Lynch signed the Declaration for South Carolina at 27—has there been a younger generation of Americans brighter, better educated, more highly motivated than this one."

Perhaps because things had just got started at this headquarters, the girl workers for Kennedy seemed a little sleeker than the girls at Columbus Circle. The boys' hair was somewhat shorter, and business suits predominated. "Obviously, we can't stay clean for Gene," said Artie Kahn, a round-faced young man in blue serge, to a young man named Terry Connelly. "How about 'For Bob, Don't Be a Slob'?" Connelly, who is thin and affable, and wears horn-rimmed glasses, is a third-year law student at N.Y.U. and had been an evening volunteer in the Senator's office since September, doing research on migratory workers' problems. "There are maybe a dozen of us here like that—law-school or graduate students who've been helping the Senator after hours on special problems," he said to a white-haired man who had come in to register as a volunteer. "Crime. Air pollution. I guess you'd call us the hard core of volunteers. Don't call us ruthless, though."

"How are the posters coming along?" Deegan called out. "Are we going to get that thousand by the end of the week?"

At the north end of the room, eight or ten volunteers were slashing away with Magic Markers at huge pieces of white posterboard. Some of the results were already propped around the walls: "Select—Don't Settle. RFK in '68." And "RFK—All the Way." And one that might bring a wry smile at Columbus Circle: "We Try Harder." As far as anyone knew, none of the volunteers were defectors from McCarthy. "It was a great thing McCarthy did in New Hampshire, you know," Connelly said carefully. "It's no surprise when his people stick right with him." He strode off to see about a shipment of mimeograph stencils.

There was very little aimless strolling about in the room. Nearly all the workers looked intent and purposeful. However, at one table we saw a sallow young fellow lean across it toward a statuesque blonde. "Tell me," he said, "is it true that Democrats have more fun?"

"Just kindly hand me that map of the Seventeenth C.D.," she replied.

On Sunday night, at the studios of the National Broadcasting Company, the first hint that there was anything unusual in the wind came around 8 P.M., when portions of the advance copy of the President's speech were received by wire from N.B.C.'s Washington bureau. The message from Washington concluded with the statement that the President was expected to ad-lib a few paragraphs, which N.B.C. correspondents thought might contain a surprise announcement of a trip by the President to Vietnam—nothing more than that. The President's speech, which began at nine, was expected to last half an hour. Eliot Frankel, the producer of the Special that was to follow it, took out his watch to time the end of the speech. As the President passed the nine-thirty mark, he began to depart from the prepared text. The speech went on for ten minutes longer, but it was only in the last forty-five seconds that the President spoke his momentous words: "Accordingly, I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party for another term as your President."

Mr. Frankel, unable to believe what he had heard, turned to a secretary who was sitting nearby. "Did I hear right?" he said.

"I think he said he wasn't going to run," she answered.

Someone else said, "That's what he said."

Edwin Newman, the N.B.C. announcer who was about to go on the air to moderate the Special—with Senator Walter Mondale, of Minnesota; Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington; and Senator Clifford Case, of New Jersey—said, "He's not going to run."

Then Newman ad-libbed for a couple of minutes while Frankel began reorganizing the program, which was to run for the remainder of the hour. Once on, Senator Mondale suggested Senator Humphrey as a possible successor to Johnson; Senator Jackson looked numb; Senator Case was visibly pale.

It was raining Monday morning, and people hurrying to work beneath the gloomy, overcast sky seemed subdued and serious as they waited at street corners to cross the wet pavement. On West Fortieth Street, several large communications vans were parked in front of the Overseas Press Club, where Senator Kennedy had scheduled a press conference for ten o'clock. Yards of thick black cable ran from the vans across the sidewalk and then up the façade of the building, through a pair of French doors, and into a small dining room on the third floor, where twenty or thirty television and radio technicians were setting up cameras, sound equipment, and klieg lights. Several dozen tired-looking reporters and newsmen were wandering around the room sipping coffee and discussing the President's announcement.

"He must have decided he would lose," someone said.

"Maybe he did it to put pressure on the South Vietnamese," another man suggested.

"Personally, I think he realized he had to sacrifice himself as a gesture to the North Vietnamese," a French newsman remarked.

At this point, a flashbulb exploded with a loud pop, but few people paid any attention. As more and more newsmen and television people crowded into the room, more and more theories were advanced about the reason for the President's decision, but none of the theories seemed to be advanced with any particular passion or conviction. Instead, a weary tone pervaded the conversations taking place in all corners of the room.

"Does anybody know Kennedy's plans for the rest of the day?" someone asked.

"Sure," came the reply. "It's April Fools' Day, and he's coming down here to tell us that he's withdrawing and throwing his support to Wallace."

Nearby, a man from the Voice of America said he wondered what Vice-President Humphrey would do now.

"How about President Thieu?" said another man. "He's *really* out on a limb."

"What's the phone situation around here?" a latecomer asked.

"There isn't any," he was told. "All three pay phones downstairs are out of order."

"You know, I hate to see Bobby pick up all the marbles this way," someone said quietly. "I mean, it just seems too easy."

"I know what you mean," the man next to him answered. "I prefer McCarthy myself."

At ten o'clock sharp, there was a commotion at the entrance to the room, which now held more than a hundred people.

"He's coming!" said a woman, who was standing on a chair for a better look.

"Wait till we get the equipment turned!" a network man shouted. "We're allotting a half minute for your entrance. O.K., Senator. Go!"

Senator Kennedy, preceded by his wife, entered and made his way slowly through the crowd to a podium that had been set up in front of a fireplace at one end of the room. A blue sign with white letters that read "Kennedy—'68" had been thumbtacked to the mantelpiece. Mrs. Kennedy, tanned and smiling, was wearing a bright-red suit. The Senator, tanned and serious, was wearing a pin-stripe suit, a white shirt, and a blue-and-white striped tie. When he had mounted the podium, he waited for a minute or so while his picture was taken. Then, in a subdued voice, he said, "Last night, I sent to the President the following telegram—'Mr. President: First of all, let me say that I fervently hope that your new efforts for peace in Vietnam will succeed. Your decision regarding the Presidency subordinates self to country and is truly magnanimous. I respectfully and earnestly request an opportunity to visit with you as soon as possible to discuss how we might work together in the interest of national unity during the coming months. Sincerely, Robert F. Kennedy.' "

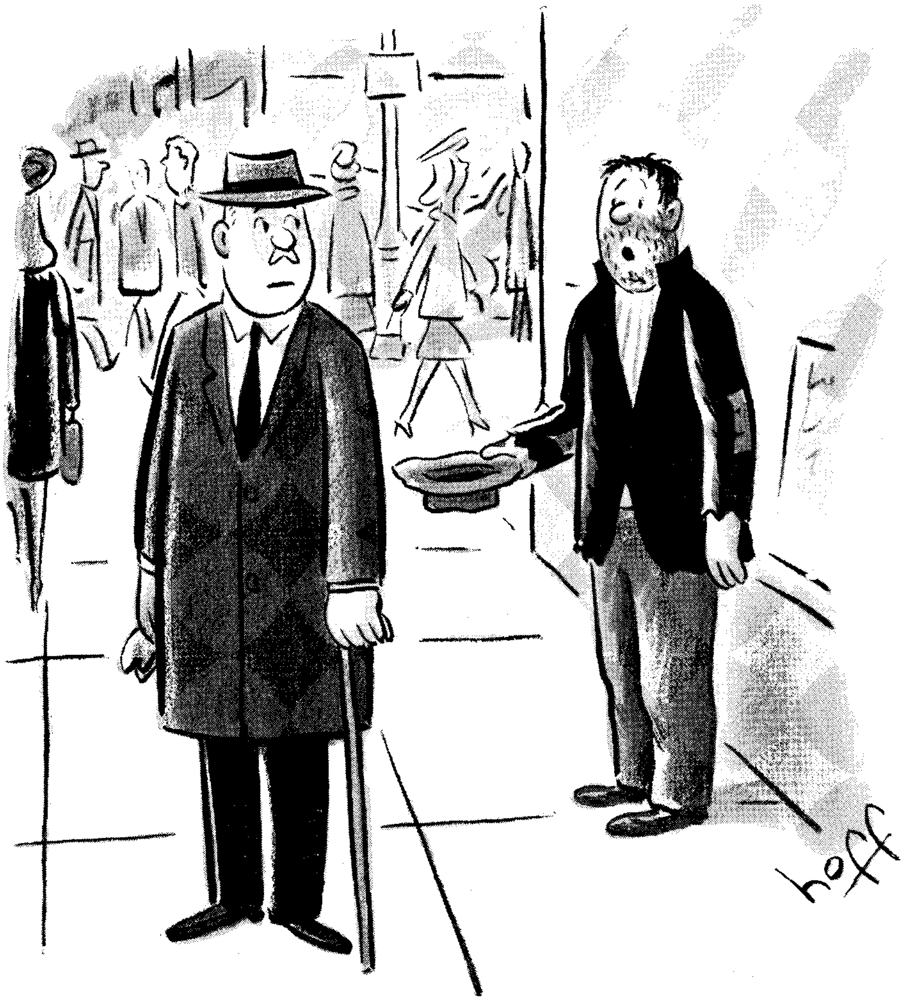
When the Senator had read the telegram, he looked out at his audience for a moment; then, speaking slowly and quietly into the hushed room, he said he believed that the President's action reflected both courage and generosity of spirit. He went on to say that it was his conviction that Americans of all ages, colors, and political beliefs had a deep desire to see peace in Vietnam and reconciliation here at home.

The Senator's statement was followed by a chaotic fifteen-minute question-and-answer period. Toward the end of this, he said, calmly, that the question facing the nation was "not only how to survive this century but whether we will." He terminated the interview abruptly and started making his way to the door. As he moved through well-wishers, smiling, chatting briefly, and shaking hands, he seemed more relaxed than he had when he entered the room. When he had descended the stairs to the street, policemen escorted him to a waiting limousine. In the pressroom, knots of people gathered at the French doors to see him go.

"You know, I had another theory, which I forgot to mention," a photographer was saying to a friend. "Maybe he simply meant every word he said."

"Who?" the friend asked.

"Why, the President," the photographer said. "President Johnson."



"If you have to think about it, I'd rather you wouldn't, sir."

TOP SECRET—GET YOUR ADVANCE COPY TODAY

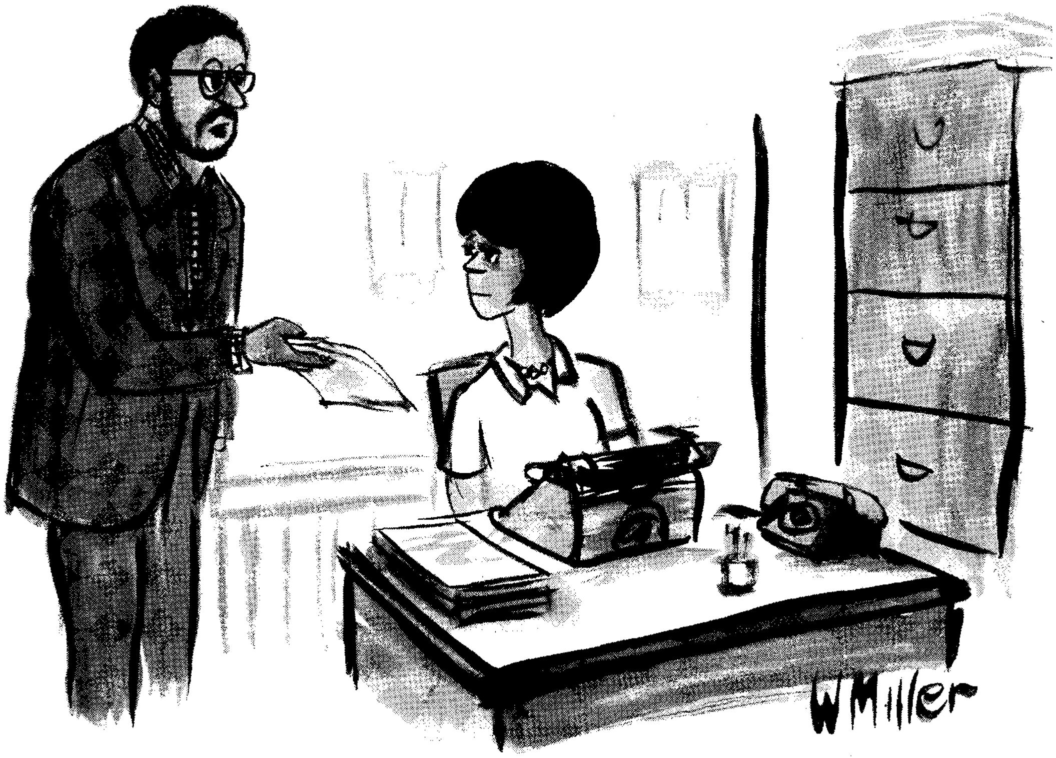
READERS of espionage literature already familiar with the exploits of the master spies—"Cicero," Richard Sorge, "Lucy," Burgess and Maclean, Rudolf Abel, Stig Wennerström, Gordon Lonsdale, and the rest—have a rich treat in store. Just when publishers had begun to believe that the espionage well had run dry, a powerful and entirely unexpected new freshet has been tapped: This year will see the publication of at least seven new books about Gunnar Szolky, a secret agent previously untouched by the major houses. Experts in the field are already saying that the Szolky memoirs compare favorably with those that have earned upward of a hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of magazine-serialization rights. Although it is still too early in the publishing season for any one man to know the Gunnar Szolky story in full, furtive glimpses at galley proofs and rumors assiduously gleaned in saloons frequented by typesetters begin to limn a rich, many-chaptered career. Even the sketchiest preliminary outline suggests the extraordinary dimensions of the Szolky saga and promises plenty of lip-chewing ahead for nonfiction spy buffs!

Gunnar Szolky—or Mannfred Leidenzeitz, to give him his legal name—was born Niko Theotoksis in 1914, in Danzig, of a Greek father, who fled Trieste in the upheavals of 1887-1911, and a Serbo-Croatian mother forced out of Zagreb for the usual reasons. Niko's boyhood has been obscured by scanty records; indeed, one of his biographers candidly admits taking three weeks to find Danzig. Except for a brief season at the Prague Velodrome as a six-day bicycle racer, Szolky does not come to our attention until he is twenty, when, as an activist using the name "Karl Stamm," he joins the notorious Sudeten-Ukraine Study League. In 1937, he drops from view, leaving a wife in Lvov—or, as another account has it, leaving a wife he *loves* in Cracow.

The chronology of the next three years is in some doubt. Szolky may have spent them in Moscow under Kholokin in the G.K.R.'s Third Section, which Maschlik then controlled through the N.G.U.D. (at that time still the K.V.O.D.). Or, according to another one of the new books, "The Gunnar Szolky Nobody Knows," he may have been working in a slag mill in Toronto under the name of "Silas Gooberman." Szolky himself, in his forthcoming autobiography, "Under Twelve Flags," maintains that he passed the entire period in Oslo managing a combination tobacconist's shop and foreign-agents' "drop," which was "blown" when a quisling agent found himself smoking a chart of the harbor defenses.

All sources, for once, are agreed on the next phase of Szolky's career. After three months in seclusion, spent in force-feeding himself until he has gained fifty pounds, Szolky surfaces in Stuttgart as the living double of Hermann Göring. There follows a two-year period of intelligence work so brilliant as to reduce the achievements of men like Sorge and Lucy to the level of eavesdropping switchboard girls. Cleverly filling in for the Field Marshal at staff meetings on days when Göring is laid up with a cold or a hangover, or suddenly appearing at Berchtesgaden on weekends when the Luftwaffe chief is actually away on hunting trips, Szolky, under the code name "Vonsky," has no fewer than sixty-three top-secret face-to-face meetings with Hitler. He learns, in full detail, the plans for the German invasion of Russia, Rommel's complete order of battle before El Alamein, the date of the Pearl Harbor attack, the plans for the V-1 and V-2 rockets, the organization of the top-level Gestapo hierarchy, the Channel defenses down to the last barb of wire, the economic potential of Germany and each of her satellites, and Hitler's week-by-week thinking on the conduct of the war. This information is coded each Thursday into a corset ad that runs in the Sunday edition of the *Zeitunger Beobachter*, and is successfully forwarded alternately through Zurich and Lisbon to London, and Tunis and Mukden to Moscow. Had these dispatches been heeded, the course of the war would have been dramatically altered. As luck would have it, the London transmission, through some channelling error, invariably ended up at the South Wapping Seaman's Canteen, where it served to wrap fish and chips. The Russian drop was unerringly delivered on alternate Wednesdays to Stalin, who, it is said, never failed to shake his head, laugh, and exclaim, "That Szolky! What a card! [*Vadabo!*]"

In 1944, Szolky is blown when his carelessly scrawled "Herbert Göring" is detected at the bottom of a Luftwaffe order calling for a kilo of sugar to be poured into each remaining drum of aviation petrol. Angry and frustrated, he again disappears, leaving either a wife in Leipzig or a *Liebchen* in Weimar. When he surfaces in Lodz, four months later, under the code name "Fritzl," eighty pounds lighter and sporting a green velours Tyrolian hat, he is the spitting image of Joseph Goebbels' dentist. In the ensuing six months, working night and day, he corrects a severe overbite condition for the Propaganda Minister's chauf-



"Miss Peters, would you type this searing blast at the honkie power structure in triplicate for me, please?"

• •

feur, obtaining at the same time the precise details of the Düsseldorf postal workers' retirement plan. It is not entirely clear, during this period, whom Szolky is working for, or even what he is trying to do.

Disillusioned, Szolky turns up in Switzerland during the closing months of the war, where he attempts, on at least forty-five occasions, to arrange an urgent meeting with Allen Dulles. Several of Szolky's biographers, notably the author of "The Man Who Very Nearly Did It," believe that if this meeting had come off the Potsdam Conference would have been unnecessary, the Austro-Hungarian Empire might have been restored, and all of Africa between Port Said and Léopoldville could have been welded into a superstate under King Farouk. As it happened, Dulles's Swiss calendar was solidly booked at this period, and on the one day when a rendezvous had been arranged, Szolky—or "Lászlo Dodenescu," as he was then called—had to cancel the date after eating a fondue that was slightly off.

SZOLKY spends the next fifteen years in relative tranquillity on assignment as an "illegal." As "Benjamin J. Delfanto," he lives in St. Louis with a wife and three children, who are unaware of his real identity, and builds a flourishing business as Midwest distributor for a nationally known woollens manufacturer. So discreetly does Szolky comport himself, and so assiduously does he work at his job and as captain of his company's bowling team, that the foreign power that leaves the envelope of crisp fifties for him under seat J-112 at the St. Louis Municipal Opera on the tenth of each month wonders if it has rocks in its head.

All of this changes in 1961. The arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Haskell Goodings, who hold the franchise on a Martin & Stahl ice-cream shop in St. Louis, when a sharp-eyed teen-ager observes that their flavor-of-the-month doesn't correspond to those in the rest of the chain; the defection of Amos Milsped ("Groschli") soon after his drop is discovered in the suggestion box of the C.I.A. office in Bogotá; the subsequent upheaval in Beirut when Groschli's daughter is photographed in a night club Twisting with the president of the Date and Fig Board of Trade, coupled with the disaster in Whitehall when a letter intended for M.I.-5 is misdirected to a free-lance journalist named M. I. Ffyffe; and the arrival in Macao, clutching a contract from *Look* magazine, of Mao Tse-tung's personal swimming coach—all this spells trouble for Gunnar Szolky. Six months later, as the Berlin Wall goes up, Szolky sells his woollens distributorship for a thumping capital gain, hangs up his bowling shoes, and vanishes for the last time.

Until the arrival at a publisher's, a few weeks ago, of his own manuscript, packed in a battered shirt box postmarked Quito, Gunnar Szolky was assumed to be long since dead. Now observers of the undercover world are looking back on events of recent years with heightened perception. They wonder, for instance, why Konrad Adenauer and Syngman Rhee were never photographed together. Is there a good reason the city of Brasília is still unfinished? Why do we never hear anything of the old "glider clubs" of prewar Germany? What has caused land values to soar on the leeward side of Martinique? How come certain officers in the Ashtabula, Ohio, Shriners organization failed to receive invitations to the coronation of the Shah of Iran? Why are five New York State lottery tickets purchased each month in Poughkeepsie always signed "The Bunch"? Where is Tanzania? These are questions that may never be answered. Or, conversely, they may be all too fully answered in further volumes soon to appear.

—GORDON COTLER

• •

THE VALLEY

Once I was jealous of lovers. Now I am
jealous of things that outlast us—the road
between Route 28 and our house, the bridge
over the river, a valley of second-growth trees.
Under the birches,
vines, the color of wolves, survive a winter
ten below, while the unpicked apples turn black
and the picked fruit is red in the basket.
I am not sure that the hand of God
and the hand of man ever touch, even by chance.

—STANLEY MOSS

THE TACTICS OF HUNGER

"ALGY is a she!" Lady Grubb shouted into the telephone to the young man from Fleet Street. "The he is called Guy. It's quite clear which is which in *Burke's Peerage*. Surely you have *Burke's Peerage*?"

The gossip reporter said that he had, but she overrode him. "If your newspaper can't afford it, then go to the public reference library. There is one beside a cinematographic house in Leicester Square. But surely you should possess a copy. Tell your proprietor I said so."

Her twin children, bitterly cold, fiddled with their sherry, which had been mixed with whiskey in the decanter by mistake, and took the reporter's side. "He's *got* a copy of it, Ma. He keeps telling you," said Algy, who was the girl, as her mother had bellowed.

Lady Grubb made a whirring noise like a pheasant going up. "Why didn't he say so?" She glared at the telephone dial as if it were the young man's face and held the receiver away from her ear. "What did you telephone for, then?" she said into the mouthpiece. "No, of course she's not engaged. She hasn't come *out* yet."

The fact was that Algy had been living for the last year with a working-class architect called Len in a basement flat in Maida Vale. But her mother, who was hostile to facts, had gone on entertaining for her as if she were a chaste child just emerging from school. The young men she rustled up as marriage candidates seemed to Algy to be all one person with different haircuts, well-born dullards on their way into industry who exclaimed "I say, how jolly enterprising!" when they heard that Algy was a scene painter, and who surprised her by still dancing fox trots and rumbas that she thought extinct. This weekend she had finally braced herself to the course of obtruding the existence of Len into the house. She had thought for months of trying to blow the gaff on the fact that she was past marrying off, but it had seemed a lot to put Len through, and her mother was anyway exceptionally good at not acknowledging that a gaff had been blown.

WAYS AND MEANS
H 208

At sixteen, three years ago, she and her brother had erupted together from home practically unnoticed. Their parents were elderly, though not as elderly as they seemed. Lady Grubb had fallen easily into the habit of behaving to her children as if she were some doggedly snobbish godmother, inviting them home every few months to look into their marriage prospects and treating the occasion as if it were a country weekend that put her to a lot of trouble, though her house was actually in the middle of London and fully staffed with unhappy *au-pair* girls. Reality got through to her intermittently; her apprehension of it was uncommonly tuned, for though she was generally oblivious to the most apparent, she was often startled by things to which others were deaf. When Guy brought his girl friend home for the weekend, for instance, the air was thick with sex, but Lady Grubb noticed nothing. On the other hand, when she had taken up the carpets for a dance for Algy and filled the house with sixteen-year-old boys from Harrow School and Marlborough, she twitched to the thin soprano signals of public-school lust like a dog hearing the squeak of a rat in its sleep. She was cruelly obsessed with class, and if her children had not come from a background that she knew to be reliable she would certainly have ignored them as she ignored the *au-pair* girls.

"I wish she'd get her hair done," Algy said when Lady Grubb was out of the room.

"She looks all right," said her brother.

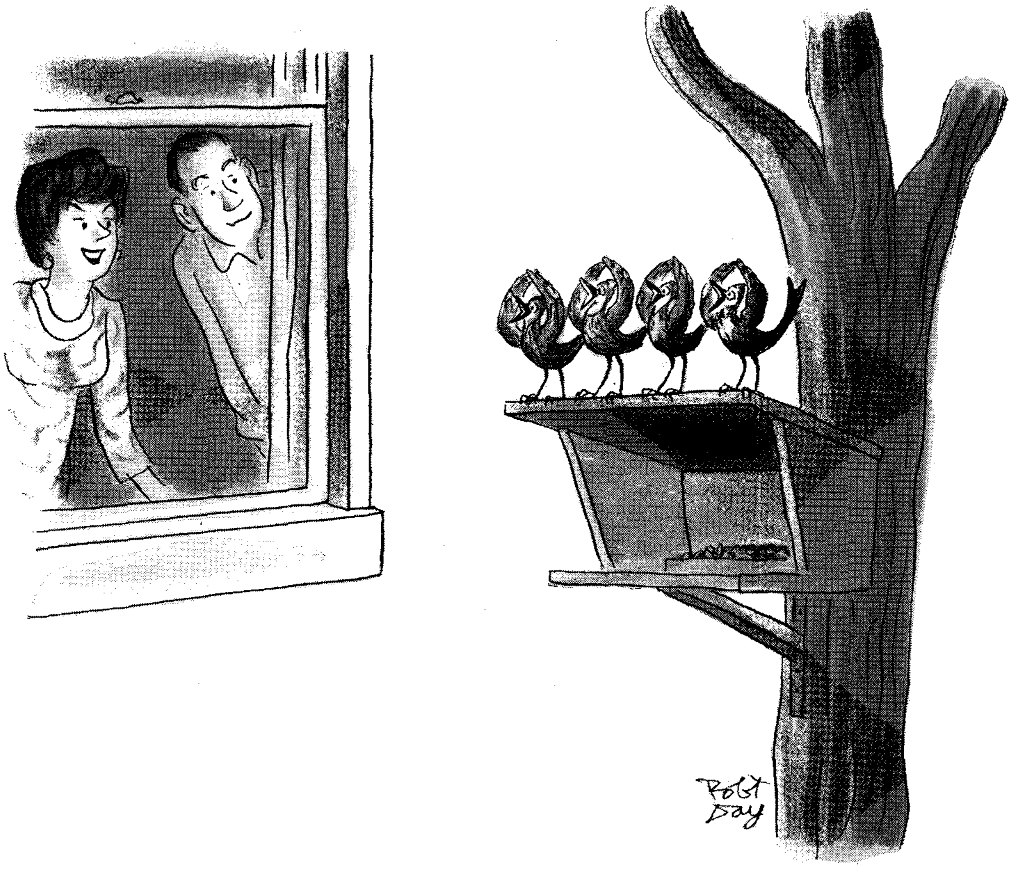
"No she doesn't. She used to be pretty."

"You're kidding yourself. When's Len coming?"

"Late as possible."

Lady Grubb's invitations to them were always by letter, and led to a file of correspondence because she enjoyed making microscopic changes of plan. The first summons habitually began with a long and belligerent explanation of why some other weekend was not possible. As it had never been proposed in the first place, her children could read this only as a piece of unadmitted defensiveness about having ignored them in the past. They dreaded the prospect of accepting, but they were fond of their father, so they generally packed warm clothes and went.

Lady Grubb kept the house miserably cold. Occasionally she recited, as though it were a rule of life, a testy saw of her own invention maintaining that fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit was the correct temperature for a drawing room and fifty degrees for corridors and bedrooms. Bathrooms she regarded as outhouses. She was a clever woman with obscure sources of energy who would suddenly start to garden by torchlight late at night, or walk willfully all the way to Soho to buy vegetables at the times when the pin in her hipbone was especially painful. In other moods she would go to bed for days, and have trays sent up to her room that were laden with stingy nursery snacks of mashed fish and junket. Her interests, when they were detectable, were urgent and surprising. Sometimes she



"Their way of saying thank you, I suppose, after a long winter of hospitality."

• •

startled her mild husband by knowing all about African politics. Lord Grubb was an ancient hereditary peer who kept up eagerly with the times and was trying at the moment to unlock his capital to set up a chain of waffle shops. His wife, more canny than she seemed, had already witnessed huge losses over a scheme to promote detachable shirt cuffs, and so far she had managed to sit on the remaining money. Lately he had been troubled by rheumatism brought on by the damp in the house, and his doctor had set him up in sleeping quarters on the ground floor with independent heating arrangements. But his bathroom was in the conservatory, which had two doors onto the garden where his wife grew plants, and as she left these doors open all morning his part of the house was apt to be colder than anywhere.

The house was decorated almost entirely in weedy shades of green and looked to the children like a fish tank that needed cleaning out. Lady Grubb knew a great deal about antiques and owned some beautiful pieces, but she topped up the genuine furnishings with reproduction Jacobean coffee tables and plastic cruets. The cruets were said to have been bought in the cause of saving the work of cleaning silver ones, but she still made the *au-pair* girls polish a hoard of Georgian silverware in the cellar every week. One of her hobbies was anesthetics, and she subscribed to an anesthetists' journal in which she had seen an advertisement for a chemist who outfitted doctors' waiting rooms and surgeries. This had appealed to her, and recently she had replaced a broken standard lamp in the drawing room with an operating arc light. It had been refitted with a low-watt bulb practically too dim to see by, in order to save electricity.

Algy particularly was made miserable by the change in the house. Her only pleasure in it now was the notes left all over the place by her father: cheery instructions in a classical scholar's hand, written on the gummed labels used by the more pious English government departments to get a second use out of old envelopes. "If this drawer sticks, don't despair," said a label on a Queen Anne chest in the spare room. "It will open if tugged sharply to the right." And on the bedside table, facing the sleeper: "Don't be alarmed by any irregular thudding noise in the night. It is probably the water tank. If in doubt, call for help." Lord Grubb knew well enough that Algy dreaded her visits, and to let her off the trial of breakfasting with her mother he had installed a complicated route of strings and pulleys that led from her second-story bedroom to the basement. This made a placard spring out in the kitchen. It said, "I'm ready for breakfast. Thank you." The idea of a bell didn't occur to him.

"Ma must have taken to cooking up bits of food in her bedroom," Algy said when Lady Grubb was doing something to the plants and she and Guy were alone with their father in his study.

"What do you mean?"

"She's got a Primus in there."

"I haven't been up for a while," her father said, implying total absence of mind, and some of body, too.

"She seems extra loopy today."

"Eh?"

"I wish she wouldn't wear those cardigans," Guy said. "She looks like a Scripture mistress out to grass."

"When does she expect us to leave?" Algy said. "Lord, it's only Friday."

"I don't know, my darling," Lord Grubb said. "Whenever you like. Sunday evening?"

"Last time she couldn't wait to be rid of us. She didn't say a word all Sunday."

"I think she was frightened to ask how long you were staying in case you left," said Lord Grubb, with a lunge of shrewdness.

WHEN Len arrived, they seemed for some reason to talk about nothing but health. He was a tall, shy, bony man with a stoop, who cracked his fingers when he was worried. He expected to be patronized by Lady Grubb because he came from a lower class, about which he didn't generally care tuppence, but when he saw her effect on Algy he found it more difficult than usual to be ribald about it.

"You've got a cold," Lady Grubb said accusingly to her son.

"No I haven't. I don't *think* I have, at least. Have I?"

"I can *always* tell when you have a cold," she said, brooking no argument. "The whites of your eyes go pink." Then she said to Len, but without turning to him, "Do you get ill much, Mr. Warren?"

"Hardly ever."

"We've all had colds here. Cecil had a snorter. I could hear him honking all the way from my bedroom. He lives on the garden level because he suffers from gout."

"Rheumatism," Lord Grubb said softly.

"Did you know that tortoises get

gout? If they're brought to a cold climate too young, that is. I persuaded our Member of Parliament to introduce a bill about it. About the importation of small tortoises. One can judge the age by the length."

"Daddy wouldn't have rheumatism if the house wasn't so damp," Guy said.

"The place isn't damp at all," said Lord Grubb. "You can always tell a damp house by the state of the cigars."

"It must be very different where you come from," Lady Grubb said enigmatically to Len, who came from *Putney. Putney was two miles away at* the most, but she implied that it was two thousand.

"I'm afraid this is what you'll have had every day of your life," she said to him later as the *au-pair* girl put a plate of mutton in front of him. Algy suddenly realized that her mother was engaged in an elaborate pretense that he was a New Zealander.

"Not a bit. Algy and I live off baked beans," Len said.

"Ma," Algy said, "Len was born in *Putney*."

Lady Grubb graciously ignored the rebuttals. "Would you like some ice in your drinking water?"

"Aren't you having wine?" Algy said to him.

"Don't press it on him," said Lady Grubb. "He's not accustomed to it. We had an American to dine the other day who wanted coffee with the sirloin."

"Len and I have wine all the time," Algy said, but facts led nowhere; they never had.

"Have you found somewhere pleasant to live in London?" Lady Grubb said.

"He lives with *me*, Ma. He's *always* lived in London."

"I expect you'd like to meet a few people. Algy must remember to ask you to come next time I give a little party for her. There are always plenty of spare girls."

The *au-pair* maid went down to the basement and again started plotting with her friend how soon they would have enough money for the fare home to Zurich. When she came in with the junket, the row had obviously developed. There was a V-shaped vein sticking out in Algy's forehead. Lady Grubb looked triumphant. Lord Grubb was trying to concentrate on taking the band off a cigar. Guy had left his mutton, and Len was watching Algy.

"Where on earth did that trolley come from, Ma?" she said.

"The chemist."

STOWAWAY

It was no ship of passage, debonair
in the bunting those to loveliness endeared
so freely fly; no one-and-twenty yeared
triumphal galley, sweeping poetry's heir
to his own land; but a boy's rowboat, bare
and masted with unseasoned canvas, seared
by the grim work of day—his craft—that cleared
the shore too late, and lies abandoned there.

Long of the Lovely Islands he had dreamed—
their breakers in the sunshine and the sound
(his harbor hardly left) already seemed
like tossing silver shakos and huzzas
to hale him overseas. . . . I wonder, was
it his own hand that set the rudder round.

—HAWLEY TRUAX

• •

"You're furnishing the whole place from a medical outfitter. It's starting to look like an obstetrician's lumber room."

"It's not your house."

"It's certainly never felt like it. You're dead right."

"*Too* right, as your friend would say," Lady Grubb replied, imitating a New Zealand accent. "Will you have some junket? Louise makes it very nicely."

"You must have rennet spilling out of your ears," Algy said to Louise, who by now was beyond taking pleasure in such moves of friendliness and simply handed round the dish with her left hand behind her back as she had been taught, feeling mutinous and thinking proudly of a homeland where not junket but fondue was the commonplace. "*Why* do you shop at the chemist's?" Algy said to her mother, stupidly pursuing the question of the trolley.

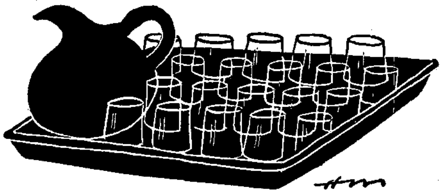
"I had to go there anyway and I saw it. I needed some things as presents." Her children knew at once the sort of things that these would be. Last year for Christmas she had given Louise a red rubber medical bathmat for the aged.

There was a silence, and then Lady Grubb said, "It was quite a pleasant walk."

"But why couldn't you telephone? They deliver."

"The delivery is very unreliable."

"Oh, Ma. The one thing that chemists are is reliable. That's what their profession is. Like those men in long white overalls who see schoolchildren across the road."



"Last week they made a mistake on a prescription label."

"Well," Algy said lightly, "don't be a nit—complain to the *Lancet*. Or go to another chemist."

" 'Nit' must be a local word that you taught her?" Lady Grubb said to Len.

Dislike ran round the table like electricity, and the lightning generated and struck. "Come off it, you old bag," Len said. "I'm not that outlandish. I was born two miles away. My mum probably did your scrubbing."

Then it was as if trees started crashing down and roots tearing out of the ground. Algy began abusing her mother. Lord Grubb, in terror and fragmentation, waved his hand at Algy with a patting motion of great violence and scattered cigar ash on his beautiful old green smoking jacket. "Don't rise to it, sweetheart!" he shouted. "Don't you see your mother's only trying to convince herself your friend doesn't belong here?"

"Don't you think it's time she realized he did?" Algy said coldly.

"Probably," said her father. "But she's old. We're both old. I hate her. She's going to die first and she won't notice it, and then I'll be on my own. It's not dying I'm afraid of; it's being dead."

Lady Grubb picked up her plate of junket and went to eat it in the drawing room, shaking with a passion she didn't care to scrutinize because it contained not only fury but also amazement and fear.

"She's killing herself with what she eats," said Lord Grubb to the three left at the table, who felt they should be listening to nothing. "It's not fair.

"Like everything else, the quality of genies has fallen off."

It's not fair to me. I don't want to be on my own. One more fall and she'll break her hip again and then she'll die. What she puts into her system isn't fit for a woman of her age. It's pap. It's food for premature lambs. But she won't do anything I say. I might as well not exist. I write her notes every day—notes all over the house, in her potting shed, and on her food lift. I try to warn her and she pays no attention. She never replies. Sometimes I think she can't read any longer. For all she advises me of her condition she might be *blind* and I wouldn't know it. I hate her. I've written her notes and notes and notes and she's never answered one of them. Surely she could send me a message of some sort? She's only to give an envelope to Louise. I haven't seen her handwriting for so long that I can hardly remember what it's like. Perhaps she can't even hold a pen any longer. Perhaps she can't do *anything* any longer. Poor soul. Poor old cocky. She used to call me 'my old mate' when she was a girl, you know. It was a joke from a music-hall song. I hate the sight of her now. She's nearly dead. I know it."

"Father," Guy said. Then he could find nothing more to say at all. It was impossible to find any landmarks for the moment. The balance of power had moved like the contours of a desert after a night wind. What was happening? Before this, the twins' visits had always seemed extorted. Now it seemed neither here nor there that the two of them even happened to be present. They had always written off their mother's maneuvers as tribal tactics devised to keep the two of them for her kind, with their father as some sort of lower ally in the endeavor, more deeply absorbed by his autonomy and his cigars than by the dynamics of living with his wife. But now his needs seemed more urgent and primal than hers.

"You mean she won't admit she's ill?" Algy said.

"That's what he's been saying all the time," said Len. "Haven't you been listening? Lord Grubb says she won't admit anything. Blimey, she wouldn't even admit I'm English."

"Oh, shut up. Of *course* I've been listening," Algy said to Len. "I can't get . . ." She waited and tried again, to her father. "You mean she's frightened of the doctor and she thinks you're going to send for him behind her back?"

"You can't possibly be suggesting Father *intimidates* her," Guy said. "Not Mamma."

"She won't confess it," Lord Grubb said, hectoring the table but still powerfully giving the impression of talking sotto voce to himself. "She's blind, for all I know, and half starved. Probably even all those long walks she says she takes are a pretense to put me off. It's quite likely she calls a taxicab every time and has it waiting round the corner out of sight. It's perfectly probable she can't even get *about* now. I write to her about it again and again."

"You keep talking as if you live in different houses," Algy said.

"She's going to die, and she's keeping it from me. She was always secretive. I won't stand for it. She's got to put it in writing."

"Do you want me to talk to her?" Guy said. "If you're as worried as this . . . But she doesn't seem ill. That's what I don't understand. Does she, Algy? And if she is, surely she's perfectly capable of calling a doctor herself. Isn't she?"

"She does it to spite me," his father said. "Don't you see what I'm saying? She refuses to answer. I never hear from her."

"Daddy, you *live together*," Algy said.

"Talk to her when we've gone and tell her that *we're* going to get a doctor to come. Would that make it easier?" Guy said.

Lord Grubb snorted and looked sulky. The room was full of ire.

Len said carefully, "When my dad died, he and my mum hadn't spoken for three years. They'd had a fight." He watched, on an instinct. The block of paranoia sitting at the other end of the table minutely shifted shape.

"I certainly shan't speak to her until she starts replying to my letters," said Lord Grubb, cued in so that it was possible to say it at last.

ALGY got up from the table and went into the drawing room. After a moment Len followed her.

"Ma," Algy said, as normally as possible. "Is it true that you and Daddy don't talk to each other?"

Lady Grubb suddenly wept over the magazine on her lap and the finished plate of junket. It was a spasm, over at once, like a sneeze. "My hip hurts," she said.

"You can't go on like this," Algy said.

"My mum and dad managed not to open their traps to each other for fourteen years," Len said. "Mum used to play the wireless and turn on all the bath taps as soon as he came in. Even in front of me they did it. At least you two don't do that." He tried a cliché, to seem breezy. "There's always somebody worse off than yourself."

"It's the only time I hear his voice, when you two come," Lady Grubb said. "He even leaves notes for the maids."

"Do *you* speak to *him*?" Algy said.

"I won't be bullied. Why should one? Getting nagging letters in one's own house. During the Labour landslide they used to be *love* letters. He hasn't even changed his handwriting. It's perfidy. Even the same black ink. Reminding and reminding me. He's trying to break into me."

"Which Labour landslide?" Len said softly.

"Ramsay MacDonald's."

"Why won't you speak to him?" Algy said, sitting on a low tapestry footstool by her mother's chair and putting her forefinger on Lady Grubb's big garnet ring as if she were pressing a doorbell, staring up at the implacable old head and thinking of nothing but of how to get her to look at one of the two people in the room.

"He's going to die," said Lady Grubb, eyes fixed on the carpet. "He'll die first and he knows it. Then I'll be on my own. I have to practice being on my own."

"Is that why he moved downstairs? To make you learn? I thought it was because of his gout."

"You silly goose. The young guess nothing."

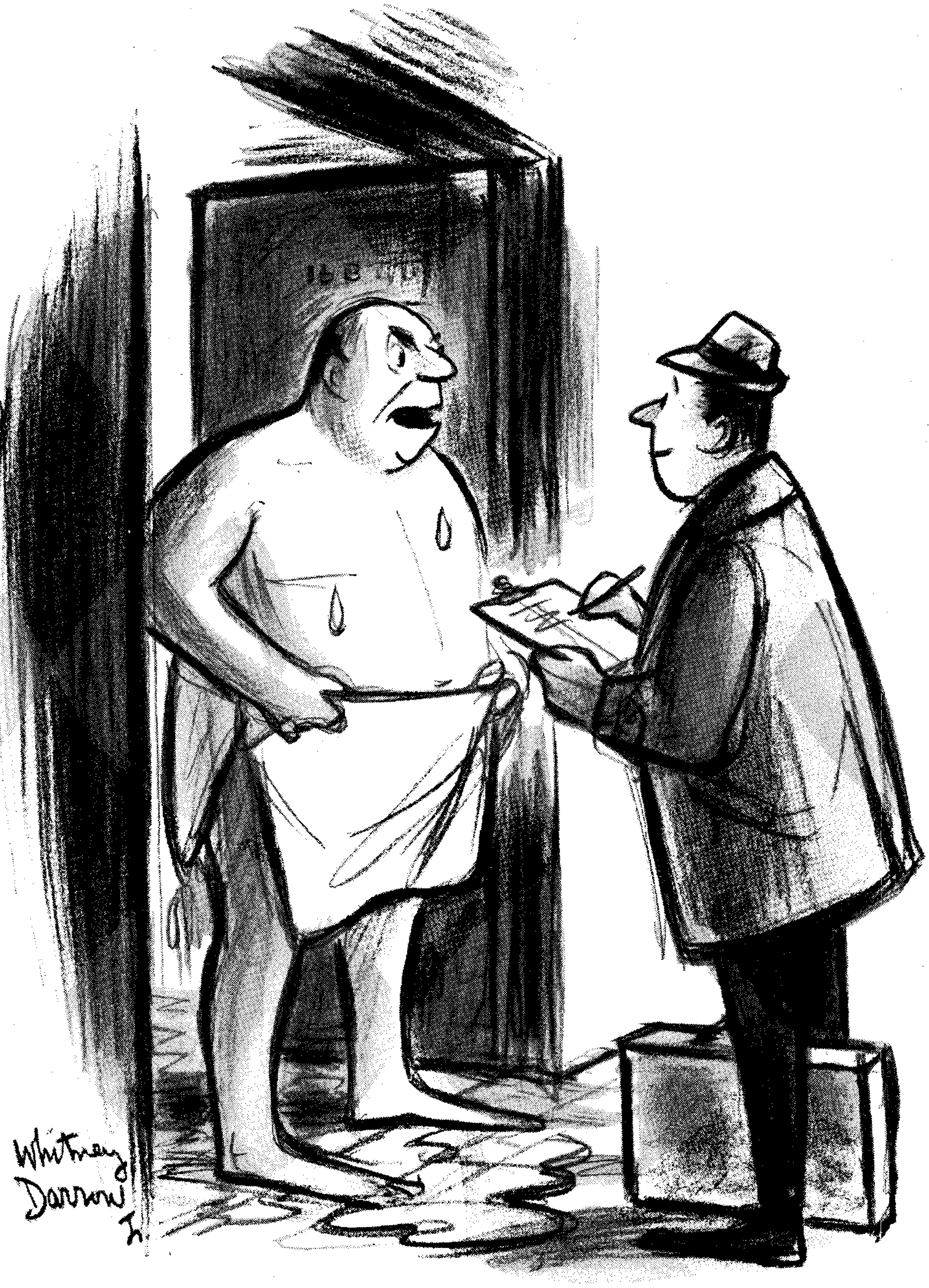
"If you mean about being lonely . . ." Len said. "If you mean we don't know much about being alone because we don't find it difficult, that's true."

"No one understands loneliness if they haven't been married," Lady Grubb said. "For forty years. . . . You two. Fly-by-night affairs. You risk nothing."

Algy turned on Len. "It's not true at all. Do you really think I don't know what isolation's like? What do you imagine goes on in my head all night when you've been talking about splitting up? You hope it takes the pain out of it to talk about it, but it doesn't. You said when we bought those bloody birds last Christmas, 'I wonder how long it'll be before we're yanking all this apart again and halving the furniture and carving up the doves.' I've never forgotten it. It's unbearable."

"Oh, come on," Len said. "Not unbearable. Inevitable. When it happens it'll just happen naturally, and that's all there'll be to it. It would be silly for us to say *if* it happens, because it's bound to. The things you can't avoid are the easy part."

"I see," Algy said angrily. "Like dying." —Penelope Gilliatt


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"I'm undecided. I'm undecided whether to slam the door in your face or kick you out into the street."

•

The Psychedelic Sound

It emerged from the blow-your-mind places in the Underground, this freaked-out, fluorescent colored gut sound that approaches the threshold of pain.

It's turned-on. It's total.

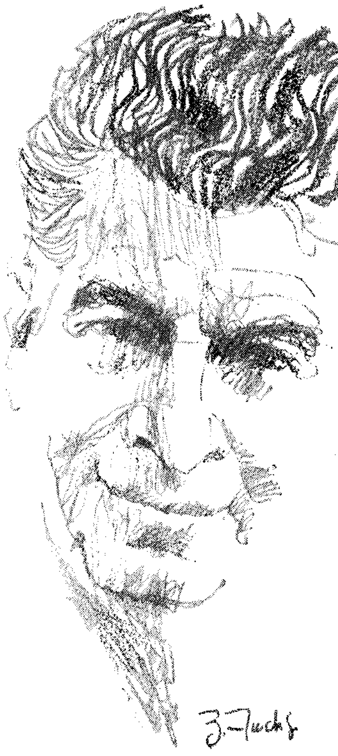
The Farfisa Compact organs dig it. Man, they practically created it—these are the *original* electronic compacts, remember. They know how to give sound that raw edge, that vicious attack. They've got penetrating multi-tone booster, reverb that screams, vibrato that hurts, and percussion that comes on like surf. Comes with either one or two manuals and stops enough for far-out sounds most groups couldn't foresee at their wildest. The Farfisa Compacts. The only way to fly.—*Adv. in International Musician.*

No, there are wings of gossamer.

❋ PROFILES ❋

A FORAGER

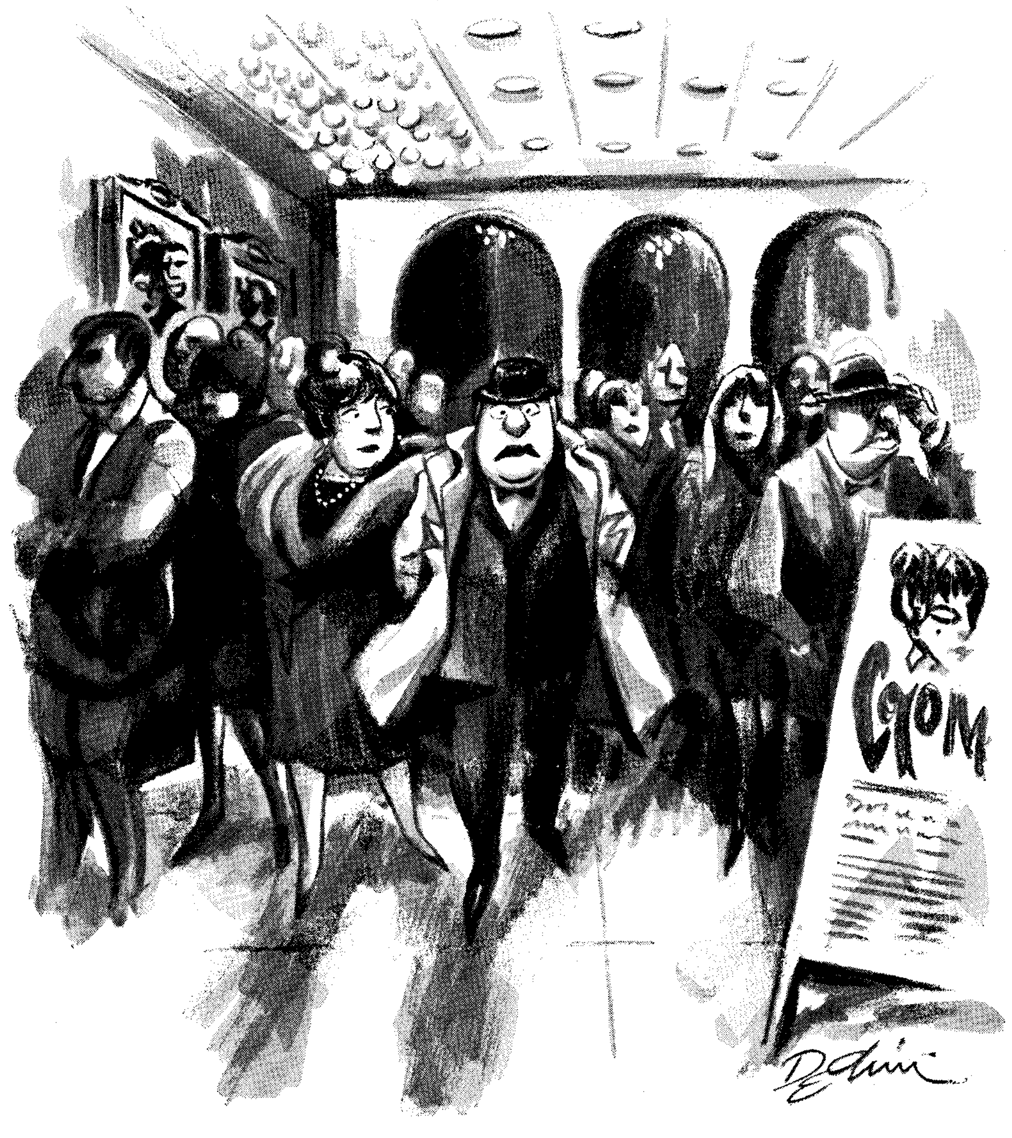
EUELL THEOPHILUS GIBBONS, who has written four books on the gathering and preparation of wild food, once reached through the fence that surrounds the White House and harvested four edible weeds from the President's garden. Gibbons has found light but satisfying snacks in concrete flower tubs in the mall at Rockefeller Center, and he once bagged fifteen wild foods in a vacant lot in Chicago. Foraging in Central Park, he collected materials for a three-course dinner, which he prepared and ate in a friend's apartment on East Eighty-second Street. Gibbons seldom goes out of his way to perform these urban wonders, however. His milieu is open country. He lives and writes in a farmhouse near Troxelville, Pennsylvania, in the center of the state, where thousands of acres of forest rise behind his land and a wide valley of farms slopes away from his front door. He is a Quaker. He has been, among other things, a schoolteacher. All his life he has been a forager as well, becoming, in pursuit of this interest, an excellent general naturalist. But the publication of his first book, "Stalking the Wild Asparagus," in 1962, was not so much the by-product of a lifetime of gathering wild food as it was the long-delayed justification for what had, until then, been a lifetime of disappointment as a writer. While moving from job to job and from school to school, he had written sonnets, light verse, short stories, and several kinds of novel, including a Biblical epic, which he abandoned in order to write a whimsical romance about a poor schoolteacher who gives up his profession, buys rural land, builds with his own hands a home made from native materials, and creates the impression that he is a millionaire by purchasing a dinner jacket from the Salvation Army and inviting professors and potentates to black-tie banquets at tables laden with sunfish caviar, cattail wafers, pickled top bulbs of wild garlic, wild-cherry olives, wild-grape juice, blueberry juice, dandelion wine, sautéed blue-eyed scallops, crappies cooked in tempura batter and served with mint and sassafras jellies, day-lily buds with pasture mushrooms, sautéed oyster mushrooms, buttered dandelion hearts, buttered cattail bloom spikes, wild asparagus, scalded milkweed buds, wild salads (made from Jerusalem artichokes, ground-cherries, wild mustard, watercress, wood sorrel, purslane, and greenbriar under wild-leek dressing), hot biscuits of cattail-root flour, May-apple marmalade, chokecherry jelly, dandelion-chicory coffee, candied mint leaves, candied wild ginger, wild cranberries glacés, candied calamus roots, hickory-maple chiffon pie, and sweet blackberry wine. Gibbons, who was fifty at the time, sent the novel to a New York literary agent he had met, and she soon indicated to him that she felt he was not yet ready as a fiction writer. Tactfully, she suggested that he trim out the plot, characters, and dialogue; she urged him to reshape the manuscript as a straightforward book on wild food. That was seven years ago. Today, Gibbons is buoyant with royalties. He has followed his "Wild Asparagus" with "Stalking the Blue-Eyed Scallop," "Stalking the Healthful Herbs," and "Euell Gibbons' Beachcomber's Handbook." He is at work on a definitive volume covering every edible plant in North America from the Rio Grande to the Arctic Circle, and his papers—all his sonnets, short stories, notes, novels, outlines, and marginalia—are under lock and key in the Boston University Library, which has established a Euell Gibbons Collection.



Gibbons' interest in wild food suggests but does not actually approach madness. He eats acorns because he likes them. He is neither an ascetic nor an obsessed nutritionist. He is not trying to prove that wild food is better than tame food, or that he can survive without the assistance of a grocer. He is apparently not trying to prove anything at all except that there is a marvellous variety of good food in the world and that only a modest part of the whole can be found in even the most super of supermarkets. He is a gourmet with wild predilections. Inadvertently, the knowledge that he has acquired through years of studying edible wild plants has made him an expert on the nourishment aspects of survival in the wilderness, but the subject holds no great interest for him and in some ways he finds it repellent, since survival is usually taught by the military and he is a conscientious objector. Nonetheless, he has given his time to assist, in an unofficial way, at the United States Navy's survival school in Brunswick, Maine. He has also taught survival techniques at the Hurricane Island Outward Bound School, off the Maine coast. It was in Maine that I first met him—in summer and only briefly—and not long thereafter I wrote to him and asked if he would like to take a week or so and make a late-fall trip in central Pennsylvania living off the land. I apologized that I would not be able to make such a trip sooner than November, and I asked him if he thought we could find enough to eat at that time. His response was that we could stuff ourselves, if we wanted to, right up until the time of the first heavy snowfall. During the early autumn, through letters and telephone calls, we framed a plan for a six-day trip, in part by canoe on the Susquehanna River and in part on the Appalachian Trail. We decided to start out with no market food of any kind, and we also decided not to take fishing rods or shotguns. With a regimen like that, we clearly weren't going to eat the way Gibbons frequently eats at home, where his *haute cuisine sauvage* depends on liberal admixtures of such ingredients as eggs and butter, and on the advanced equipment of a contemporary kitchen. Mere survival, however, was incidental to our plans. We intended to spend the first couple of days on a survival diet, and then, gradually extending the number of ways in which we would prepare our foraged foods, we planned to introduce, a meal at a time, certain fundamental substances—salt and cooking oil, for example—that we would pick up in country stores. Thus, we would use survival foraging not as an end in itself but possibly as a metaphor, a device through which we would put ourselves in an appropriate frame of mind to recapitulate, in a sense, the earliest beginnings of human gastronomy.

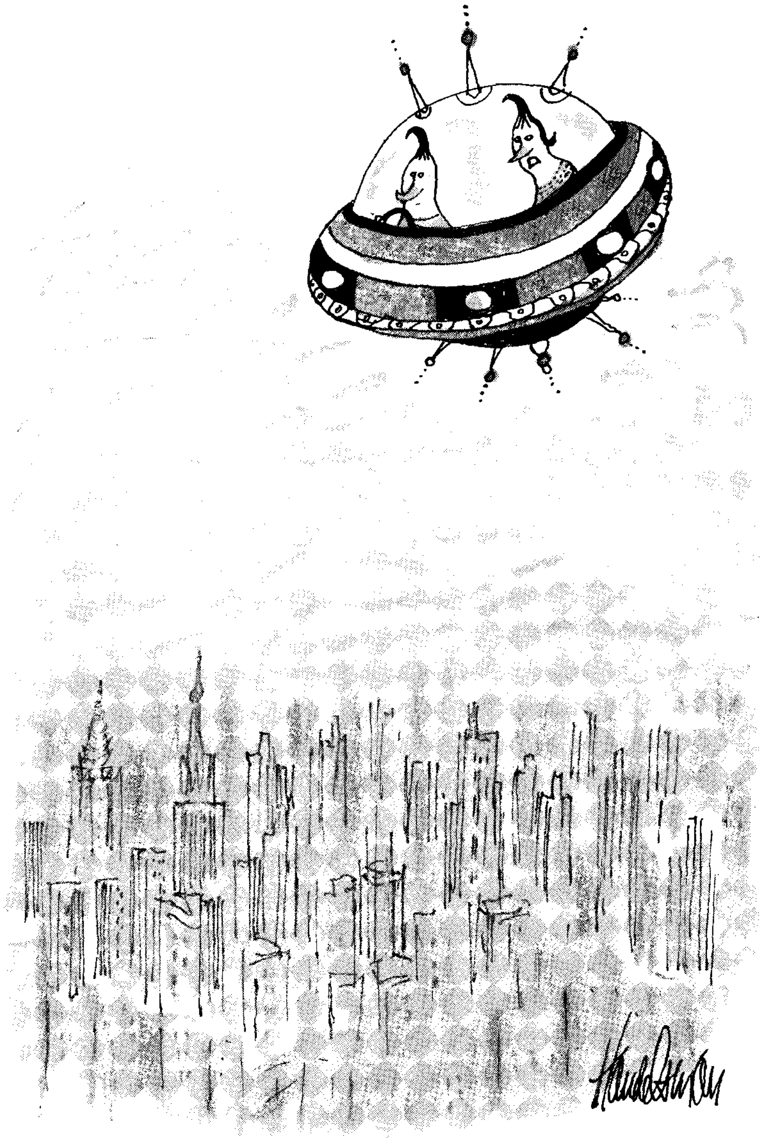
While these plans were taking shape, Gibbons seemed to be full of enthusiasm, so far as I could judge from the letters of a man I scarcely knew, but then it occurred to him that the weather might be forbidding and that one result of his efforts on the river could be a soaking with cold spray. He wrote to say that even though we would almost certainly not go hungry, we might very well find ourselves beset by wind and rain, and perhaps snow. He said, "I wonder if you have considered that a survival trip might involve some pretty acute discomfort, maybe even to the extent that it could be called suffering." He suggested that we forage near his home and do our cooking in his kitchen, forgetting survival in favor of gluttony. I telephoned him and urged him to stay with the plan, saying that the foraging we would be doing, in territory relatively unfamiliar to him, would be a much more interesting challenge for him. He said, for the first time, that he could not be completely certain that we would find enough to eat, explaining that there would be plenty of wild food in that part of the state in November but not necessarily in the specific places where we might happen to look for it. I had the advantage, in this exchange, of complete ignorance, which had given me a reckless confidence. When I pressed for the trip, Gibbons said O.K., he was willing to try it.

In November, I went to Troxelville, and on the morning of the fourth Gibbons and I started by car for the river. He remarked that no Indian, except perhaps a frightened Indian, would ever have set out on such a trip without gathering provisions first, so we foraged the countryside for an hour or two and collected an initial supply of Jerusalem artichokes, persimmons, hickory nuts, black walnuts, and several kinds of mint, which we stored in plastic bags in a pack basket. The weather had become unseasonably raw, and we were under a snow sky, but sunlight came through the clouds at intervals. A wind was blowing. The air temperature, according to an outdoor thermometer we had with us, was just below freezing. The canoe we had, a borrowed one, was an Old Town Guide, and it was strapped to the roof of Gibbons' Volkswagen bus. We planned to put in about fifty miles north of Harrisburg at a point just outside of Selinsgrove. Selinsgrove is a small town where a bronze plaque of the Ten Commandments is set up at eye level on the main street. In a hardware store there, we weighed ourselves on what we were assured was an accurate scale. Gibbons, who was wearing a red jacket, a red bandanna around his neck, a red hat, dungarees, and sneakers, weighed a hundred and ninety-eight pounds. No one in Selinsgrove gave us a second glance, for we were obviously hunters. In woods by the river as we prepared to shove off, with no guns and a pack basket full of nuts and tubers, a passerby might well have wondered what kind of hunting we intended to do.



"The meaning to *me* *is that I'm through with plays that have no meaning to me."*

BEFORE going onto the river, we ate the first of sixteen wild meals. It was an agreeable cold lunch, and the principal utensil was a hammer. Gibbons set out a mound of walnuts and hickory nuts and a small bucket full of persimmons. "This is the wildest bunch of supplies that were ever taken on a camping trip," he said. His voice was soft and seemed to have traces of a drawl. He picked up the hammer and pounded a hickory nut, using as an anvil a water-smoothed stone. The shell split. With a nutpick, he flipped out two intact halves of hickory meat. He picked up another nut and held it on the stone between his thumb and forefinger, its point at the top; then he tilted it about ten degrees on its axis, explaining that this was the optimum angle. He paused for a moment before he brought the hammer down, then split the nut perfectly. "Indians used to boil these and make a kind of beverage called pawcohiccora," he said. " 'Hickory' derives from that word." He tilted another nut and



"Drive on, James."

studied it as if he were about to split a ninety-carat diamond. He pounded it. "Ouch! God damn it!" he said, and he handed me the hammer while he rubbed the end of his thumb. We went on cracking hickories and walnuts for about an hour. To be comfortable, we had stretched out on a narrow beach of smooth stones by the edge of the water, and it was pleasant there in the sunlight, although the breeze off the river was cold, and in the middle of lunch our joints began to stiffen. Gibbons showed me the best way to disassemble a black walnut, reducing it to eighths with seven blows, and while I was having my walnuts he ate persimmons. The persimmons were soft and sticky—almost but not perfectly ripe. Dark orange and about the size of large grapes, they were full of sugar and tasted something like fresh apricots, but because they were not quite ready they had an astringent aftertaste. Gibbons put three of them into his mouth, chewed them up, and spat out the seeds. "We're going to scatter persimmon seeds from hell to breakfast," he said. "You know, I think I could eat a hamburger now, but not a whole filet mignon." He put his hand back into the persimmon bucket in order to rout his retreating hunger. I was eager to get onto the river while the sun was still fairly high. Gibbons was looking out over the water, and it apparently appealed to him less than ever. "Why don't we stay here tonight?" he said. "Then we can get a good early start in the morning." I pointed out to him that it was only two-thirty in the afternoon. Forlornly, he got into the canoe.

The Susquehanna was about three-quarters of a mile wide, and the water level on that day was so low that in most places the river was only a foot deep. As we began to move downstream, we picked our way among hundreds of islands. Around the small ones the current made rips, where the canoe rocked slightly and picked up speed. Every two or three miles, we came to long, low mountains—Hooflander Mountain, Fisher Ridge, Mahantango Mountain. The mountains ran with level summits to the eastern and western horizons and stood like successive walls before us. When these mountains first folded into existence, Gibbons said, the river was already there, and it cut through the mountains as they formed, creating a series of portals for its own passage. The mountains, when young, were vastly higher than they are now. In the course of aeons, they have almost wholly disintegrated and been carried away by the river. The small mountains that remain today are the foundation stubs of fantastic peaks. As we moved along, we could see the stratification lines in the water gaps tilting one toward another, and, extending these lines into the air, we could all but see the high silhouettes of the mountains when they were new. The remnants, the forested mountains of central Pennsylvania, with their flat ridgelines, looked as soft as Scottish wool—their trees gray and bare against a background of fallen leaves on rising ground—and the implied mountains of Pennsylvania, miles high between the actual ones, cast a kind of shadow that was colder than the wind on the river. Near the west bank of the river, there was a highway that now and again came into view. Tractor trailers moved in and out of sight, flying streamers of diesel smoke from their stack exhausts. Two or three times, we saw black carriages, drawn slowly up the highway by single horses. These Amish carriages swayed in the wind made by the big trucks.

The paddling had made us warm. The canoe was dry, and the clouds had spread enough to give us a steady afternoon sun. Gibbons saw a promising section of riverbank, and we stopped for a snack—sheep sorrel, peppergrass, and winter cress. "You don't need vinegar with a salad if you've got sheep sorrel," he said, and he moved along until he found some dandelions, which he wanted to have for supper. He dug them up with something that he called a dibble stick. It was actually a dock-and-thistle killer—a kind of spade with an extremely narrow blade. Although we found groves of riparian dandelions, he applied the dibble stick with considerable selectivity, bending over and studying one plant after another, excluding multiheaded dandelions and ramming the stick home when he found single-headed specimens, which have larger integral roots and crowns. "I must say these dandelions look excellent," Gibbons said. "They should be good now. In summer, they get so damned bitter you can't take them." As he put more and more dandelions into one of his plastic bags, his regard for the world became brighter. "Gosh, they're a delicacy!" he went on. When one bag was full, he started on another.

"You act like a man who's finding money," I told him.

"That's exactly it," he said. "That's exactly the way I feel."

Gibbons is a tall man—six feet two. His posture is poor, and he says that this is the result of fifty years of bending to forage. His head is a high and narrow one, with a long stretch from chin to forehead but a short distance from ear to ear, as if he had somehow successfully grown up in the space between two city buildings. His hair is brown, turning to gray, and is wavy. Now, after several hours in the open, it was standing almost straight on end. On the way back to the canoe, he collected a bagful of pennyroyal, and, pointing to a small clump of plants, he said, "That's sage there, but I don't know what the hell we would do with that, since we're not going to cook meat."

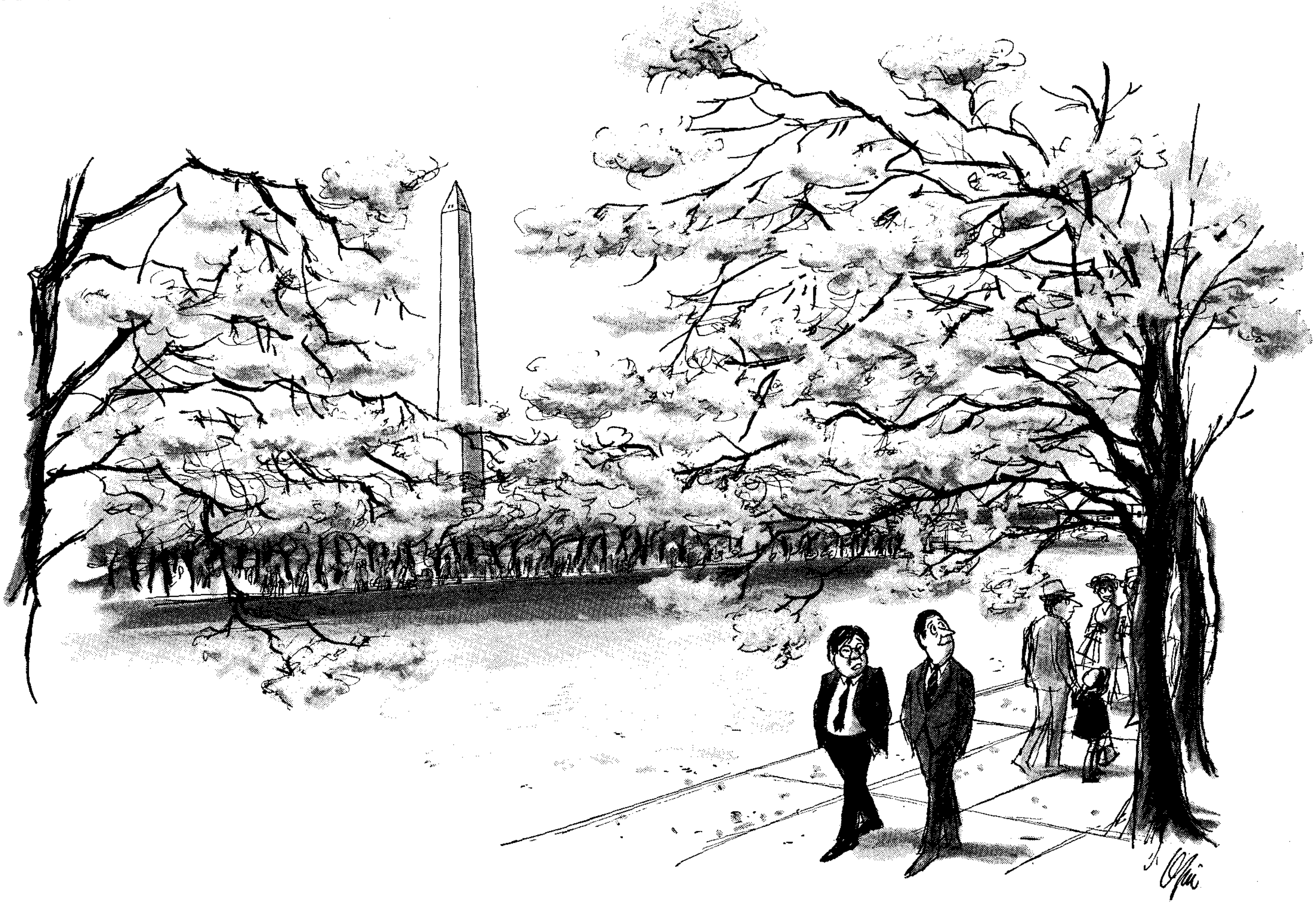
On a promising weed near the sage I found a small fruit that resembled a yellow cherry tomato. I asked him if it was edible.

"That's a horse nettle," he said. "It's deadly poisonous."

Covered with beggar's-ticks—as Gibbons calls the small seedpods that cling to clothing—we moved on downstream, he in the bow, I in the stern. The sun was still bright and the sky blue. "Well, I certainly am glad that we decided to make this trip on the river," he said. "We're not suffering like the early Christians." He paddled on for a while, looking from bank to bank and up at the mountains. At a little after four, he began to sing. We stopped for the night at five.

At that first campsite, which was on flat and wooded ground, four great paddle wheels from steamers long gone from the river were leaning aimlessly against tree trunks, and near them was a colony of ground-cherry plants, close to the water's edge. A small stream that ran into the river there was almost dammed with watercress. We still had daylight, and we cut a pile of cress and collected a peck of unhusked ground-cherries. While Gibbons, in boots he had brought along, was standing in the stream bagging the watercress, he became irritated at the thought of people who fear to take watercress from just any stream. "People say, 'Is it growing in polluted water?'" he told me. "For gosh sakes, what difference would that make? Your own vegetable garden is polluted when you put manure on it. The important thing is to wash the cress in pure water, or boil it, which we're going to do. We'll have this for breakfast." Ground-cherries, members of the nightshade family, are sometimes called strawberry tomatoes, and they hang from vinelike plants in small tan husks that become lacy with age. The husks are about an inch high, and are shaped and ribbed like Japanese lanterns. Inside each lantern is a berry that is yellow green and resembles a cherry only in that it is smooth and round. It has no pit. It looks like a small tomato, half an inch in diameter. Like many wild foods, ground-cherries are good as hors d'oeuvres, and we ate some as we gathered them. Their flavor is much like the flavor of tomatoes, with a wild, musky undertone. Fifty yards upstream was a swampy lowland where the shoreline was imprecise because it was overgrown with cattails. Gibbons waded in among the cattails, leaned over, and reached down into the freezing water until his arm was submerged to the shoulder. He came up with the leading end of a cattail root, from which a short white sprout was protruding. He broke off the sprout and reached into the water again. The second sprout he found was as short as the first one, and Gibbons was disappointed. "I've seen them eight inches long," he said, and tried again. When he had about ten short white sprouts, he gave up. He calls the cattail the supermarket of the swamps, since it has half a dozen edible parts (not all edible at the same time of year), in a range from the soft green bloom spikes to a rootstock flour that makes excellent drop biscuits. On his way back to the campsite, he paused at a remarkable weed that had a leaf large enough to wrap groceries in. "Burdock," he said, and he dug it up with the dibble stick. As we dug six or seven more, I discovered that burdock is the plant that produces the spherical bristly burrs I had been picking up inadvertently all my life—the burrs that look like communications satellites and will hang on to almost anything but glass. Just beyond the burdock was a group of plants that looked to me like dandelions, but each one had a dry stalk rising from its center. "Chicory," Gibbons said. "It's getting dark. Let's just take the greens." So we cut a pile of chicory greens, and Gibbons sorted them. He threw away the outside leaves and kept the young and tender ones.

We had a nest of pots with us, and a Coleman stove, which we used part of the time in supplement to wood fires. It was six o'clock when Gibbons began to prepare dinner that night, and the air temperature was thirty-three degrees. While we talked, we breathed out shafts of vapor, which swirled into the steam that was rising from the pots. As Gibbons bent forward intently over his cooking, light flickered up against his face—the benevolent face of a kind and religious man which seemed to have in it, as well, a look that was gleamingly satanic. He said that he thought that in this kind of encounter with nature—or in any other kind of encounter with nature—human beings make a sorry mistake if they feel that nature is something to be conquered. "The product I gather out here means something different to me than food from a store, but I don't feel that I have made nature stand and pay tribute. I know that when I disturb the earth to get these plants I will almost always cause more of them to grow. I don't like to eat Indian cucumbers, because I have to destroy the plants to get them. I don't want to destroy; I want to play the part I am supposed to play in relation to plants. I come to a persimmon tree and the tree is growing something sweet, so I'll eat it and scatter the seed. When I do that, I'm carrying out the role I'm supposed to be carrying out. Nature has many, many balances, and we have to find a balance that includes man. If man accepts that he has to be a part of the balance, he must reject the idea of the conquest of nature. Whenever I read that phrase 'conquest of nature,' I feel a little depressed. Man is a part of the total ecology. He has a role to play, and he can't play it if he doesn't know what it is—or if he thinks that he is conquering something." While Gibbons speaks, he characteristically averts his eyes from the path of his words, but from time to time, as he reaches a key word, his eyes open wide and focus directly on the listener. He seems to be checking to see that the listener is still there. Light and rapid smiles and frowns follow one another across his face. "The idea that we are engaged in a conquest of nature is a fallacy that is causing all kinds of trouble," he went on. "We're covering the earth with concrete, filling swamps, levelling hills. Some of these things have to be done, but we should do these things with knowledge. The conquest of nature has to stop. When Orientals climb a mountain, they believe that the mountain lifts them, not



"What these cherry blossoms say is that it's 'Play ball!' at Korakuen Stadium and I'm not there."

• •

that they have conquered the mountain. Here. You're going to have to peel your own artichokes. I cooked them in their jackets tonight."

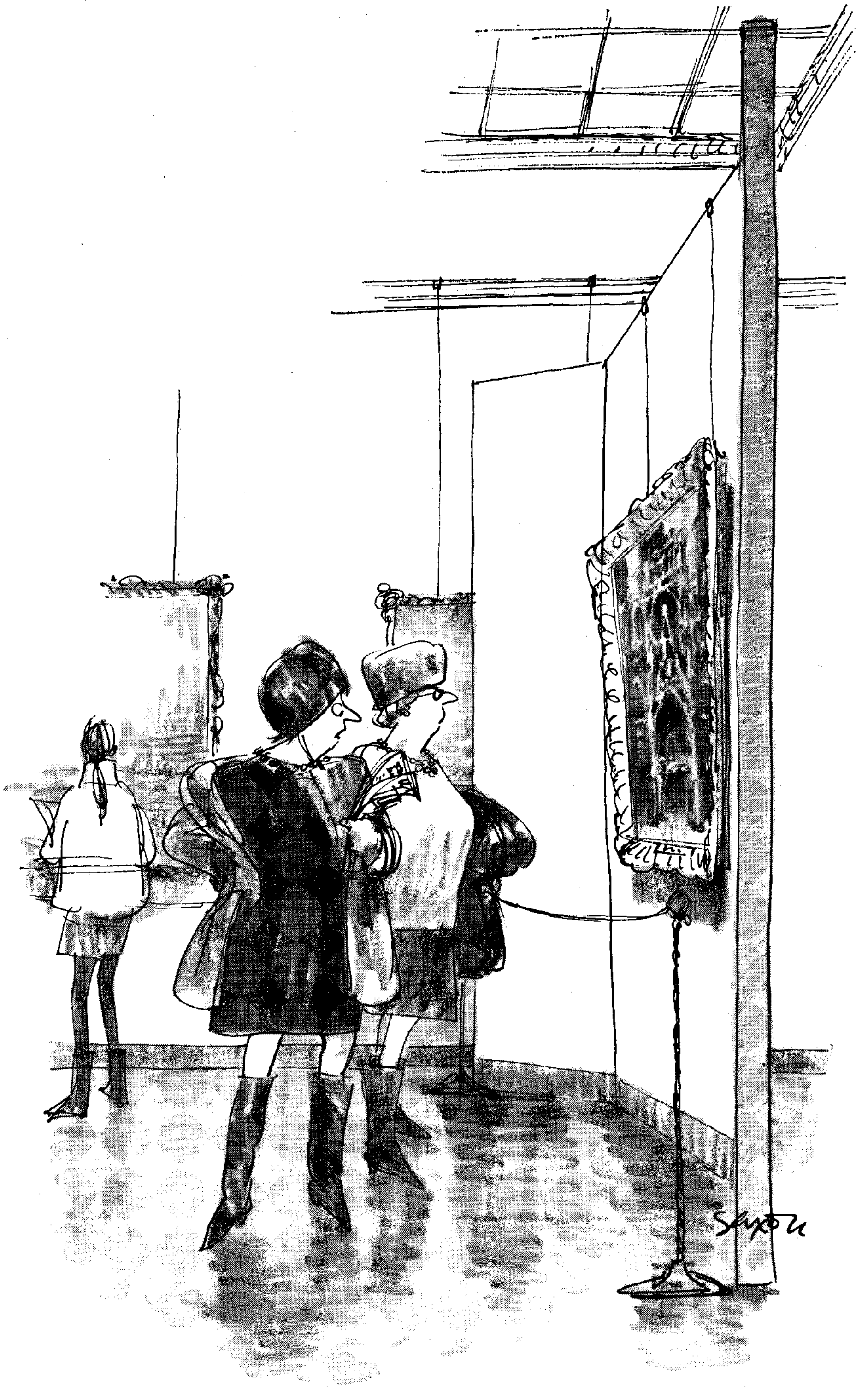
For dinner, we had boiled Jerusalem artichokes, boiled whole dandelions, ground-cherry salad, a dessert of persimmons, and pennyroyal tea. Jerusalem artichokes are tubers of wild sunflowers. They look like small sweet potatoes, since they are bumpy and elongated and are covered with red jackets. The flesh inside, however, is delicate and white. Boiled, it has the consistency of boiled young turnips or summer squash, and the taste suggests the taste of hearts of artichokes. Gibbons said that Jerusalem artichokes are native American plants. Indians sometimes cultivated them. They were well known to colonists, and the word "Jerusalem," in this instance, is apparently an English corruption of the Spanish word for sunflower—"*girasol*." Gibbons also said he was sorry that Jerusalem artichokes and a number of other wild foods—such as ground-cherries and wild rice—had been named for more familiar foods. "These things are not substitutes for tame foods," he went on. "They have flavors of their own, and it is not fair to them to call them by the name of something else. These are not artichokes. They're sunflower tubers." With a knife and fork, he laid one open and then scooped up a mound of the white flesh. It was steaming hot. "Boy!" he said. "That goes down very gratefully. Just eating greens, you can get awfully damn hungry. We'll eat plenty of greens, but we need these, too." For a while, we ate without speaking, because the artichokes were so good. Gibbons ran his fork into the root of a dandelion and drew the rest of the plant—a long streamer of leaves—away from a heaping mound of dandelions on his plate. With Italian skill, he rotated the fork until the plant was curled around it like spaghetti. I imitated him, and we both began to wolf down dandelions. Gibbons was a little disappointed. "These dandelions are tough," he said. "Too bad. They get better and better the colder it gets. With this weather, we may get some better ones in the next few days." The dandelions were also somewhat bitter, but Gibbons seemed to find them just right in this respect. Ordinarily, he would have boiled them in three waters, he explained, but he had used only one pot of water this time, because, as he put it, "we're using no salt and we got to taste *something*." If I had been a little less hungry, I think I would have left the dandelion leaves on my plate. The crowns and the roots, however, were mild and delicious. When we had finished dinner, Gibbons said that his hunger was satisfied but that he did feel a longing for meat or fish. "Right now I wish I had a big plate of sea-urchin roe," he said. Then he rolled a cigarette and lighted it, and that seemed to kill off the thought.

I boiled water in the largest pot, dropped a cake of soap into it, and began to wash up the dinnerware. Gibbons rolled another cigarette. He said that he was trying to cut down on his smoking and that was why he had reverted to a custom of his youth and was rolling his own. He was so good at it—just a turn of his fingers and a fast lick at the paper—that his rolled cigarettes looked machine-made. I asked him how many Pennsylvania Quakers he knew who could roll a smoke like that.

"I'm not a birthright Quaker," he

said. "I'm a convinced Quaker. I was born in Clarksville, Texas—in Red River County."

The date of his birth was September 8, 1911. At that time, his father, who was also born in Clarksville, was a blacksmith and a grocer, pursuing both careers in a single store. Gibbons' father was also a dreamer. His horizons were wicketed with rainbows, and before long he would become an irremediable drifter, taking his family with him as he moved around the Southwest, making one fresh start after another—now a carpenter, now a contractor, now a rancher, a farmer, a sawyer, a builder of culverts, a bit-sharpener in oil fields. Gibbons' mother was from Dresden, Tennessee, where she had grown up on a hill farm. Her mother taught her to hunt and to trap and to eat wild greens, wild fruits, wild lettuce, and pokeweed salads. When Gibbons' mother was a little girl, she provisioned her doll house not with mud pies but with wild food. In Texas, years later, she passed along her knowledge to her children, three boys and a girl. Euell, the second child, was by far the most interested. "Red River County isn't like Texas at all," he told me. "It's more like Pennsylvania. There were woods there, and river bottoms, and hills. The whole idea that you could go out into the woods and gather good things was tremendously exciting to me. When I was five, I thought up my first wild recipe. I took hickory nuts and hackberries and pounded them up in a cloth and made a wild confection. Wild food was our calendar—a signal of the time of year. In the spring, we had wild asparagus and poke and all the early greens. Lamb's-quarters came in the late spring and strawberries in the early summer, then mulberries and blackberries. In late summer, we had purslane, wild plums, maypops—that's a kind of hard-shell passion fruit—and in the fall there were plenty of muscadines, wild pecans, hickory nuts, black walnuts. As it got a little colder, there were persimmons, hackberries, and black haws. Wherever we went, I asked what the Indians ate. We considered all these things delicacies, and we would not have *not* gathered them, any more than we would have let things in the garden go to waste."



"I never can remember. Is it Manet or Monet who isn't as good as the other?"

I asked what his brothers do now, and he said that both live in Albuquerque, and one is a cabinetmaker and the other is a driver for the Navajo Freight Lines. His mother, who is eighty, lives in Albuquerque, too. His father and his sister are both dead.

Gibbons snapped a last cigarette off his fingers and into the river. A few minutes later, he got into his sleeping bag and began to wrap himself in a new space blanket. He said, "Let's see if we can get through the night without dreaming about food. That will determine how successful we have been today."

WHEN we got up, at 6 A.M., the temperature was twenty-five degrees and there were panes of ice around pools at the edge of the river. The river surface was absolutely smooth, and twists of vapor were rising from it. Families of coot swam in zigzags in the mist. We had a collapsible bucksaw with us. I set that up, cut logs from a fallen birch, and made a good-sized fire while Gibbons got together the materials for breakfast. The first thing he made was watermint tea. I had three cups in quick succession. The cups we had were made of aluminum, and the heat coming through the handle of mine burned

Super-sheer makeup.

*Essential to the present look of curls and waistlines—
the new fashion for "pretty." More fluff
and sheerness to face powder and makeup;
lipsticks, no more than thin shining stains of color.*

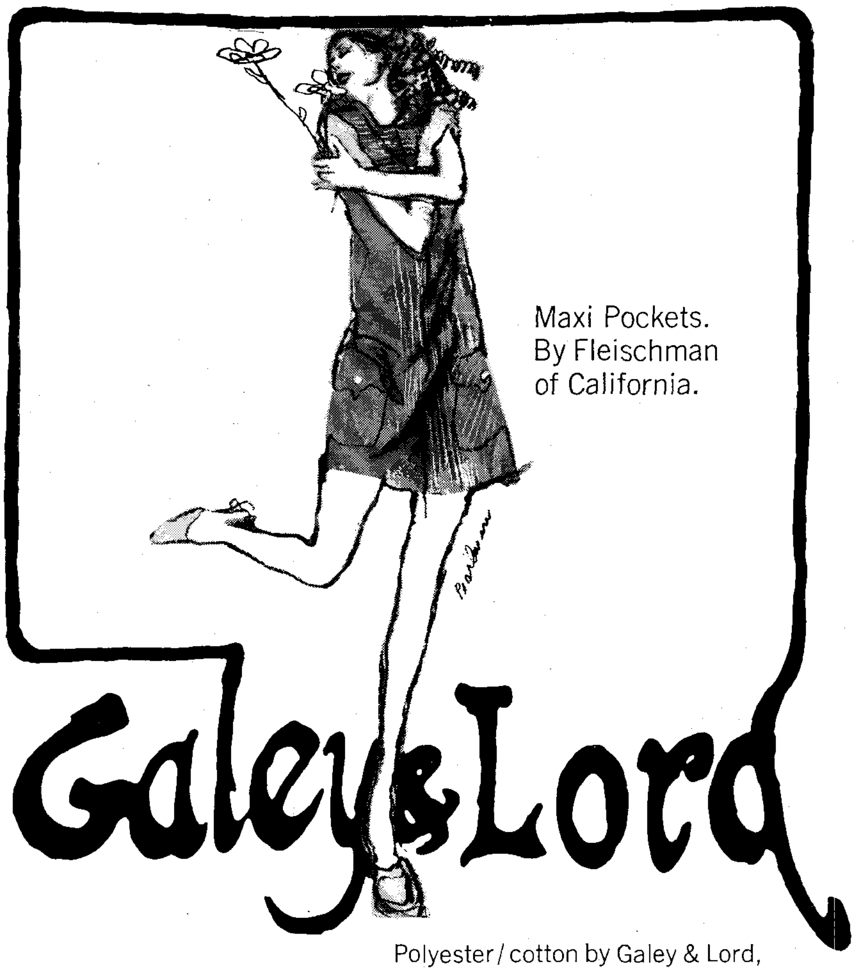
Germaine Monteil

my fingers, while the rest of my hand was red with cold. Gibbons said, "In Troxelville, mint is called tea, so you know what they do with it." The night before, I had been full of compliments for the dinner he had cooked, and now he seemed a little sensitive about the breakfast he was about to serve. He warned me that breakfast is the roughest meal to get through on any survival trip, because that is usually the time when the wild foods are most dissimilar from the foods one is used to at home. He then filled two plates with a medley of steaming watercress, chicory greens, cattail sprouts, and burdock roots. It was, frankly, a pretty unusual breakfast. The boiled watercress was delicious, and the cattail sprouts were sweet and tender. The chicory greens, being even bitterer than the dandelion greens of the night before, were a little strong for that hour in the day. The burdock roots, which he had sliced into discs, were undistinguished in flavor, and tough. "One thing we won't need on this trip is vitamin pills," Gibbons said. "This watercress, for example, has more Vitamin C in it—weight for weight—than there is in orange juice. Spinach is the only garden vegetable I know of that has more Vitamin A than these chicory greens. On the whole, people might be better off if they threw away the crops they so tenderly raise and ate the weeds they spend so much time exterminating. The stinging nettle has more protein than any other leafy material ever tested. Cooked nettles don't sting. Nettle beer is very good." Neither of us finished the chicory greens, and we flipped the leftovers off our plates onto the ground. Gibbons said, "When we throw away garbage, it goes right back into the earth." We ended the breakfast with several handfuls of persimmons, which tasted as sweet and as bland as dates following the bitter greens.

After breakfast, we heard shotgun blasts up and down the river, some quite close, and I said, "What are they shooting at?"

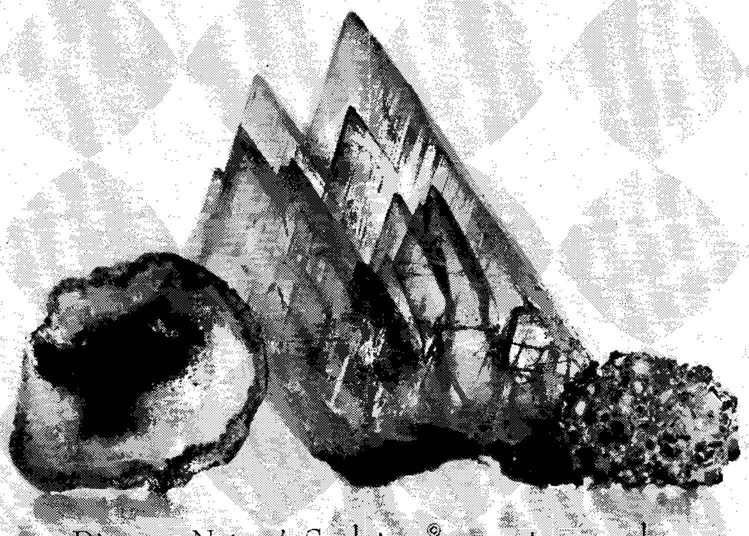
Gibbons said, "Duck, I think."

I began to think of roast duck stuffed with oranges. Gibbons must have started to think about roast duck at that moment, too. "There's a difference between being hungry for foods that you're used to eating and being just plain hungry," he said, and he added, "I've been both." Then he went off foraging while I cleaned up and packed the gear. When he came back, he was carrying a bag full of winter cress and three bags full of oyster



Maxi Pockets.
By Fleischman
of California.
Galey & Lord

Polyester/cotton by Galey & Lord,
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.



Discover Nature's Sculpture©... gemstones and minerals gathered from all parts of the world by **ARTHUR COURT DESIGNS** of Jackson Square, San Francisco. N-M is pleased to present Mr. Court and his unique collection in Dallas, April 3-13; in Houston, April 8-13. Decorative vignettes on custom designed stands, priced 20.00 to 25,000.00. Color brochure available.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas · Houston · Fort Worth

One in a Series

The r
guid

le Voyage par Air France

Slip off your alligator pumps and relax: there's no class like First Class on the world's largest airline. Lots of baggage room for your Vuitton trunks and wig boxes. Lots of food to break your diet with, resplendent meals on Limoges china and Christofle silver. Audacious wines, murmuring stewards, and a certain expertise in matters Parisian you'd expect from Air France. We know where you're going. And what you're going for.

Boutiques

Here is where it all began.

Marie-Martine 8, rue de Sèvres. The first and most successful of the new boutiques. Beautiful clothes. Very expensive.

La Mercerie de Justine 88, Fbg. St.-Honoré. Where to find Louis Féraud's ready-to-wear versions of his couture designs.

Boutique Elle 127, Champs-Elysées. All the goodies from Elle *magazine.*

Rety 57, Fbg. St.-Honoré. Run by the charming M. Balkany. Chanel copies are their specialty: suits like Coco's, for under $200.

Pline 9, rue Belidot. For $45, brilliant silk sheaths, not unlike those of a certain Florentine marchese.

Boutique St.-Laurent 21, rue de Tournon. Arroyo's portrait of Yves dominates this smashingly designed shop. Copies, for under $100, of St.-Laurent's latest winners.

Rayon Colifichets chez Dior 30, ave. Montaigne. Dior's most delightful departments. Creations well under $100.

Pour votre animal familier

Au Chien Elégant 48-bis, rue François Ier. Everything your dog needs most. Leashes in alligator and lizard. Made-to-order overcoats, raincoats, sweaters and boots. Wide choice of fabrics and linings. Collars with coats-of-arms. Grooming. Open Monday to Saturday, 9 to 7. No haircuts Monday.

Où sont les veuves d'antan?

Last year's widows are still at their favorite places. Join them, if you like, at the Relais Plaza at lunchtime and the Ritz at tea.

Lingerie

Three basic type

Carmela 105, av
Victor-Hugo. M
American import
Sleep alone as yo
did at Vassar, in
flannel baby-doll

Chez Perrette 33
ave. Matignan
Beautiful French
work, all by the a
and handicapped
Incomparable for
smocking and ha
embroidery. Love
table linens, too.

Candide 4, rue de
Miromesnil. Brigi
wear—such as it is

Vocabulaire
veuve riche

I want to rent a
je veux louer un
ash blond: blond
late husband: feu
blue chip: action
may he rest in pe
paix à ses cendres
wholesale: vente
cottage cheese: fro
guided tour: visite
calorie: calorie.

Instituts de be

Massage, skin an
mysteries.

Institut René Gu
Georges. Sophia
cosmetologist, a fi
flower power for sk

Paule Duvernoy 1
Colonel-Bonnet. Fa

Centre Culturel de
nouillet. Yoga. Lar

Suzy et Lini 81, av
For falling hair.

Centre Technique
rue de la Paix. Free
Absolutely nothing

The best of two worlds. As Italian Renaissance cartographers saw it, in the relief map top of unique accessory table. And as Henredon craftsmen see it, in the comfort-plus good looks of buttoned-back arm chair.

Henredon *fine furniture*

For brochures showing Folio Seven and upholstery collections, send $1.00 to Henredon, Dept. NY 4-6, Morganton, N.C. 28655

Great excuses for giving yourself a present:

APR. 6: ADM. PEARY FINDS NORTH POLE

Ice stays glacial, consomme hot and cheering during a whole evening's festivities in our gadrooned and lionheaded server. The temperature control expert, in fine silverplate, $110.

Webster-Wilcox

Made by the International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

mushrooms. The winter cress looked like magnified watercress, but its taste, Gibbons said, would be altogether different. The oyster mushrooms were gray and floppy and made me think of the gills of sharks. Gibbons told me that he had found them growing on a dead birch and a dead willow, and he said, "When they steam, they smell like oysters."

"How do you tell the difference between an edible mushroom and a poisonous mushroom?" I asked him.

"You can't," he said. "A family in New Jersey died two weeks ago from eating *Amanita verna*—you know, the death angel. A reporter at the Philadelphia *Inquirer* called me up and said, 'How do you tell the difference between mushrooms and toadstools?' You don't. There are too many of them. Some are neither edible nor poisonous. You learn to recognize the edible species. It is exactly like recognizing someone's face; once you know a person, you know that person from all other people. If you came home at night and a woman you had never seen was standing there in your house, you wouldn't think it was your wife. God help you, anyway, if you would. Oyster mushrooms, meadow mushrooms, chanterelles, shaggymanes, puffballs—you get to know each one, and you never forget them. I don't just go out, find a mushroom, eat it, and see if it's going to kill me. I know what I'm looking for."

A boy hunter walked into the campsite. He was about twelve years old, and he was wearing a red cotton parka. A shotgun slanted down from the bend in his right arm. He had short-cropped blond hair. His left hand was bright with blood.

"Hello. What did you kill?" I said to him.

"Rabbit. You get anything?"

"Yes," said Gibbons.

"What did you get?"

"Winter cress."

"Don't you hunt?" the boy said.

"Sometimes," Gibbons told him. "Have you seen any ducks this morning?"

"No, but I shot five coot down there, on the water."

"What did you do with them?"

"What did I *do* with them? I'm not going to wade out after coot. I'm not going to get wet for coot—not when it's this cold."

The boy moved on up the riverbank. Gibbons and I looked at each other for a moment, and each saw all reserves about hunted game crumbling away. We threw all our stuff into the canoe

Seagram's
Crown Royal

Crown Royal.
It can make a bartender a little nervous.

Put yourself in his place.

Somebody comes in and asks you for Crown Royal, the finest Canadian whisky in the world. You turn and face the backbar. There it is. In a bottle that's shaped like a King's crown.

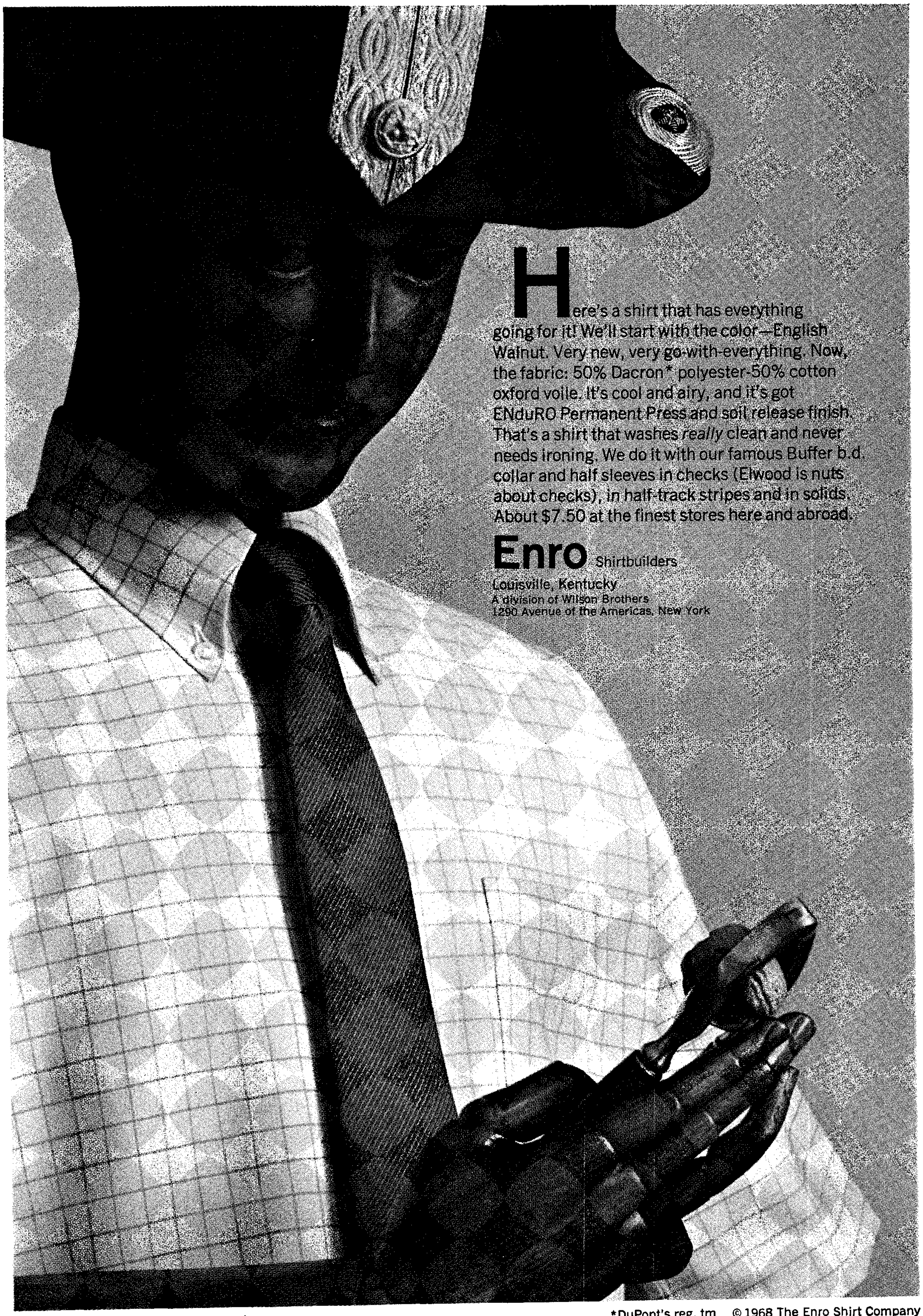
You pick it up. The thought goes through your mind that until a few years ago Crown Royal wasn't even available in the States. People had to go to Canada to get it.

Now that it's here, you know it goes for a tidy little sum. You also know it's worth it.

You take the cap off. You start to pour. You want to do everything right. You're a little nervous.

Then it happens. The glass runneth over.

Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack. About $9 a fifth.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.



Here's a shirt that has everything going for it! We'll start with the color—English Walnut. Very new, very go-with-everything. Now, the fabric: 50% Dacron* polyester-50% cotton oxford voile. It's cool and airy, and it's got ENduRO Permanent Press and soil release finish. That's a shirt that washes *really* clean and never needs ironing. We do it with our famous Buffer b.d. collar and half sleeves in checks (Elwood is nuts about checks), in half-track stripes and in solids. About $7.50 at the finest stores here and abroad.

Enro Shirtbuilders
Louisville, Kentucky
A division of Wilson Brothers
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York

Enro's Elwood from David Barrett Interiors

*DuPont's reg. tm

© 1968 The Enro Shirt Company

and shoved off. A coot is a ducklike bird—not a delicacy, but edible.

We searched the river for the five dead birds. Perhaps to give his appetite every possible consideration, Gibbons began to refer to the coots as ducks, and he began to shape a menu in his mind that included not only ducks but also freshwater clams. "Watch the bottom," he said. "I want ducks and clams. If we had ducks and clams, we could have clam-and-mushroom stuffing for the duck." So we began to scan the bed of the river as well as the surface. The water was clear and it flowed along over ribs of stratified rock that were partly covered with leaves and algae but not with clams. On the surface all around us were gliding coots but no dead ones. We slanted back and forth in angled patterns down the western side of the river. It seemed impossible, on such a still morning, that we could not see the birds.

"That little kid was lying," I said. "He didn't shoot any coots."

"There's a clam!" Gibbons shouted.

"Where?"

"Right there, God damn it. Stop the canoe!"

We backwatered hard, and then I pried the canoe broadside to the current and jammed my paddle against the river bottom on the downstream side. While I hung on, Gibbons plunged his arm into the water, soaking part of the sleeve of his jacket. When he drew out his arm, he had a muddy half shell in his hand.

We drifted on, still searching, and we began to feel the chill of the morning. Above us was a mackerel sky, and no warmth was coming through it. The current gradually took us close to the bank, and after we had gone along beside it for a while, alternately drifting and paddling, we came to another hunter, in a semi-blind—an adult this time, all red and brown and crouched and ready.

"Get anything?" Gibbons said to him.

"One pintail duck," said the hunter. "They're scarce today."

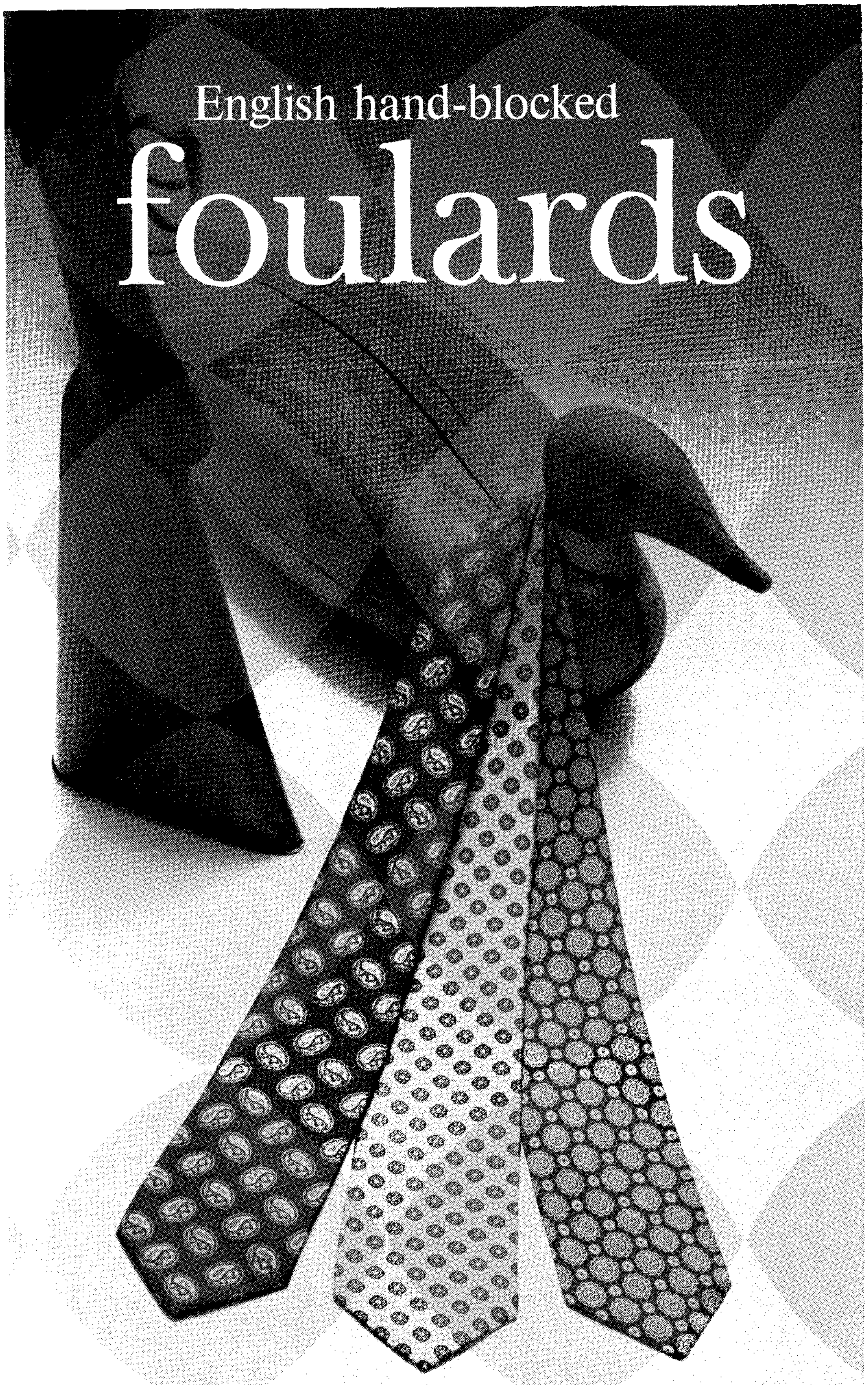
"You're telling me," said Gibbons.

We paddled steadily for a long stretch, all but giving up the search, and we began to feel warm. Around noon, the sun broke through. "You couldn't say we were suffering like the early Christians," Gibbons said. "We've got a pretty good sun there now."

"What else could we ask for?" I said.

"A duck."

We shot through a little rip and



English hand-blocked
foulards

when you tie one on
be sure it's a REIS

Our exclusive English hand-blocked silk foulards are created by Reis craftsmen of only the purest unweighted silks, hand-sewn and fully lined. When you tie one on, you'll know it's a Reis.

From $4.50, the tie, at better shops.

Reis of New Haven

75 Daggett Street, New Haven, Conn. • 237 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

stopped paddling at the end of it to drift and eat persimmons. While I ate mine, I leaned back on the gunwales, so that the sun could hit me full in the face, and I closed my eyes and spat the seeds into the air. "What were you before you were a Quaker?" I asked him.

"I was raised up a Southern Baptist—no dancing, no cardplaying, picayunish piety—and that produced all kinds of problems, many of which I still have with me. That part of Texas where I first lived was some microculture. Puritanism in theory. Tobacco Road in practice."

The canoe moved quietly around a small island. Two white-tailed deer, from cover in the middle of the island, jumped and ran. When they entered the shallow water of the river, spray flew up from their feet. It happened that there was a deep channel between the island they had left and a much larger island in the center of the river. The deer slowed down, then lost touch with the bottom and began to swim. Instinctively, Gibbons and I took our paddles and made boiling eddies in a race to catch the deer. This was bizarre. What on earth did we intend to do if we caught up with them? Were we going to jump out of the canoe and drown them or knife them in the river? There was no logic, and there had been no second or even first thoughts. But we were both paddling as if our lives depended on it. Apparently, just the sight of all that meat was enough to make us move. For a time, we gained on the deer. Then their feet found the bottom again and they moved a little faster as the water shallowed. Soon they were skimming along over a few inches of water, spray flying. They ran up onto the big island and sprinted along its central ridge. When they had moved several hundred yards down the ridge, they disappeared from sight.

"Lunch?" Gibbons said, and we beached the canoe on the big island. We could find no stones there, so we went into the river and picked up two flat ones. For an hour, we cracked walnuts and hickory nuts, exchanging the hammer, and when we were not pounding or picking at the nuts we ate watercress and persimmons. Like people in all parts of the country, we were eating essentially the same lunch we had had the day before, and it was not much of a thrill. We were tired, so we stretched out and propped ourselves on our elbows while we worked. The ground was cold. Over lunch, Gibbons told me this story:

In 1922, his father took the family

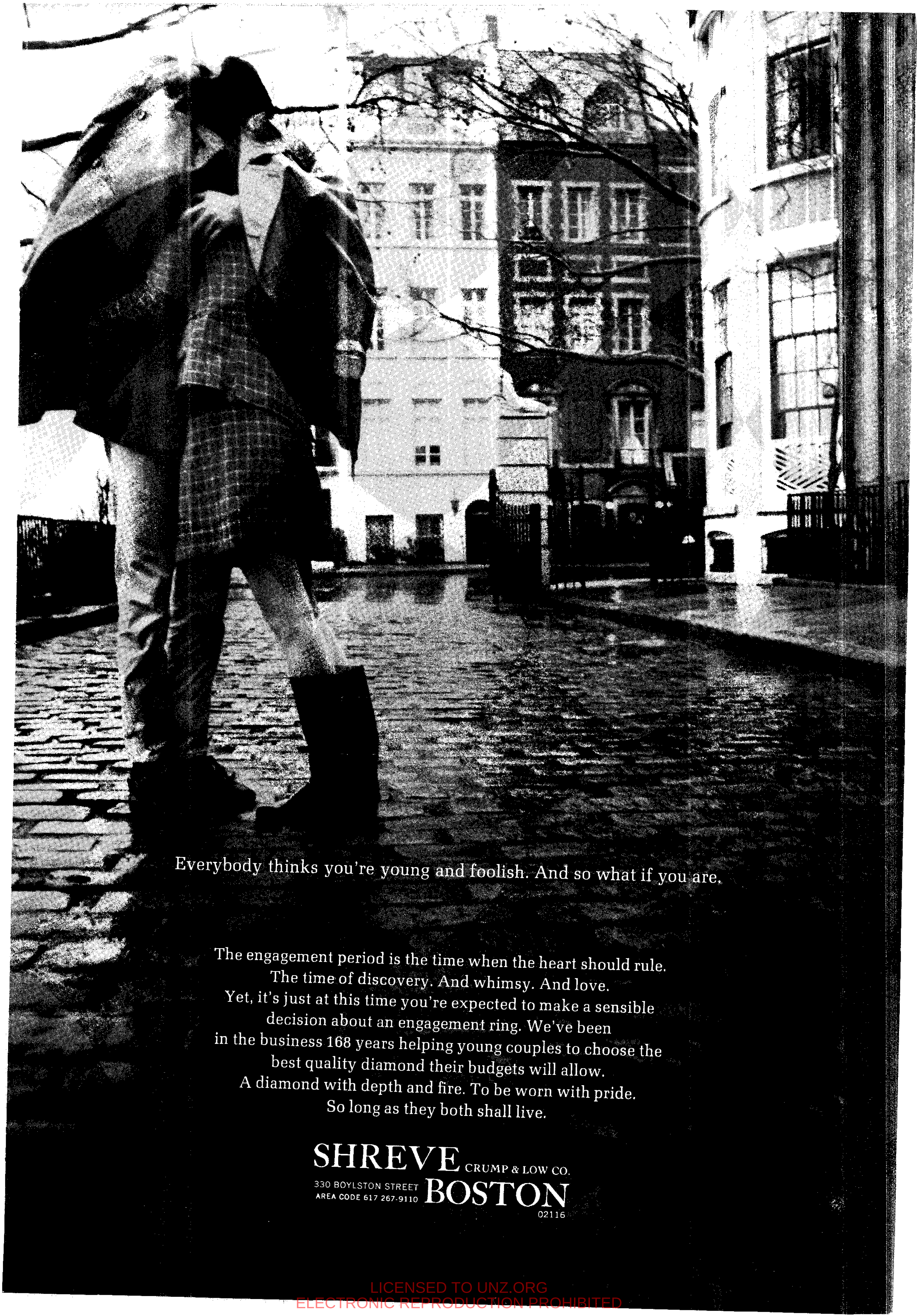
The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices, presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
304 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

This is what the Towle Reputation looks like.

Six-piece silverplated coffee and tea service in the El Grandee Pattern.
Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass. Craft traditions since 1690.
TOWLE



Everybody thinks you're young and foolish. And so what if you are.

The engagement period is the time when the heart should rule.
The time of discovery. And whimsy. And love.
Yet, it's just at this time you're expected to make a sensible
decision about an engagement ring. We've been
in the business 168 years helping young couples to choose the
best quality diamond their budgets will allow.
A diamond with depth and fire. To be worn with pride.
So long as they both shall live.

SHREVE CRUMP & LOW CO.
330 BOYLSTON STREET
AREA CODE 617 267-9110
BOSTON
02116

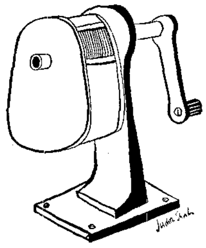
There is a certain kind of woman who can tell where the Alap ends and the Raga begins. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

There are a lot of things about this waffle piqué coat that are optional. Such as whether to wear it in the rain or on a sunny, sunny day. And whether to wear it belted or not. Why not opt for all these ways? Cotton; metal buttons and buckle. White or black. 6 to 16, 36.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis/Palm Beach

to the Estancia Valley, in New Mexico, to establish a homestead. The state of New Mexico was ten years old, and was having unpromising beginnings, for a four-year drought of appalling severity had discouraged homesteaders in the state, and many of them were giving up and moving away. Euell's father was a man of such unnerving optimism that he saw the drought as an opportunity. Surely rains were near, and meanwhile departing people were all but giving away their homes and goods. He traded the family car to a defeated homesteader for a cow, a calf, a colt, two mares, a mule colt, twelve hens, farm tools, a set of harness, a wood stove, and an axe. The family moved into a half dugout, which had a dirt floor and, above ground level, was made of logs. Water was carried from a spring several hundred yards away. Euell's father found work with a new company that had been established in the valley salt flats to make salt. This, he said, would be his permanent career. Gibbons remembers that his father described as permanent every job he started. The salt of the valley had not been tested, and cattle died wherever the salt was sold. The company collapsed. The drought continued, and since there was no other work for Euell's father, the mule colt was sold and the money was used to buy food. Soon his father left the valley, on foot, to search for a job, and the mother and four children in the half dugout had no idea where he was going, how long he would be gone, or whether he would come back. The remaining animals began to starve. Euell's mother got sick, apparently from malnutrition. A mare died, and Euell's dog ate the carcass. Wood, out there in the semi-desert, was difficult to find, and Euell, who was twelve years old, began to take posts from an old pole corral a half mile away. The cow, in her hunger, ate yucca and died. Euell skinned the cow and sold the hide in Cedarvale, the nearest town. The chickens ate the flesh of the cow, and the family, who had been living on lard, pinto beans, flour, and syrup, began to eat the chickens, one by one. When Euell killed the last hen, he found an egg inside it, and for many weeks after that the egg sat on a shelf because no one would be the one to eat it. It was eventually thrown away. Meanwhile, pinto beans had become the family's diet morning, noon, and night. At the sight of pinto beans, they sometimes vomited. About a mile and a half away, there was a house that stood empty. Its owners were to be gone indefinitely, and Euell went there to see if they had left any food. He found the front door swinging in the wind on one hinge. Sandstorms had blown drifts of sand into the house and had knocked a stovepipe chimney from the roof as well. There was no food inside. A few yards from the house was a dugout shelter, and it was locked. Euell thought for a while, then broke in. Inside, he found two hundred pounds of pinto beans.

Outside, his dog began to bark. Euell went out and saw that the dog was concentrating on the stovepipe chimney that had blown off the house. He picked up one end of the chimney and squinted into it. A pair of rabbits was in there, and after he had killed them he began to wonder—for the first time in this strange, dry, and unpromising landscape—about wild food. Soon after the last of the family's livestock had died, there had been some rainfall in the Estancia Valley, and, as will happen in desert country, things were suddenly green. On his way home with the rabbits, he found Russian thistles growing along a fence row, and he also found wild garlic, lamb's-quarters, and wild potatoes. All these ingredients were used that evening in rabbit stew. The next day, Euell put a pack on his back and went to the edge of the valley, where he found puffball mushrooms growing under cedar trees, piñon nuts, and fruits of the yellow prickly pear. He made long daily hikes in search of provisions. He found buffalo berries on the margins of sand hills. He found a way to fish the ground for rabbits—pushing barbed wire into rabbit holes and rotating the wire so that the barbs would work their way into the rabbits' fur. His father returned, with money, about a month later. Until then, the family lived on the wild food Euell foraged.



Now, on the island in the Susquehanna, Gibbons stopped talking for a few minutes and cracked a number of walnuts. He hunted around for his nutpick, found it, and ate the nuts. "Wild food has meant different things to me at different times," he said. "Right then it was a means of salvation, a way to keep from dying."

I asked him if his family had been able to stay in the Estancia Valley.

"Oh, no," he said. "It was a whale of an unstable situation when I was

Escape to the perfumed sanctuary of a
L'Air du Temps bath

Immerse yourself in your favorite fragrance. Splash L'Air du Temps Sparkling Foam Bath under the tap of your tub and you're adrift in fragrant blue bubbles. Or swish in a few drops of L'Air du Temps Bath Oil and you're silken-smooth all over. Or just luxuriate with a cake of L'Air du Temps Savon. Afterwards stroke on Crème Parfumée to soften and scent you lingeringly. Pat on a delicious pouf of Dusting Powder. With L'Air du Temps any bath… Hot or cool, soak or shower… is instant serenity.

NINA RICCI, Paris

Sparkling Foam Bath, 5 ozs., $6. Bath Oil, from $^{1}/_{3}$ oz., $3.50. Soap, 3 cakes, $6.50. Crème Parfumée, 5 $^{1}/_{4}$ ozs., $5.50. Dusting Powder, 8 ozs., $6.50. Travel Talc, 3 $^{1}/_{2}$ ozs., $4.

How ya gonna get 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?

By train of course!
150 trains a day leave Paris for France.

Have a night cap at the Crazy Horse Saloon before leaving town and wake up riding one, way out west, in the south of France. Just 9 hours from Paris by train is the Camargue, land of the French cowboys who fight bulls with flowers. Flowers? Don't forget, you're in France.

Train to the East, along the wine road route, through chalky hills laced with ribbons of vineyards. Stop at Sens, a medieval town and buy a picnic in its ancient market place. Eat it in a meadow smelling faintly of new mown hay. A creamy cow nuzzling your ear. While a silver stream cools your bottle of Chablis ...the vin du pays.

Pack a bikini and head North. Through wooded farmland dotted with geese, chickens and cattle. To Deauville. A thoroughly French seaside playground complete with Casino. Where, even if you break the bank...you can bet you'll lose your heart to France.

Or. Go west young man. To the wheatland broken by stately poplars. To Saumur and the Musee Cheval. The most complete horse museum in the world. After watching a cavalry drill, lunch on the shaded terrace of a tiny inn. And breathe the essence of France.

French trains are comfortable, punctual, and economical. Especially when you take advantage of Eurailpass. The low cost ticket that gives you unlimited 1st class rail travel for 21 days, one month, two months or three.

Measured by French National Railway's fast and punctual trains, France is only 9 hours and 15 minutes long. 8 hours and 23 minutes wide. With 4,000 temptation stations in between, a day's ride...in any direction...makes the railway the real way to see France.

For free folder, write French National Railroads, Dept. K5, Box 191, Madison Square Station, New York 10010. For tickets and reservations, see your travel agent or French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020; 11 East Adams Street, Chicago 60603; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills 90212; 23 Geary Street, San Francisco 94102. Also available in our Canadian office.

French National Railroads

growing up. But my father finally did homestead a place in northwestern New Mexico, about a hundred miles from Albuquerque, near a town called Cuba. We had four hundred and six acres. It was a very, very small spread, but you had the use of a lot of free range. When I was fifteen, I left home. I didn't run away, I just left. I always sent money home. I worked the wheat harvest in Texas. I worked in a dairy. I worked in boll-pulling fields. I knew carpentry from my father, and I helped build a church. I spent seven weeks trapping on the Red River. With some others, I panned gold. We could get a little bit of color along the Tonque. In Logan, New Mexico, I worked for the LE Ranch, and later for the Bell Ranch. And after that I worked for Blumenshine's, near Albuquerque. These were all straight riding jobs—yayuh, a cowboy. Just a general cow nurse—riding fences, working cattle. I spent nearly every day all day in the saddle, but I never was a good rider. I've always said the reason I learned to ride was all that cactus out there—you had no place to fall if you were thrown. I was never badly hurt, though. A cowboy also does an awful lot of digging postholes, stringing fences, fixing windmills. I earned extra money bronc-stomping, and I got pretty good with a rope. I can still do it. Every once in a while, I lasso a whole bunch of children at once, just to give them some fun. I learned a lot about nature from the Navajos. They were semi-agricultural. They were lean in the spring, and when they killed a horse they ate everything. When I was twenty-one, I caught a freight for California."

As Gibbons finished telling me these things, I found that I was looking at the red bandanna around his neck. His long, spare, unpostured frame seemed suddenly just right for the resigned slouch of a cowboy in the saddle, although that was the last thing I would have imagined before then. And I thought I could see now why he had apparently been so timorous about starting out in the first place. He had had his share of discomforts years ago, and the idea of artificially creating them, or even running the risk of creating them, must have seemed bleak to him. I, for my part, had been sure that Gibbons would take care of the food and that luck would take care of the November weather, so I had been full of energy when we started out, and had thought that I was going to have to rally Gibbons to get him through the trip. What was happening, though,

Kodak

If you haven't got the time, we've got the camera.

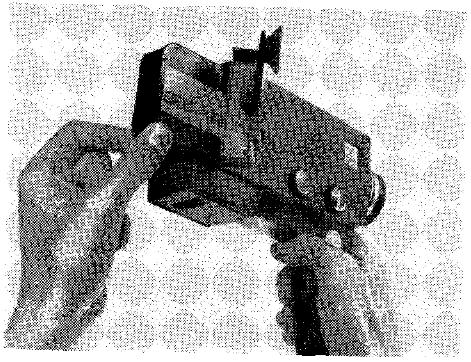
INSTAMATIC M8

8 Slide a film cartridge into the KODAK INSTAMATIC M8 Movie Camera and join the new wave of super 8 movie-makers. With this camera there's no fiddling at the start, no flipping at mid-point, no winding anywhere along the way. Shoot a full fifty feet of uninterrupted movies in the exciting new super 8 film format.

The M8 is our finest super 8 camera. It has power zoom from 9.5 wide-angle to 45mm telephoto, plus four shooting speeds for special effects—9, 18, 24, 32 frames per second. Automatic through-the-lens exposure control and viewing accuracy. Less than $225. See the superb M8 and the complete line of KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Projectors at your Kodak dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M8 Movie Camera



was that I was losing energy now and Gibbons was visibly getting stronger as he settled into the routine, accepted the conditions we had set up, and relaxed in the momentum of fifty years' experience.

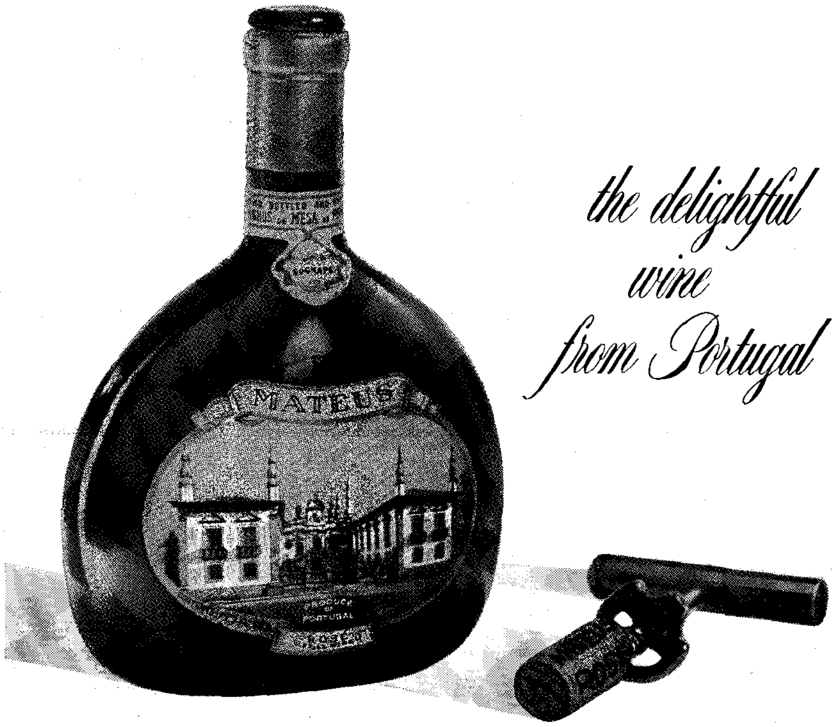
A stiff, cold wind began to blow north up the river, and a heavily layered sky closed out the sun for the rest of the day. We wanted to end the river part of our trip six or eight miles downstream, near Clarks Ferry, where the Appalachian Trail crosses the river, and we had planned to arrive there that afternoon. "Well, if we're fixing to get there before dark, we had better get going," Gibbons said, and he got lightly to his feet and walked to the edge of the water. He looked back at me. "Let's go," he said. I had been stretched out on the ground for almost an hour—as he had—and I got up slowly. I felt stiff and chilled. Gibbons was waiting in the bow, and I got into the stern and shoved off. All afternoon, we pushed the canoe into the cold head wind, and conversation was impossible. When we had covered about a mile, however, Gibbons began to sing:

> "When the north winds blow
> And we're going to have snow
> And the rain and the hail come
> bouncin',
> Then I'll wrap myself in a buffalo
> robe,
> Away out on the mountain."

The dusk was deep when we took the canoe out of the river, at a windswept and deserted picnic ground that had stone fireplaces. As we had planned, I hitchhiked back to pick up Gibbons' Volkswagen, then returned to the campsite. On the way, I stopped in a general store and bought a box of salt, for that evening's meal, and cooking oil, for the following night. The counter was covered with cinnamon buns and chocolate cupcakes, but, oddly, they did not appeal to me at all. What I really wanted was eight ounces of undiluted whiskey; but whiskey was not on our menu, either. Feeling cold and miserable, I went back to the campsite. Gibbons was digging up dandelions in the dark, and he was whistling.

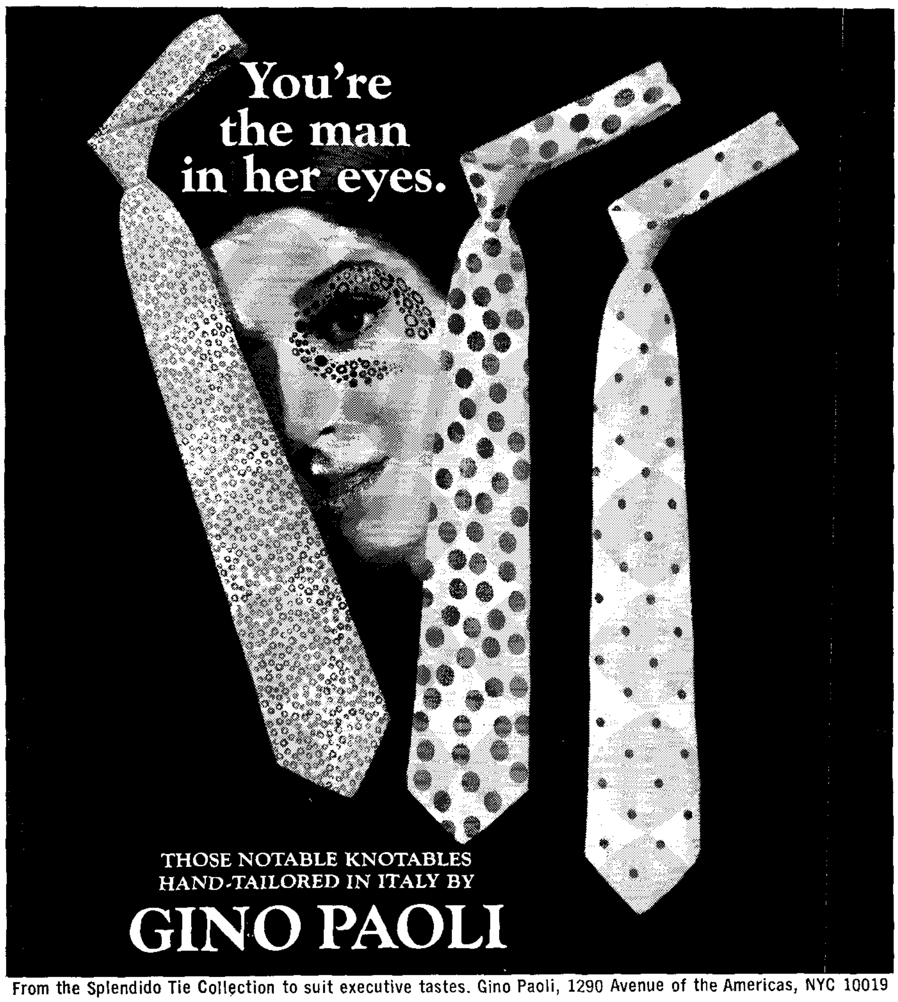
Dinner revived me. Gibbons had found some catnip, and he made catnip tea. He said that catnip is a mild sedative, and I drank all I could hold. We built a high bonfire that whipped in the wind. The dandelions, boiled in three waters, were much better than they had been the night before, and the oyster mushrooms might have been taken from a banquet for the Olympian gods. Each mushroom was at least six

MATEUS rosé

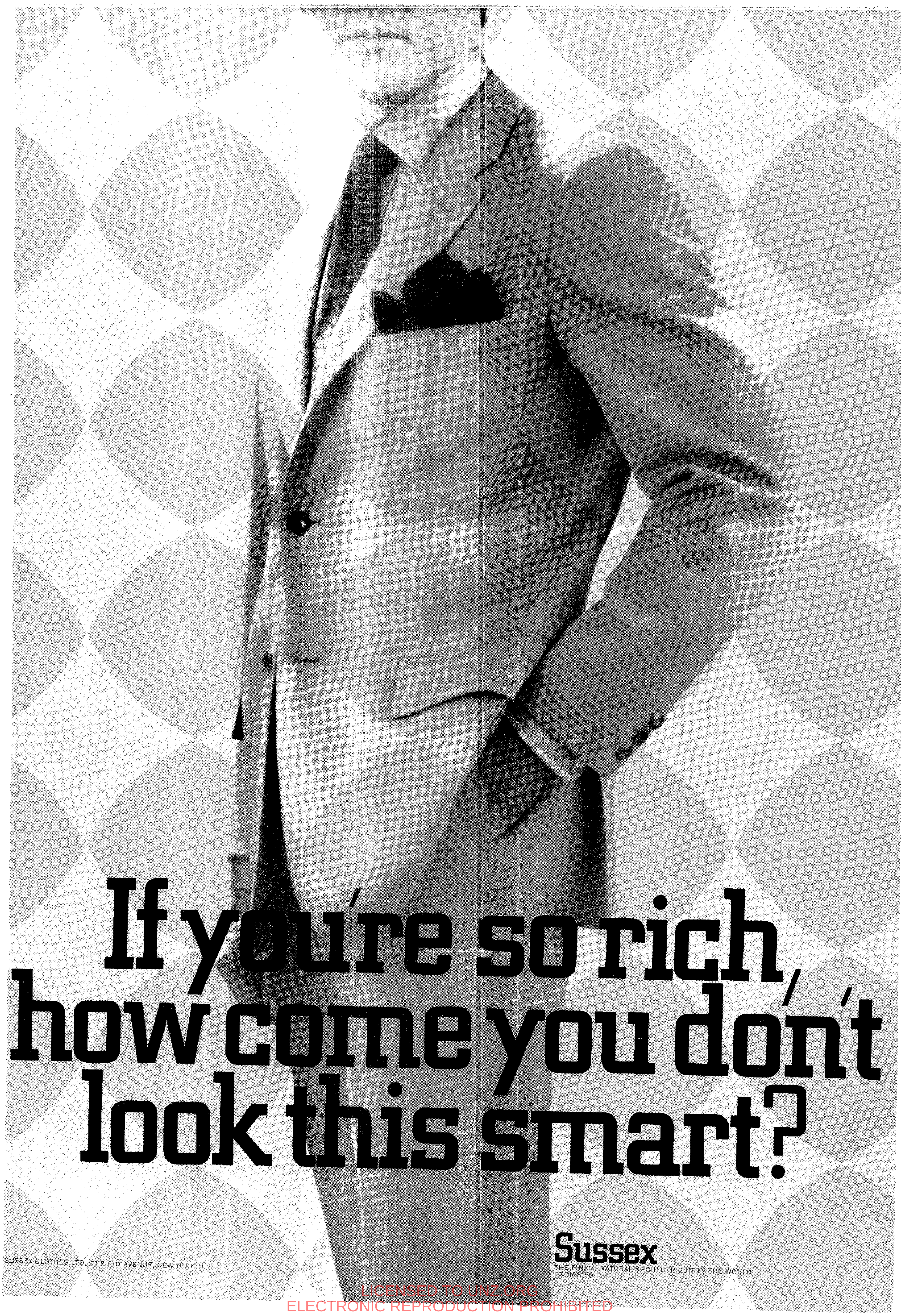


From Portugal comes this palate-pleasing distinctive rosé wine, winning new friends from coast to coast. A perfect accompaniment to any meal. Try it soon.

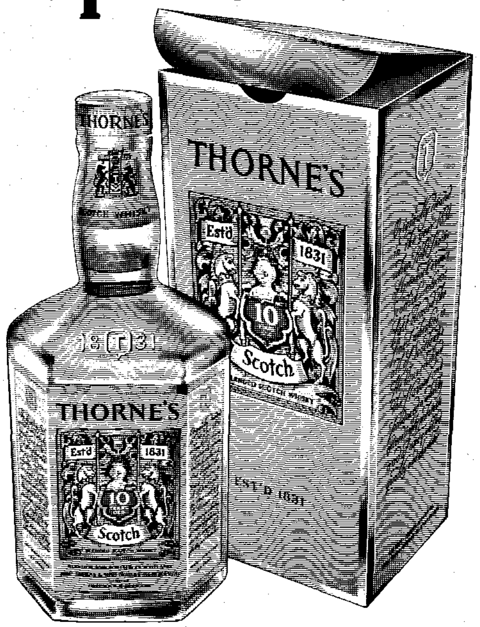
ANOTHER FINE IMPORT OF Dreyfus, Ashby & Co.



From the Splendido Tie Collection to suit executive tastes. Gino Paoli, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10019


If you're so rich,
how come you don't
look this smart?
SUSSEX CLOTHES LTD., 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sussex
THE FINEST NATURAL SHOULDER SUIT IN THE WORLD
FROM $150

The Thorne's gift package: 50 great Scotches all wrapped up in one.

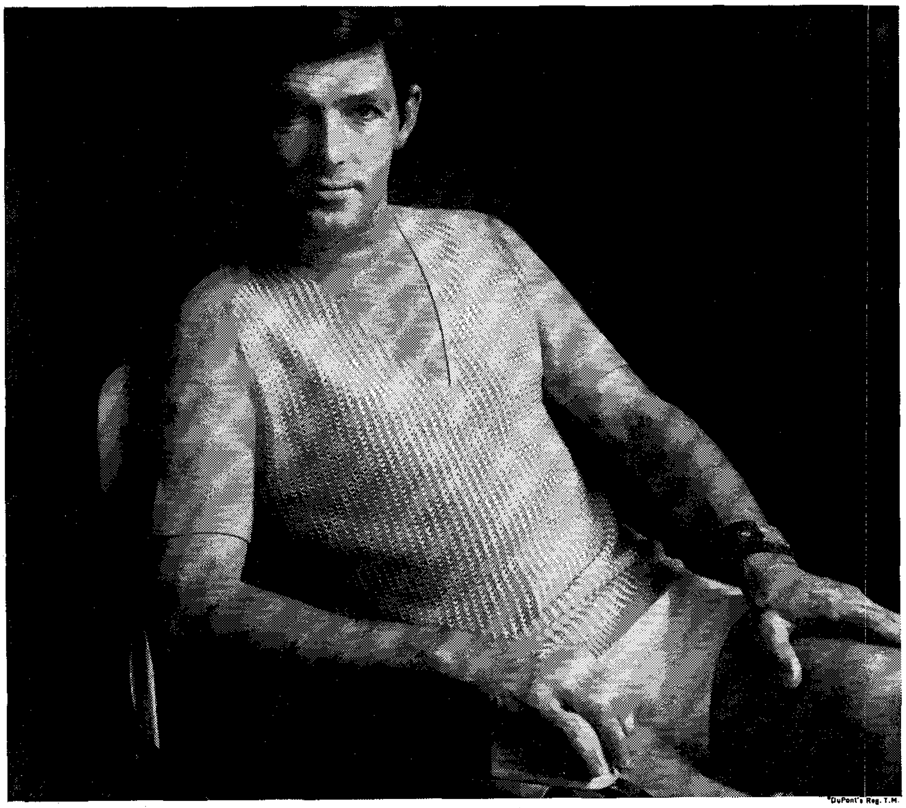


If you can't make up your mind which Scotch to give, give 50 Scotches. Thorne's Scotch is a blend of 50 selected Scotch whiskies. Like Strathislas, Glenlivets, and Speysides. All aged *ten years.* All blended by hand. Bottled by hand. Labelled by hand. And (you guessed it) registered by hand in our master log in Scotland.

Just think of Thorne's as the 50 Scotch bottle. 50 great gifts to hand to any friend.

10 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.

©1967



*DuPont's Reg. T.M.

the **Trend** is to relaxing moments in full-fashioned, silk-textured BAN-LON® knits

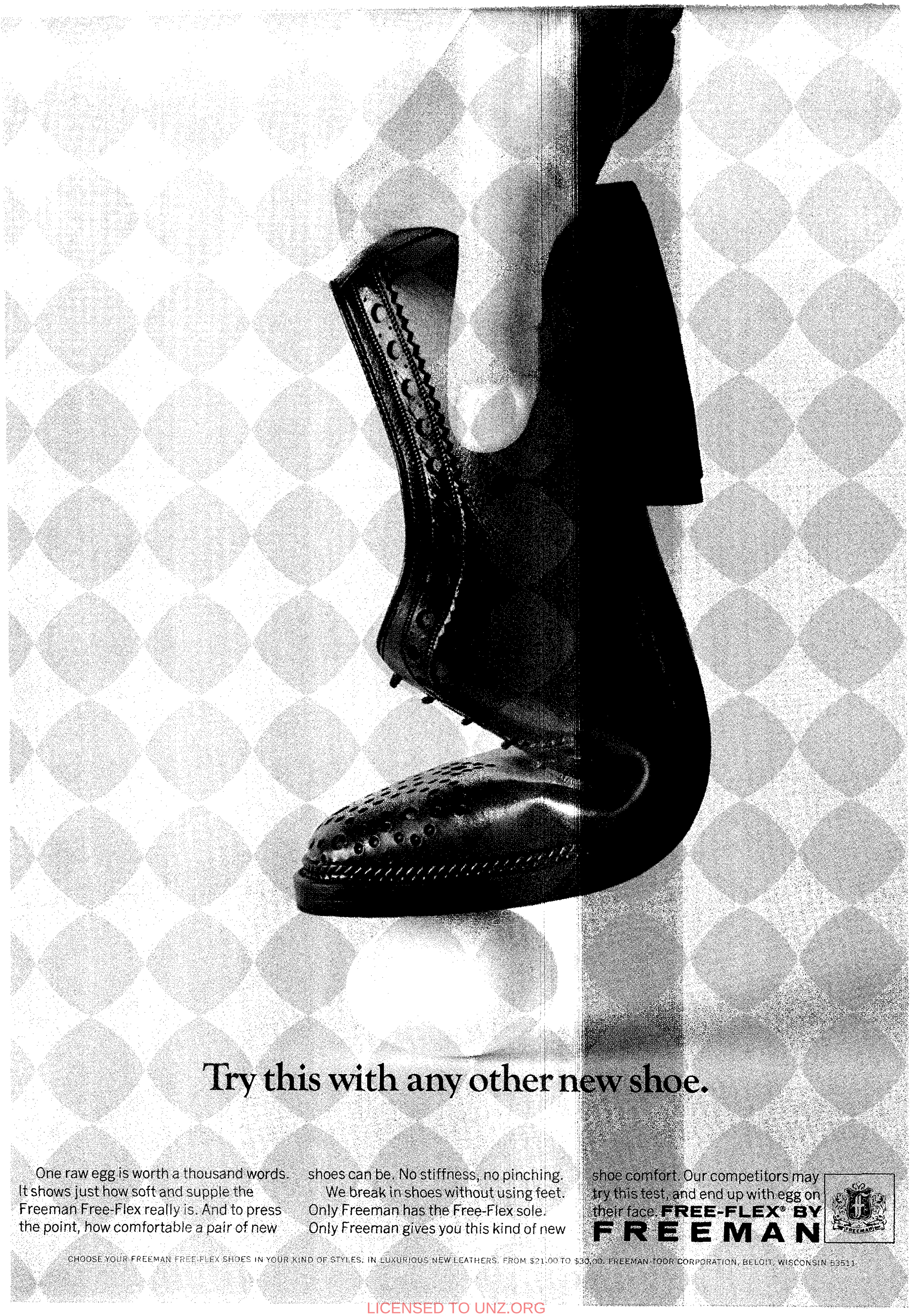
Meditate in elegance with Trend Fashions' Antron* nylon mock turtleneck with rib-design front and layered "V" inset. Machine washable, dryable. Spring colors mix or match with our sweaters and walk shorts. Trend Fashions by Huntley of York, Ltd., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10001.

Trend fashions® by Huntley of York

inches across and, in the center, nearly an inch thick. As they steamed, the vapor from the pot did seem to carry the essences of oyster stew. Their taste, however, was fantastically like the taste of broiled steak.

The simple ingredients of that dinner—dandelions and mushrooms, no dessert—were splendid in themselves, but they were made transcendent by the presence of salt. This was the first of the kitchen staples that we would introduce, one at a time, during the rest of the trip, and, perhaps a little expansively, we had the feeling that we had repeated the experience of some inspired Cro-Magnon who first thought to crush the white substance and sprinkle it on his food. After dinner, Gibbons rolled a cigarette and said, "What I could sure eat right now is a praline." We planned to introduce sugar at breakfast the next morning (in the car Gibbons had a large block of maple sugar he had made from a neighbor's trees in Troxelville), and his remark about the praline set a pattern that he repeated many times, concentrating his fantasies on kinds of food that were on the horizon of our diet. "Roadside stands sell terrible pralines," he went on. "They use corn syrup. I make pralines out of maple syrup, hickory nuts, and cream."

UNFORTUNATELY, Gibbons did not make pralines for breakfast. As unappealing as pralines might have been at that time of day, nothing edible could have been worse than what we had. The meal began with peppermint tea, which was very good in itself and was excellent with chunks of maple sugar in it. The substance of that breakfast, however, was a great mound of hot persimmons, which had been stewed in maple sugar and were now glued together with concentrated maple syrup. We stuffed them eagerly into our mouths, because they looked good, but we found that all the astringency of slightly unripe persimmons seems to be brought out powerfully when they are stewed. They puckered not only our mouths but also our throats. Gibbons observed, without apparent alarm, that he thought that his esophagus was going to close. Nonetheless, he kept shovelling in the styptic persimmons, and I followed his lead. There was enough carbohydrate fuel in the stewed fruit to keep us going all day, and we needed it. Each mouthful tasted fine on entry but quickly turned into something like a glut of blotting paper, requiring a half dozen forced swallows to squeeze it down. Gibbons



Try this with any other new shoe.

One raw egg is worth a thousand words. It shows just how soft and supple the Freeman Free-Flex really is. And to press the point, how comfortable a pair of new shoes can be. No stiffness, no pinching.

We break in shoes without using feet. Only Freeman has the Free-Flex sole. Only Freeman gives you this kind of new shoe comfort. Our competitors may try this test, and end up with egg on their face. **FREE-FLEX® BY FREEMAN**

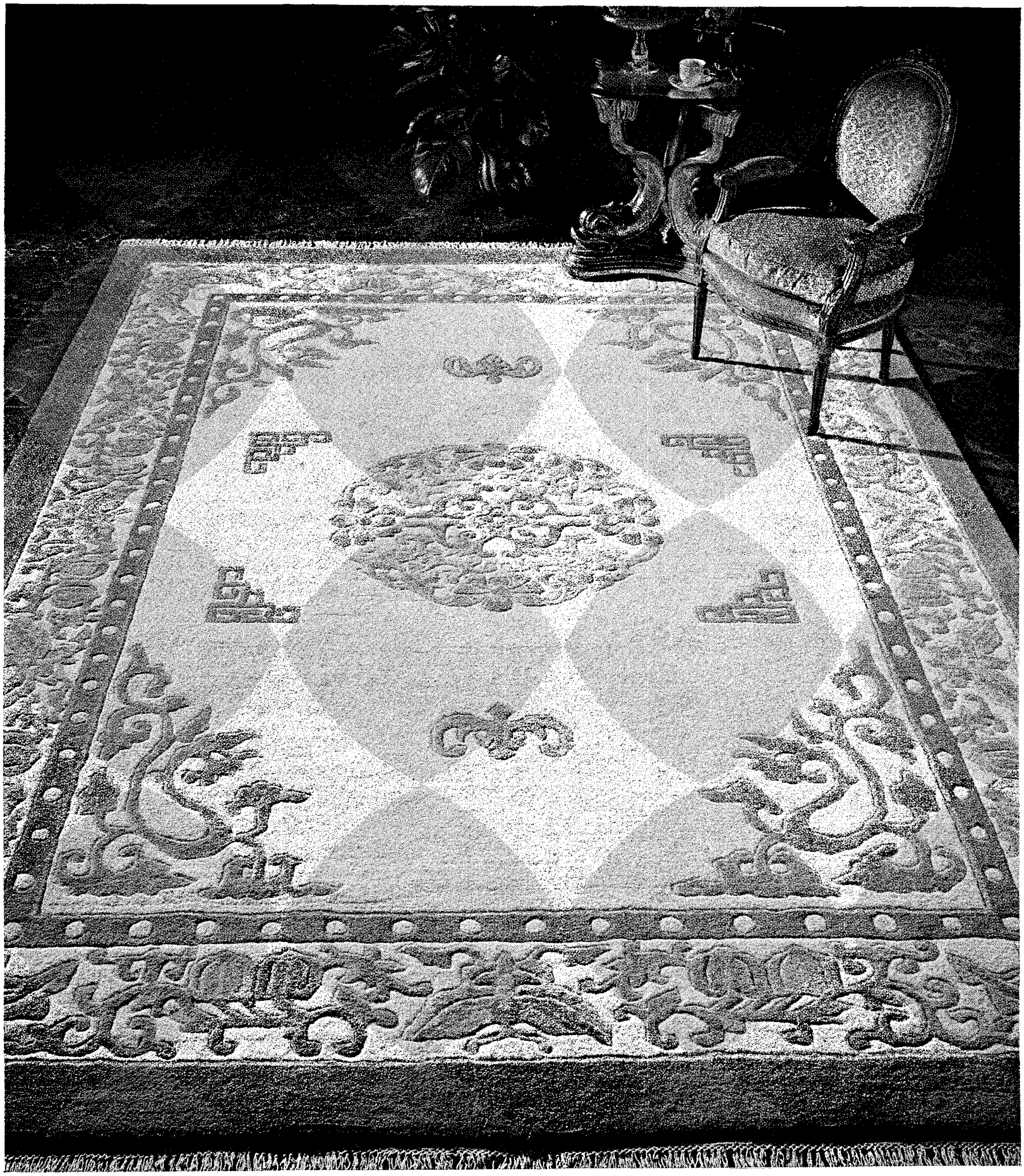
CHOOSE YOUR FREEMAN FREE-FLEX SHOES IN YOUR KIND OF STYLES, IN LUXURIOUS NEW LEATHERS. FROM $21.00 TO $30.00. FREEMAN-TOOR CORPORATION, BELOIT, WISCONSIN 53511

Somewhere

...in a little village in India there is a weaver with years and years and years of experience who is weaving *your* Bengali* carpet by hand. It's not being rushed, so you may not have it tomorrow. But when it comes, it will be the thrill of a lifetime...hand-woven with a skill that's worthy of its luxurious woolen yarns, its lustre-soft colors (the truest chrome dyes). We'd like everyone to own a carpet this fantastically beautiful. Even if it means waiting a little. Insist on the only carpet with the label that says "Genuine Bengali." See Bengali (Khalabar and Chindia, too) at a fine store near you. And for more full-color photos of these luxurious carpets, along with the illustrated story of carpet weaving in India, send 50c to **Pande, Cameron and Company of New York, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016.**

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Bengali, 9′ x 12′, slightly under $600.



had told me that in all his experience of cooking wild food for others no one had ever got sick. In order to preserve his record, I excused myself and went for a walk, taking deep breaths, until I was sure that the persimmons were going to stay with me.

We spent the morning foraging near the river, for Gibbons had become nervous about the Appalachian Trail. "Nut trees bear very little in dense forest," he said. "A dense forest is a famine area. Along a river, sun may get in, but I have walked for miles in dense forest without finding one damned thing I could eat. It is possible to eat the inner bark of trees, but there's almost nothing else." A short walk into a valley west of the river calmed him completely. This was dry, brown, beautifully autumnal pheasant country, with corn stubble in the open and the clustered stalks of the summer's weeds fringing ditches, streams, and fields. In such fringes, Gibbons is truly happy, for more concentrated foraging can be done in them than in any other kind of area north of the tropics or far from the sea, and for sheer concentrated provender the only comparable areas in the United States are the food-laden zones between high and low tide. About a quarter of a mile from the Susquehanna, a small rivulet ran along one side of a cornfield and then under a blacktop road. The curving plow of the farmer had spared a fifth of an acre in the angle where the stream met the road, and there we found wild mustard, lamb's-quarters, chickweed, wild spearmint, catnip, winter cress, dandelions, and groundnuts. Gibbons ignored the first three, because they were past their prime. We almost ignored the dandelions, too, since we had had so many, but Gibbons dug up a few with the dibble stick to see how they were, and announced with excitement that they were the largest dandelions he had ever found. The roots of these single-headed beauties were more than an inch thick. "This is the best dandelion field I've ever got into," he said as he pried one after another out of the earth. "I've seen *cultivated* dandelions that weren't as big as this!" It was a clear, sunny morning, so we sat down right there and dressed the dandelions, deciding to have crowns for lunch and roots for dinner. The crown is the place where the leaves are joined, at the base of the plant. When the leaves are cut away, the remaining stubble resembles a coronet. We put these into one bag, and we pared the roots, which were about three inches long, and put them into anoth-

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y. 86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

IMPORTED
FROM ENGLAND
BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled from
100% Grain Neutral Spirits
FROM A 1761 RECIPE
4/5 Qt.
86° Proof
Bombay Spirits Co., Ltd., London, England
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
New York, N.Y.
Product of England
THERE'S ONLY ONE
WORLD'S FINEST
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
You won't find her hanging around
just any old gin mill.

DIAMOND FLOWER CLIPS
set in platinum

$3500

$5000

Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

She's
mad for
Eucalyptus trees
Greek comedies
&
HOWARD WOLF

A Howard Wolf in textured Arnel® triacetate and cotton. Contrasting belt and collar. White/yellow, white/pink, white/blue. Sizes 5/6 to 15/16. $33

Sakowitz
HOUSTON, TEXAS

HOWARD B. WOLF, INC. 498 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y., OR DALLAS

er. The groundnuts in that remarkable place were also the largest he had ever found. They grow below the surface, and are discoverable at that time of year only by thin filament vines that wind upward around the stems of other plants. These groundnuts are in no way similar to peanuts, which are called groundnuts in many parts of the world. Groundnuts of the sort we found are spherical and are sometimes called Indian potatoes. They are connected underground by stringlike roots. Gibbons excavated carefully, and he brought up one, then another, then another, each separated from the next in line by a foot or so of root. His eyes were bulging. Each groundnut was about the size of a golf ball. "Captain John Smith said he found groundnuts as large as eggs," Gibbons told me. "But these are the biggest I've ever seen. You're in on the kill—

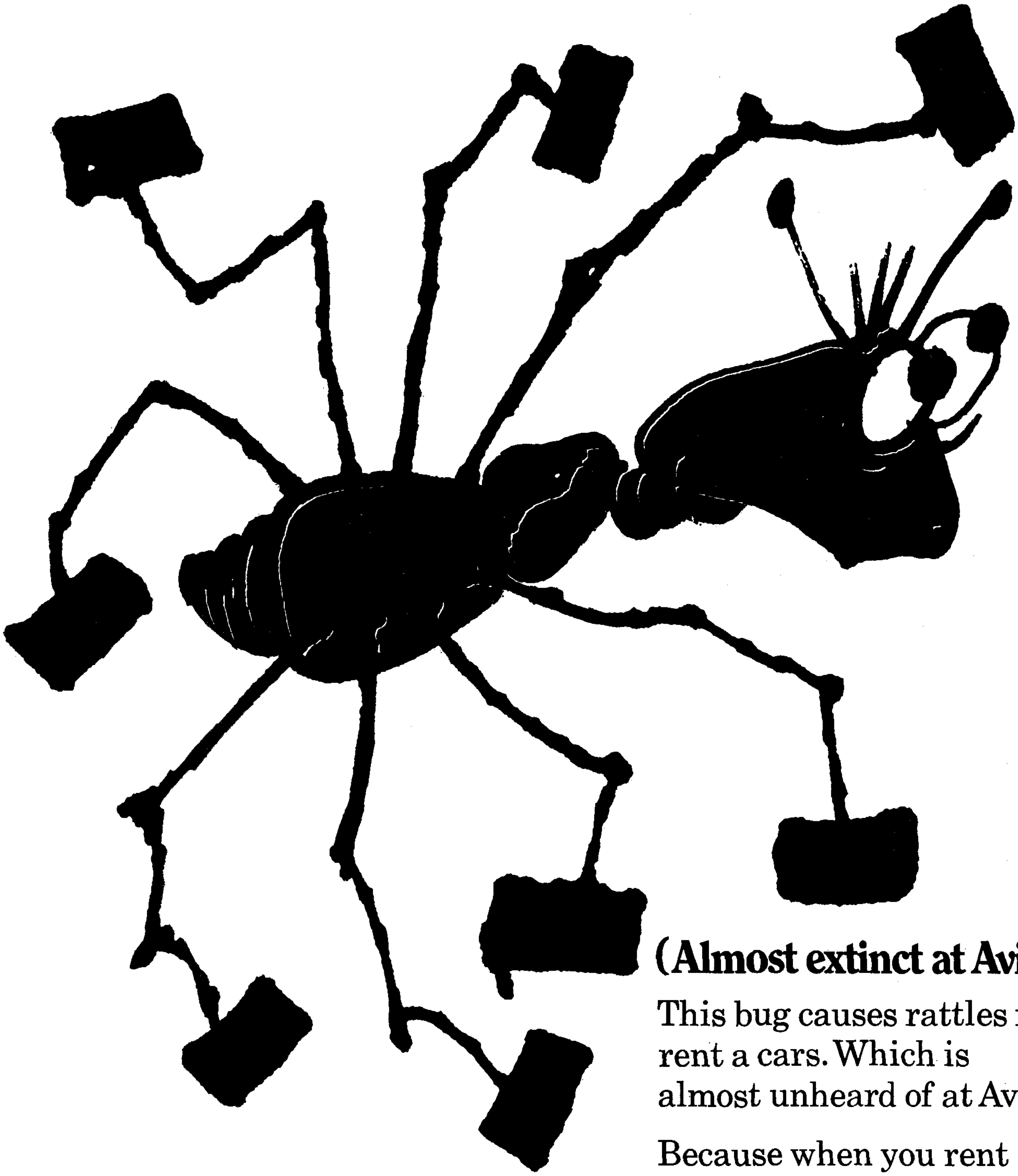
"Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its
  vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters
  shine."

Walking back to the river, we passed a persimmon tree that was four stories high. The persimmons hanging from its branches were so large that they looked almost like oranges. In fact, some were two inches in diameter. We walked right on past them without a second glance.

"There is interesting wood in a persimmon tree," Gibbons said. "It is in the same family as ebony."

Before repacking our gear and going up onto the Appalachian Trail, we had a light but hot lunch beside the river—boiled dandelion crowns, catnip tea, and walnuts. The crowns were every bit the delicacy that Gibbons had claimed they would be—easily the equal of asparagus tips or young broccoli spears. With vegetables, Gibbons has the touch of the Chinese. Each crown offered an initial crunchy resistance and then seemed to dissolve in a mild but distinguished sea of the flavor essence of dandelion. We took many long draughts of catnip, and we felt good. Sunlight was sparkling on the river. The temperature was in the middle forties. Gibbons began to talk about a tribe of Indians in the Andes. He said that when these Indians travel they take no provisions at all, and they go for three or four days on coca leaves that they chew as they move. He paused for a moment, shaved some maple sugar into his catnip, stirred it, and said, "They live on nothing but the cocaine—and their own energy. It's

The Rare Rattlebug.



(Almost extinct at Avis.)

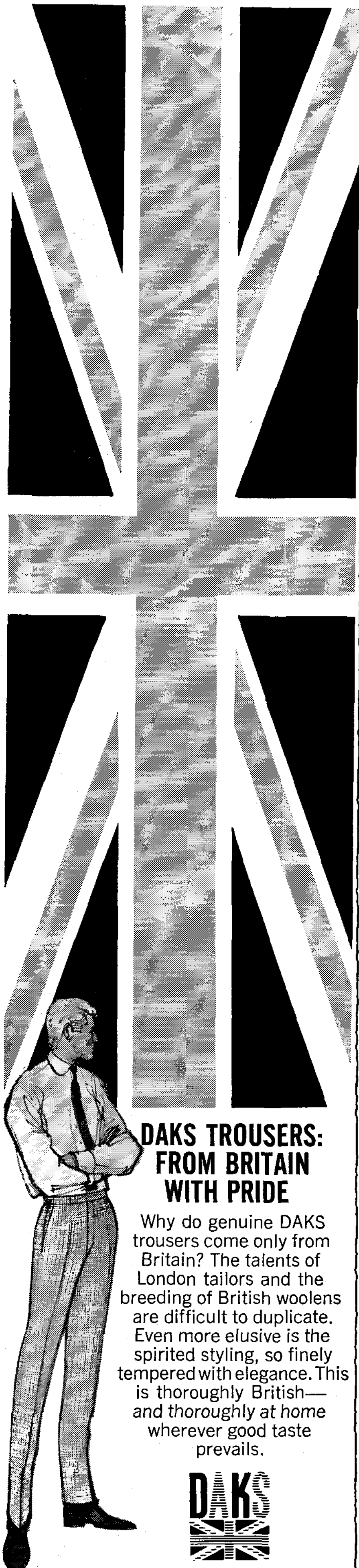
This bug causes rattles in rent a cars. Which is almost unheard of at Avis.

Because when you rent one of our cars, we give you a practically new Plymouth every time.

We're winning the battle of the bugs.

Avis tries harder.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



DAKS TROUSERS: FROM BRITAIN WITH PRIDE

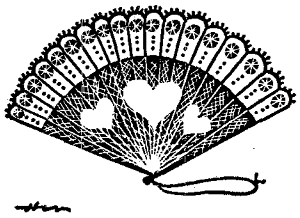
Why do genuine DAKS trousers come only from Britain? The talents of London tailors and the breeding of British woolens are difficult to duplicate. Even more elusive is the spirited styling, so finely tempered with elegance. This is thoroughly British—*and thoroughly at home* wherever good taste prevails.

DAKS

Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd., London, England

rough. They get thin. They're using up their own bodies when they're doing it." He drank some more catnip. "Of course, we're getting plenty of energy from this sugar," he went on. "When I tapped the trees, I made spiles out of elderberry stems and sumac stems. I cooked the sap right there in the woods, in two old bake pans. I've made sugar from the sap of red maples, silver maples, Norway maples—hell, yes—and from walnut trees, butternut trees, sycamores, black birches. This? This is sugar-maple sugar. This is living. In the Sudan, there are certain Nilotic tribesmen whose diet is insufficient and consists almost wholly of cornmeal. They start the day by eating their ration of cornmeal as fast as they can, so it will digest more slowly and prolong the feeling of being full. Let's get going."

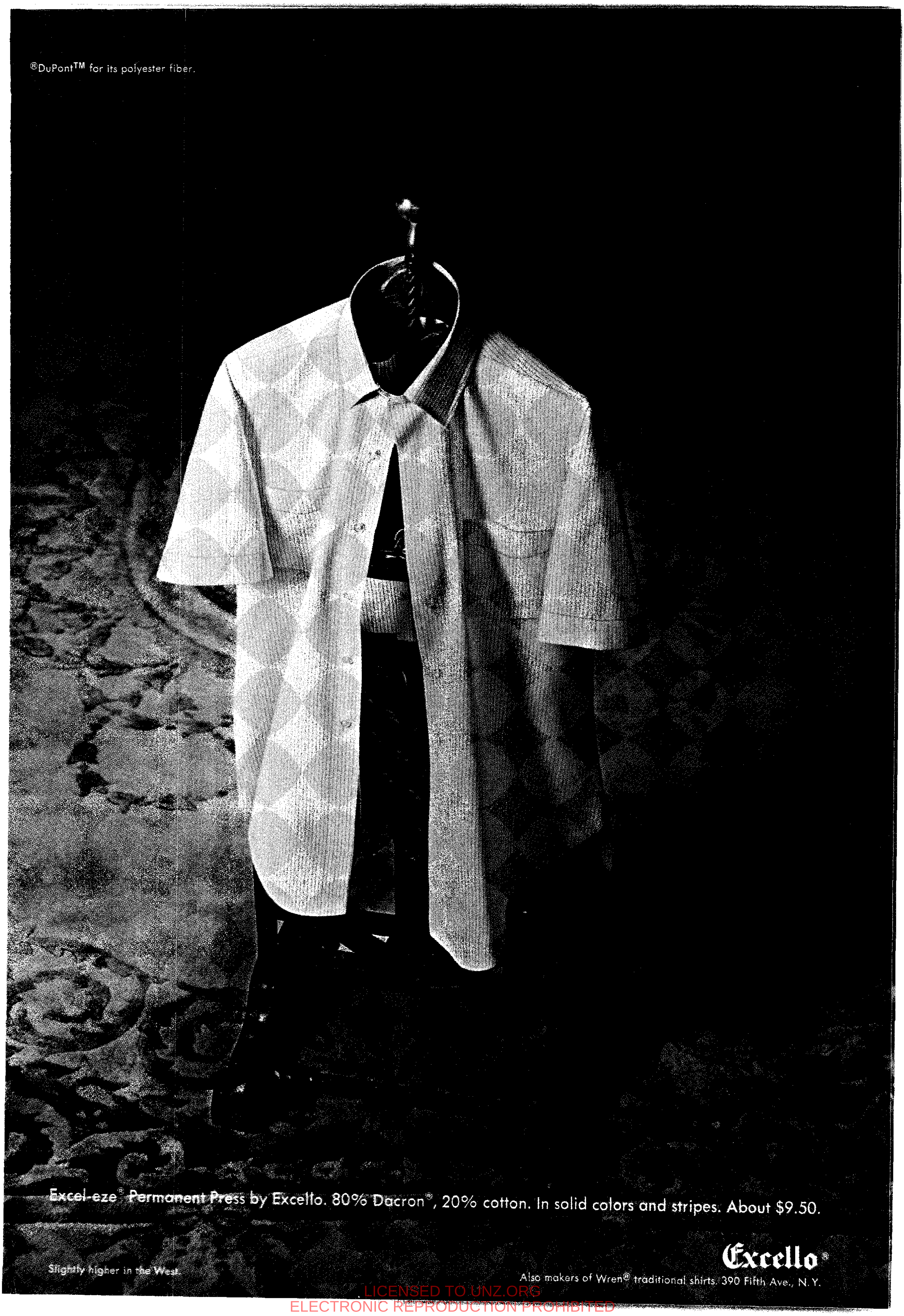
The Appalachian Trail rose and fell in long, untiring grades through the mountains, among hardwood forests that were not at all dense and where sunlight, on that first afternoon, sprayed down through the trees. The ground all around us was yellow and red with dry leaves, and the clear sky was a bright pale blue. Along the edges of the trail for hundreds of yards at a stretch were colonies of ground pine and wintergreen. We stopped to collect wintergreen, and soon after we moved on Gibbons began to sing a song about making love to a turtledove. I said to him, "This is the best famine area I've ever been in." He then began to talk about fried chicken, fried pork chops, fried potatoes—for we were going to break out the bottle of cooking oil that night and fry things for the first time. We stopped at a log lean-to that had a stone fireplace in its rear wall and, against the side walls, permanent bunks whose wooden frames were covered with heavy sheets of steel mesh. Behind the lean-to was a brook.



We collected wood and started our fire. The temperature fell rapidly after the sun went down. The night was going to be clear and cold, and we kept the fire high. By seven, when Gibbons had the two frying pans out and was beginning to sauté dandelion roots in one and sliced groundnuts in the other, the temperature at the open end of the lean-to was below freezing and the temperature at the closed end was almost a hundred degrees. The distance between these extremes was eight feet. Gibbons seemed at home there, cooking, with his face baking and his back freezing, and the dinner he served was outstanding—wild-spearmint tea, piles of crisp dandelion-root tidbits, and great quantities of groundnuts so skillfully done that they seemed to be a refinement of home-fried potatoes. Having fried food was an appealing novelty. We were hungry, and we ate as rapidly as Nilotic tribesmen, without conversing. Gibbons looked up once and said, "The Smithsonian has a very good man on starchy roots." Then he went on eating.

Afterward, Gibbons made another pot of spearmint tea, and he built up the fire so that it glowed all around him as he sat on a corner of his bunk and told me that he had been a tramp and a Communist—first the one, then the other—in the nineteen-thirties, in California and the Pacific Northwest. "California was a poor place for wild food. I gathered some purslane, lamb's-quarters, and black walnuts. And out near Needles I once got some prickly pear. There was not much wild stuff in California that I recognized. I foraged cultivated foods from fields and shops." His first view of the state was over the side of a coal car, which he left at San Bernardino in March, 1933, hopping another freight to Los Angeles. Calling himself by the name of a friend in New Mexico, he signed in at Uncle Tom's Transient Center. "I had a road name. Lots of bums had road names. At Uncle Tom's, you got a number, and that was that from then on. But there was no work in Los Angeles. There were too many bums there. After so many days, you had to leave. I went to the railroad yards and found a train of reefers—refrigerator cars—that had been made up to go north empty. There were hatches on the tops of the cars. I raised a dozen of those hatches and men were crammed in under every one of them. I finally had to sit on the top of the train. When we left L.A., men were all over the top. There were probably a thousand guys on that one freight."

In Ventura, Gibbons stayed at the Sally (Salvation Army), and in Lompoc he begged toffins (semi-stale baked goods) from a friendly baker. He found a preacher in Lompoc who had the same size feet he had, and he built a chicken coop for the preacher in return for a pair of shoes. The preacher was so astonished at Gibbons' willingness to work hard, and at his skill as a



®DuPont™ for its polyester fiber.

Excel-eze® Permanent Press by Excello. 80% Dacron®, 20% cotton. In solid colors and stripes. About $9.50.

Slightly higher in the West.

Excello®

Also makers of Wren® traditional shirts. 390 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

SHOULD WE FLY LIKE THE AMERICANS?

A ticklish question.

We only raise it because this week our new jets will start their daily flights from New York to Lisbon. And naturally, we want to see them filled with happy Americans.

So let us clear up a few things we know are on your mind.

Our planes are the equal of yours. In fact, they're your planes. Shiny new Boeing 707s from Seattle, Washington.

And our pilots go through the same grueling training as their American colleagues. Though we throw in a few extra rigors of our own.

But don't fly with our airline because it's just like yours. Fly with us because we're different.

Have you ever dipped into a steaming bowl of caldo verde 30,000 feet in the air? Or stuffed yourself on bife à cortador? Or drained dry a glass of our best Casal Garcia?

It may not be steak, mashed potatoes and coffee on a plastic tray. But we think you'll like it.

And our stewardesses.

Since a Portuguese girl doesn't have to be taught how to smile, we can fill the time we save with something more practical:

We teach her to be a tourist guide.

So, if you wish to know how far your hotel is from the Museu Nacional, or where you can hear fado sung so it makes grown men cry, she'll tell you.

OR SHOULD THE AMERICANS FLY LIKE US?

Not that we wait till you're aloft to be of help. Say for example, you and your Travel Agent decide on one of our tours of the Algarve. Before you've had a chance to stock up on sun-tan lotion, we'll ask you over for expresso and a slide-show preview of your trip. Who knows, it might be of help.

Nor do we take you to Europe only to wave goodbye at the runway and forget we ever met you.

Our phone number in Lisbon is 539-576. Do you wish to know the shortest route to Estoril? How the surf is running at Nazaré? Or where to get the best seats for tomorrow's bullfight?

We insist you call us. What are friends for?

Well, we've taken up a great deal of your time. But perhaps our point is becoming clear.

We've learned much about flying from your country. After all, the whole business did start at Kitty Hawk.

But we've been zooming from continent to continent to continent for twenty-five years now.

We've built Europe's first all-jet airline.

We've opened hidden parts of the world that had never seen an airline before.

And we've done it all our way. The way we've just described.

Perhaps it's time you learned a little from us.

TAP Portuguese Airways

Americans, let us teach you how to fly.

See your travel agent. Or call us. In New York at 601 Fifth Avenue at 421-8500. And in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal, Newark and San Francisco.

8 EQUATORIAL SHADES FROM MANGO TO PAPAYA TO NECTARINE. 2.50 IN A NEW PAGO-PAGO CASE.

Go to the islands.
Buy a mango. Take a bite.
Note the way the fruit
colors your lips.
Natural. Clear. Delicious.
Go buy Elizabeth Arden's
new "Color Clear" lipsticks.
Same thing.

Elizabeth Arden

carpenter, that he gave him the shoes and two dollars and fifty cents. "Everything was green in Lompoc. It was April. The sun was shining. Lompoc was my heaven, and I didn't need any other one. There were no more jobs, and I had to move on." He caught a freight to Surf, where he joined up with a Mexican and a Spaniard, shared his toffins with them, and spent five cents of his two-fifty on a measure of coffee, which he brewed in a No. 10 can. He slept in a bindle (bedroll) and carried it on his back during the day. "I was a bindle stiff, like the others. I had a blanket with me, and a pack made out of an old tin breadbox." He rode a freight to Santa Clara and arrived on Good Friday, a day of luck. A butcher gave him a pound of hamburger, and at a packing plant he was given a bag full of prunes—"huge prunes that sold for five cents apiece in Southern Pacific Railroad dining cars." He found artichokes in Santa Clara fields, and while he was walking along a road near the artichoke fields a car driven by a woman stopped beyond him and a small boy got out, ran back, and gave him a fifty-cent piece, telling him that it was an Easter present.

Gibbons paused to say that he apparently developed in that era what some people who know him well have called his "hobo instinct." Few American hoboes of the nineteen-thirties knew much about wild food, he said, but he acknowledged nonetheless that there are hobo overtones in his approach to his specialty—his excited way of seeing wild plants as wild coins, and his affection for roadside foraging. He said, "There is nothing I would rather do than eat my way through a roadside ditch."

At times, in California, Gibbons lived in ding camps. " 'Ding' is the hobo word for bum. When you go bumming, you go dinging." In the ding camp at San Jose, he took a course in Spanish, and he worked in the camp variety show as a blackface minstrel, a juggler of vegetables, and a trick roper. The San Jose troupe travelled to other camps—in Sacramento, Oakland, San Francisco—and also played in theatres, where Gibbons got three dollars (tops) for an appearance. "The thing that broke that up was marijuana smoking. About half the guys in the troupe were hay burners. Five cents a stick."

"Were you a hay burner?" I asked.

"No, I never was a hay burner."

Gibbons pushed the logs in the fireplace closer together. "I went to a few Communist meetings with men from

What makes El San Juan a really great resort hotel?

The Road to Mandalay cuts a neat path through El San Juan Hotel via the exciting Back Street-Hong Kong restaurant, one of the five great dining spots at this unique resort hotel.

Here, you'll step through the magic Moongate into an intriguing corner of Hong Kong with all the authentic details—the aromas, the sights, the sounds, and of course, the fabled flavors of the finest Cantonese cooking this side of Kowloon.

And that's not the only thing that makes El San Juan a really great resort hotel. It also has entertainment lounges that swing on into the night and the dazzling Club Tropicoro (largest night club on the Island) that features the headline names in show business. It has warm, wonderful sunshine, a really big beach and an Olympic size swimming pool. There's tennis, all water sports and great golf at our El Conquistador Hotel and Club's new 18 hole Championship Golf Course—the most challenging in the Caribbean!

The rooms are beautiful and everything is air conditioned including the brand new main lobby. In short, it has everything to make your vacation special. Very clever, that El San Juan Hotel.

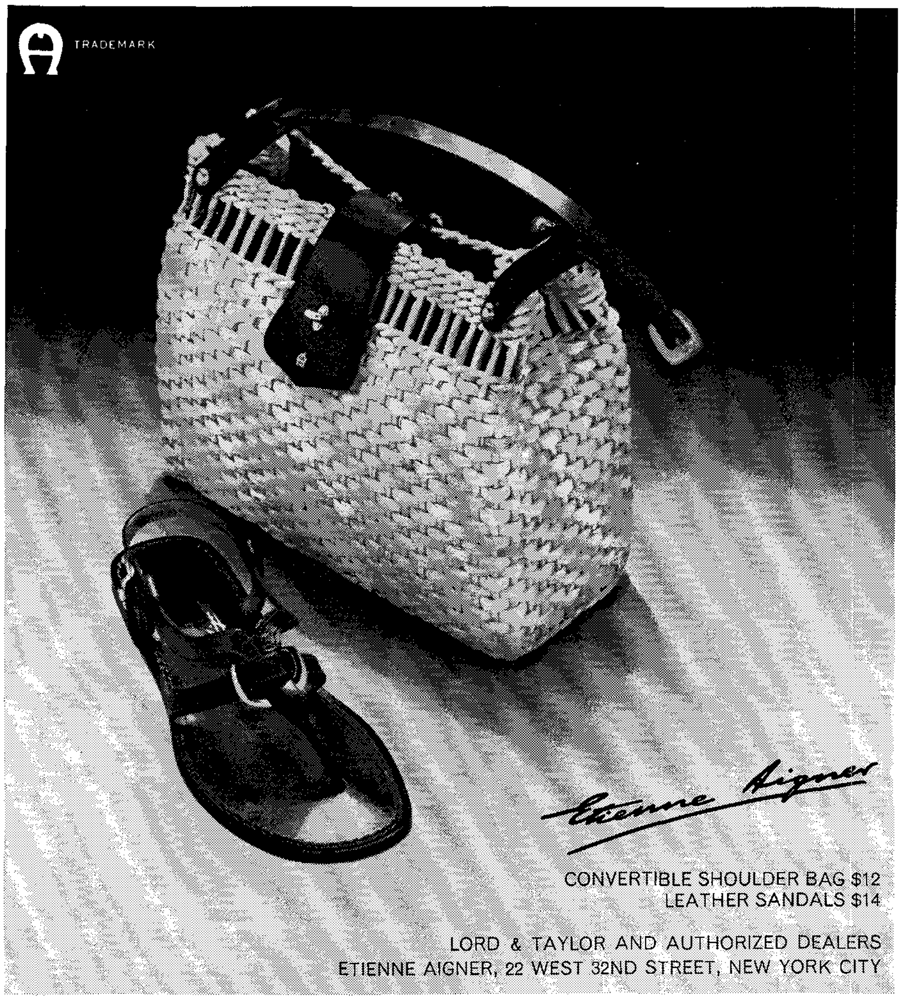
後邊街香港酒家*

**The Back Street-Hong Kong Restaurant*

el san juan hotel
ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

...and in a different mood, a different location: El Conquistador Hotel and Club, our other great resort in Las Croabas, Puerto Rico

See your travel agent or write El San Juan Hotel, 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. MU 8-8815
LOU PURO, Chairman of the Board/**SAM SCHWEITZER**, President/**DAVID C. BOTBOL**, General Manager



CONVERTIBLE SHOULDER BAG $12
LEATHER SANDALS $14

LORD & TAYLOR AND AUTHORIZED DEALERS
ETIENNE AIGNER, 22 WEST 32ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

it's
pure
Gould

Sidney Gould, that is. Suddenly you are ready for the drama you're bound to create. Sweater in 50% Creslan, 50% Mohair. Hand crocheted look, edged in tatting, luxury-lined. So wonderfully woman. White and every pastel, sizes 34 to 42. About $16.00* at Bloomingdale's, all stores, Jordan Marsh, Florida, Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. *Slightly higher in the West.
Sidney Gould Co. Ltd., 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018
Creslan

the transient camps. We would hear lectures on the labor situation and put money in the collection plate. But my left-wing activities really began after I got a job as a laborer for Continental Can in San Jose. I met a girl there who was a Party functionary—she was subsidized by the Party. I fell in love with her. I had a little one-room shack I had been living in, and she moved in, and we painted it white. There were fig trees beside it, and we gathered walnuts, prunes, oranges, figs, and lived on those. I sold newspapers to make dimes, and I wrote leaflets for the Party. We worked to organize Continental Can, and we finally got them out on strike. After the plant settled the strike, we were fired. They wanted the agitators out, and we were agitators. To tell you the truth, my Communism at that time was all mixed up with my love affair. I was not a member of the Party. She was a militant Communist. I was in love with her, but she was not in love with me. I was just convenient—I wrote leaflets. I finally got tired of living with Karl Marx, and in the summer of 1934 I caught a freight. I ended up in a ding camp in San Luis Obispo, where they had hot showers."

The camp in San Luis Obispo was on a vast private estate. Gibbons and the other transients built roads and bridges for the owner and were paid by the federal government—five dollars a month, plus tobacco, work clothes, and meals. Gibbons swam in the Pacific, dug clams, caught fish, and began to develop a lifelong metaphysical fondness for islands and the sea. He and other Communist sympathizers—an Englishman called London Fog, an Icelander called Whitey, an American named Sam—drifted together and discussed world revolution. One day, when they were fed sandwiches that consisted of two pieces of bread that had been dampened with gravy, they walked off the job, shouting, "We want better food!" When Whitey tried to get the whole camp to strike, he, Gibbons, Sam, and London Fog were jailed. They managed to get off a telegram to the San Francisco office of the International Labor Defense, which, in Gibbons' words, was "a non-Commie organization that was to the left of the American Civil Liberties Union and defended many Commies." An I.L.D. lawyer came to help them. They were given suspended sentences, with the provision that they leave San Luis Obispo County. Gibbons went to Seattle and joined the Army.

When his hitch was done, he worked

Finally.

The Jaguar XKE is the kind of car you dream about owning. And its price is a real sleeper.

$5372.

This includes prime hide leather upholstery, reclining bucket seats, 8 hand-rubbed coats of paint, adjustable steering column, real wire wheels, radial-ply tires, 4-wheel independent suspension, and 4-wheel disc brakes.

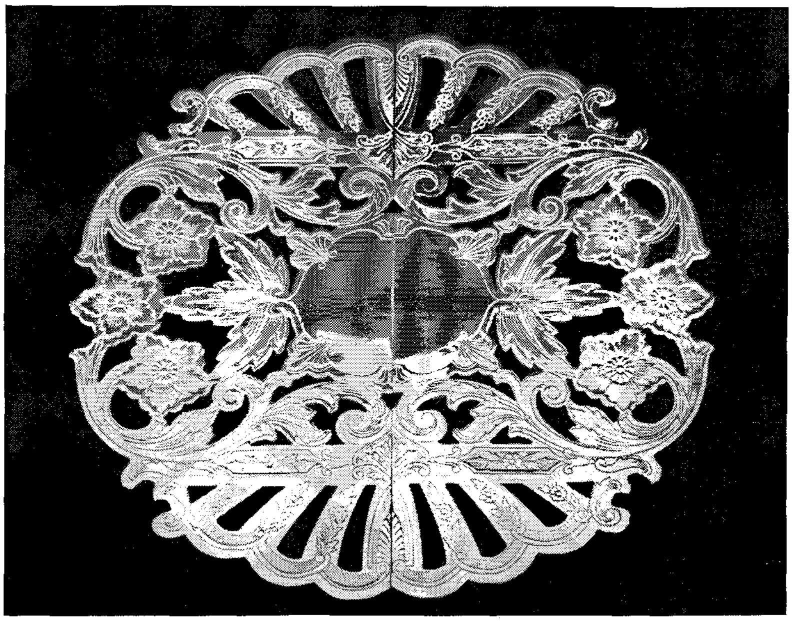
The 1968 XKE is more powerful than any imported car selling under $10,000. Yet, for all its power, the XKE can cover about 20 miles of turnpike on a gallon of gas.

All 1968 cars sold in the United States had to meet a long list of safety requirements. Jaguar engineering not only met these requirements. It exceeded them.

The XKE comes in three models: Roadster (shown above), Coupe and 2+2 Family Coupe. The 2+2 has more passenger and luggage space, and offers optional automatic transmission.

Isn't it great someone still makes a car that lives up to your dreams?

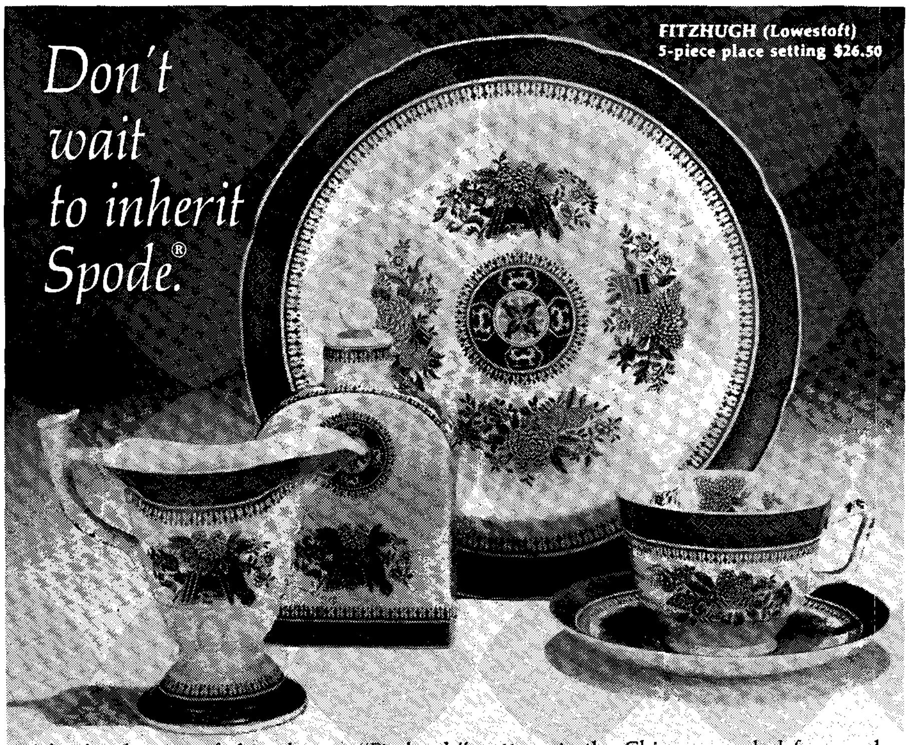
Jaguar



Only Wallace does it this way.

Wallace takes the prosaic and turns it into the unusual. For example, this elegant silverplate trivet 8½ inches long closed can be extended to 12¼ inches. $15.95. Other trivets from $8.50. All trivets with insulated feet. At fine stores.

Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn. 06492



The focal point of this elegant "Fitzhugh" pattern is the Chinese symbol for good luck, surrounded by representations of the four seasons. Named after Thomas Fitzhugh, a "supercargo" for the British East India Company in Canton, circa 1780, it is another historic Lowestoft original design by Spode. The distinctive blue/gray Lowestoft body, originated by Josiah Spode II in the first decade of the Nineteenth Century as replacement for wares previously imported from China, is about as chip-proof and unbreakable as a dinnerware can be. Available in red, green or blue. At the most reputable store in your community. **Spode Incorporated** / 206 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

Spode

in Seattle and Puyallup (near Tacoma) as a carpenter, a surveyor, and a boatbuilder. He formally joined the Party and became a district organizer, or "messenger boy from higher up to the local level." There were about fifty members in his district. He worked with front organizations like the American League Against War and Fascism, and he picketed Japanese ships that were hauling scrap iron out of Seattle. "We picketed the ships because we thought scrap iron would go into munitions and come back at us." He married a girl named Ann Swanson, and they had two sons. (One of them is now an electrician in Albuquerque, and the other is an airman in Vietnam.) Gibbons and his wife caught crayfish in Washington lakes and sold most of the catch. They also gathered and sold dewberries, and, just for themselves, they collected salmonberries, blackberries, raspberries, salal berries, serviceberries, sea urchins, crabs, clams, mussels, moon shells, lamb's-quarters, purslane, wild mustard, and camass ("very much a local wild food, a sweetish and smooth-flavored bulb"). During those years, he gave more time to his political activity than to his work, and more time to wild food than to politics. When the Russians attacked Finland in 1939, he resigned from the Party. "I couldn't jump through hoops. It was the peace-keeping part of Communism that had interested me. I wasn't working for any foreign power. I was working to improve things right here. When the Russians attacked Finland, it was as if the Quakers, now, suddenly decided to support the war in Vietnam." With the coming of the Second World War, he went to Pearl Harbor, as a civilian but without his family, to build small boats for the Navy.

Gibbons and I stayed up fairly late that first night on the Appalachian Trail, in part because we could feel the curtain of ice-cold air at the front of the lean-to and we wanted to keep the fire going. In the course of a long and digressive conversation, I asked him why he had wanted to become a Communist in the first place, and he said, "A thousand men in a freight train, old women digging in garbage cans—the Communists were the only people who were trying to do anything about it. The Party was legal. I didn't see that it was decent to be anything but a Communist at that time."

"Did you believe in God while you were a Communist?"

"Yes, I guess so. I would have used a different vocabulary then. I believed

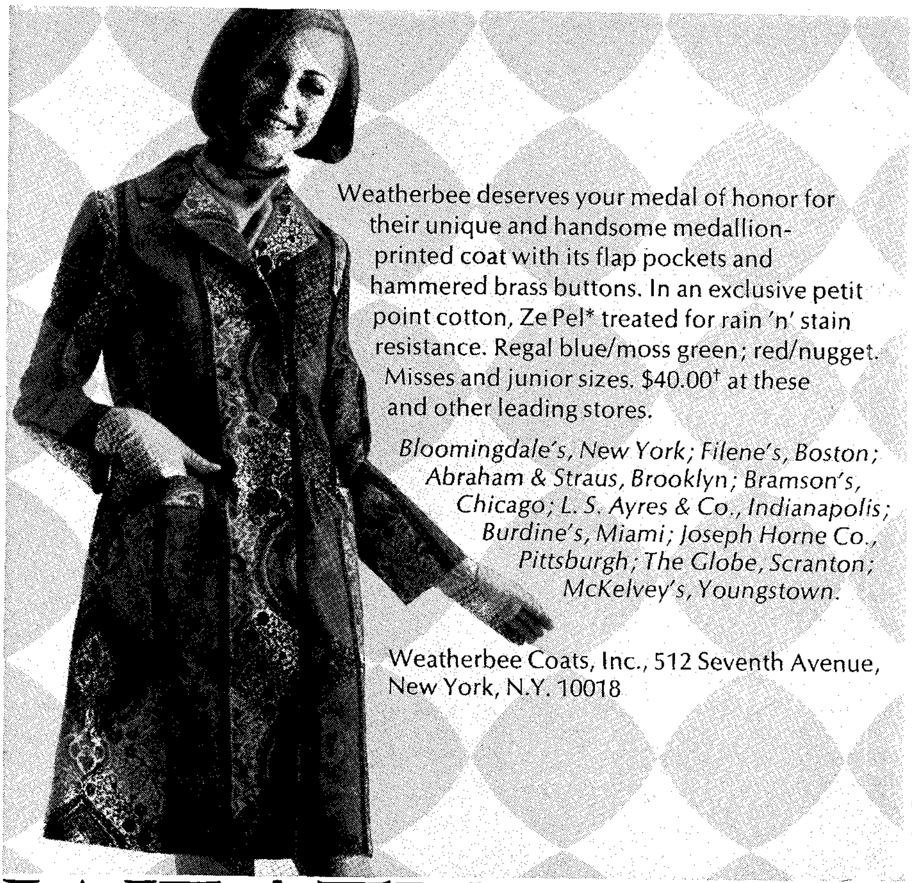
Medaglia d'Oro introduces
an exciting new concept in home entertainment.

It's called talk.

MEDAGLIA D'ORO
GOLD MEDAL
CAFFE
INSTANT
MEDAGLIA D'ORO

A cup of espresso can relax the mind, loosen the tongue and let the words go forth.

S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., Palisades Park, New Jersey. Est. 1899.



Weatherbee deserves your medal of honor for their unique and handsome medallion-printed coat with its flap pockets and hammered brass buttons. In an exclusive petit point cotton, Ze Pel* treated for rain 'n' stain resistance. Regal blue/moss green; red/nugget. Misses and junior sizes. $40.00† at these and other leading stores.

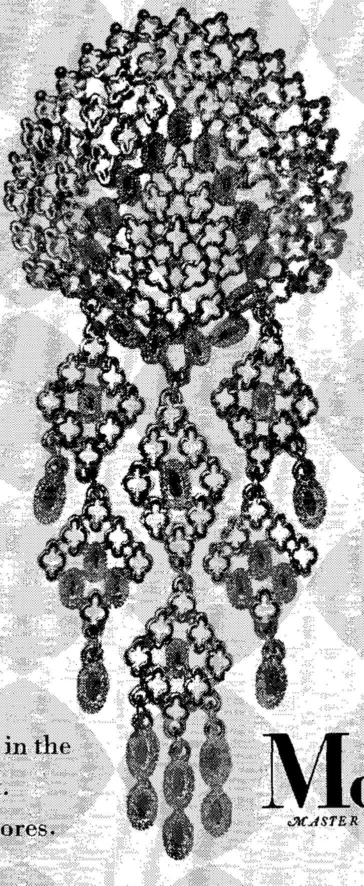
Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Bramson's, Chicago; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Burdine's, Miami; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; The Globe, Scranton; McKelvey's, Youngstown.

Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10018

WEATHERBEE®

*DuPont Reg. TM

†Higher Far West



The Pavianne brooch...
A delicate fall of filigree in the golden manner of Monet.
Pin. $15. At the finest stores.

Monet
MASTER JEWELER

COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK

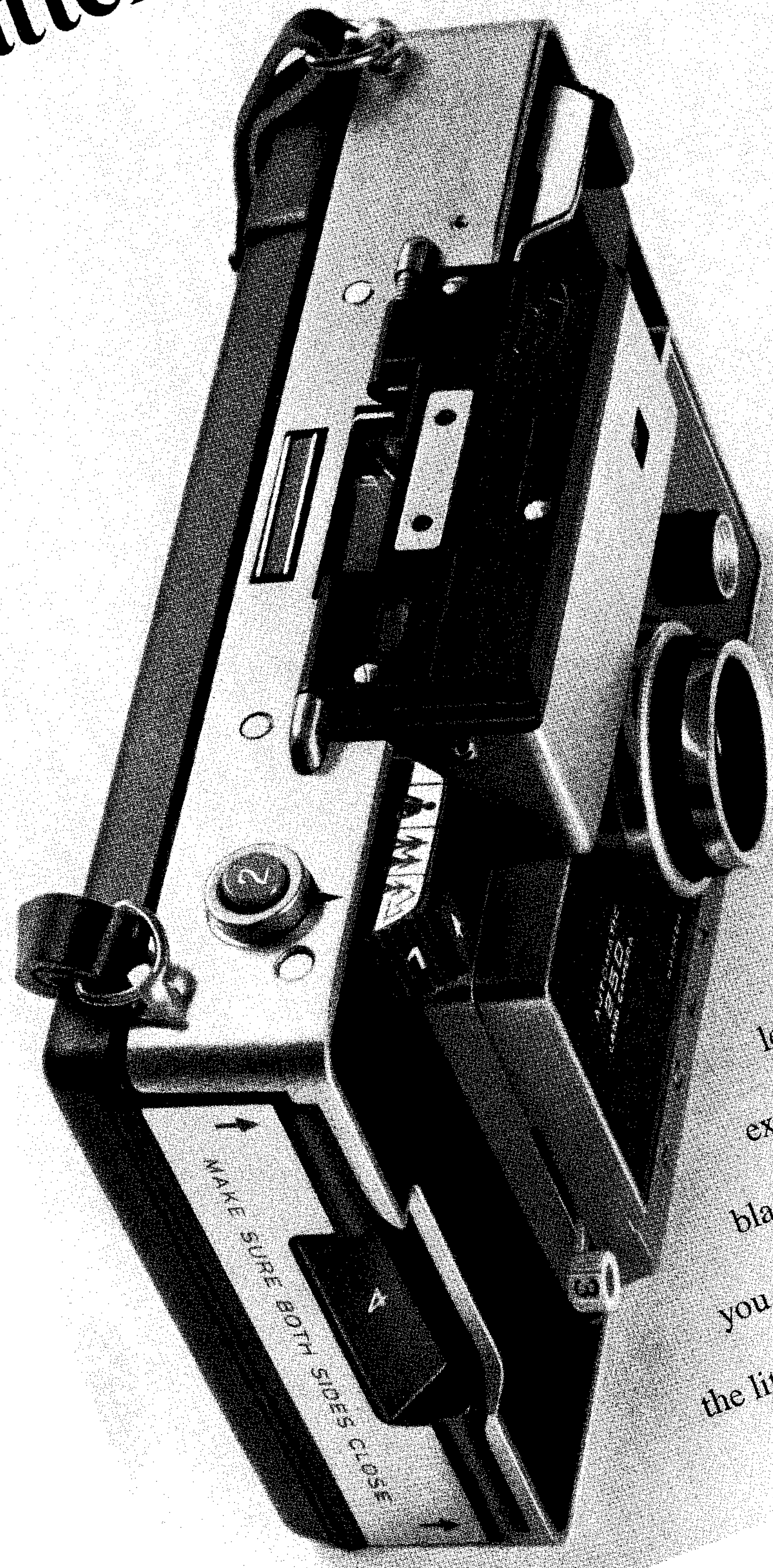
in a higher right. For that matter, I'd have an awfully difficult time articulating my belief in God right now."

THE perforated-steel bunks in the lean-to may have been designed to give maximum ventilation, and therefore coolness, to hikers in summer; at any rate, they gave some sort of maximum that night. Cold came up through each perforation like a separate nail. Around 3 A.M., choosing what turned out to be a warmer place, I took my sleeping bag and went out and lay down on the frozen ground. Gibbons snored right through the night, in comfort, in his bunk. At six-forty-five, when we got up, the temperature was seventeen degrees. Ice in the big pot was an inch thick. The fire was dead, and Gibbons was cheerful. He said, "Well, you couldn't say we're suffering like the early Christians." After we had rebuilt the fire, he asked me to husk a couple of hundred ground-cherries. I threw the husks into the flames, one by one, and they blazed like ping-pong balls. He, meanwhile, brewed wintergreen tea, which was hot and delicious and left an aftertaste that was clean and fresh. We put in very little sugar, because Gibbons was anxious that the subtle essence of wintergreen not be lost. We ate red wintergreen berries in lieu of orange juice or grapefruit, and they were like small mints and had the same effect as the tea. Then he stewed the ground-cherries, which were flavorful and went down very gratefully, as Gibbons might have put it. That was the entire breakfast, and it was all we needed after the heavy dinner of the night before. We were in the fourth day of the trip, and we had not felt hungry after any of the meals we had had, nor were we likely to from then on, for that noon we were going to introduce flour and baking powder, and, that evening, bacon. Before we left the campsite, I cracked and shelled a cupful of hickory nuts and stowed them away while Gibbons hung a mirror on an eave of the lean-to and shaved, for the first time since leaving home. He tried to comb his hair, which was standing almost straight on end, and he seemed to be in even better spirits than he had been in the day before. He said that he almost felt ready to keep on going, foraging across the land indefinitely.

During the morning, we made a fairly long detour to buy the supplies we needed, and we rejoined the trail just before lunch. Gibbons talked all morning about breads, cakes, and muffins, and he told me that wild-rose-

POLAROID®

Trouble is, the best things in life are either illegal, immoral or fattening or cost $160.



Is it worth it, this magnificent instrument? After all, even the under-$50 model of the Polaroid Color Pack Camera gives you beautiful color pictures in 60 seconds.

The question is, how much do you care about things like a superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder that automatically corrects for parallax and field size? A transistorized shutter that lets you make black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash* and even make perfect time exposures up to 10 seconds automatically? A sharp triplet lens? 2 exposure ranges for color, 2 for black and white? Beautiful portraits and close-ups?

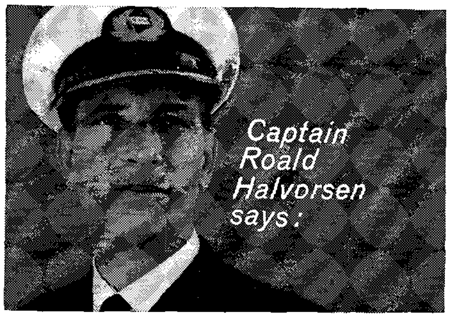
(There are special Polaroid camera accessories you can buy.) But there *is* that $160 to think about. Well, at least it isn't illegal, immoral, et cetera. Maybe just the littlest bit self-indulgent . . . ?

petal jam is outstanding in crêpes. We had lunch beside the trail. Gibbons mixed a batter with the flour and baking powder, and into it he put the cupful of hickory nuts and a large gob of mashed persimmons. Neither then nor as the trip continued did I ever see him measure anything, nor did he once fail in his eye for proportions or in his considerable understanding of the unstable relationships between time and flame. He said not to worry about the persimmons in the batter, and he was right. Pan-baked, they gave a sweet and quiet flavor to the persimmon-and-hickory-nut cakes he served that noon. We both stuffed ourselves on them and, at my request, finished the meal with wintergreen tea.

It had been a clear morning, with the temperature going up into the middle thirties, but now the sky darkened quickly and a light rain began to fall. We had intended to forage that afternoon. Instead, we went on to the nearest campsite and took shelter. We felt smug, because our previous foraging had more than taken care of our needs; we had plenty of food and could avoid the cold rain. When we had a fire going and were getting warm and dry, I asked Gibbons what was the longest time that he had ever lived on foraged food. His answer was three years. As we sat there looking out at the rain coming down through a stand of tall white pines, he told me the story of those years.

In 1946, he found himself alone in Hawaii without a job and without much inclination to find one. His marriage had been, as he termed it, a casualty of the war, and he had learned that his wife did not want him to return to Seattle. He was something of a casualty himself, he said, because he had become debilitated by alcoholism. During the previous five years, he had built and repaired boats in Pearl Harbor until a time, near the end of the war, when a hospital ship tied up at the pier where he was working and medical corpsmen needed three full days to remove all the maimed young men whose arms, legs, and faces had been blown away. Soon thereafter, Gibbons became a conscientious objector and asked to be released from his obligations to the Navy. He was told that he could work as an attendant in a mental hospital if he preferred, and he did so until he complained strongly about the way some patients were being treated—as when he saw a powerful hose turned on a man who was locked in a barred cell. Gibbons was fired. He tried boatbuilding for a time as a private contractor, and failed. After struggling within himself over what seemed to be poor prospects for building a sound future, he decided to shelve the future and become a beachcomber in the South Pacific. He soon found that he might almost as easily have secured an appointment as a United States envoy to Tahiti. It took money and contacts to become a beachcomber in the South Seas. For example, islands that were under the control of the British or the French required all beachcombers to register and to post sizable bonds. Permits were needed for beachcombing on islands under the military control of the United States. Gibbons decided to do his beachcombing in the Hawaiian Islands, where no one cared. He bought classified space in the Honolulu *Advertiser* and described himself as a writer who would exchange yard work and maintenance work for a place to live. A deal resulted, and soon he was living beyond Diamond Head in a hut that had a thatched roof and siding of matted coconut leaves. The hut stood under a kamani tree that had a limb spread of eighty feet and released frequent showers of kamani nuts (Indian almonds). He gathered, among many things, guavas, thimbleberries, ohelo berries, coconuts, wild bananas, figs, dates, wild oranges, breadfruit, papayas, mangoes, fish, crabs, turtles, and panini (the fruit of a Hawaiian cactus). In season, he always had baskets of pineapples in the hut, for Hawaiian pineapples are grown to fit machines and those that do not fit the machines are often left in the fields. He ranged the islands hunting wild pigs, wild cattle, wild goats, wild sheep, and axis deer. At one point, he became so successful at trapping and selling fish and lobsters that he almost lost his status as a beachcomber. He cooked over homemade charcoal and lathered himself with homemade coconut soap. He made swipes, the quick-fermented liquors of the islands—pineapple swipes, panini swipes. And he gave wild luaus, at which people drank, danced, sang all night, and ate crayfish cocktail, crab salad, broiled lobsters, charcoal-broiled teriyaki venison steaks, wild beef, roast boar, palm-heart salads, avocados, seaweed, guava chiffon pie, passion-fruit sherbet, and mangoes covered with whipped coconut cream—all at a cost to the host of no dollars and no cents. He served the food on banana leaves.

When he had been living in the hut



Captain Roald Halvorsen says:

"Cruise With Us Next Fall Norwegian Style"

You'll be pampered by the seafaringest people on earth aboard our flagship *Sagafjord* or luxurious *Bergensfjord*. Cheerfully efficient stewardesses take care of your big air-conditioned cabin where you have ship-to-shore telephone and private facilities. Gallant stewards look after you on deck and serve our international cuisine. All cruise members dine at a single sitting, with the easygoing formality of a country club. Entertainments are lively, landings are dockside at most ports, and shore trips are arranged by experts. See your travel agent.

Sept. Cruise to Europe

M.S. BERGENSFJORD Sep. 11 from New York
26 Days • 9 Ports • From $575*

Clifftop castles, lively capitals, inspiring cathedrals . . . a combination of Grand Tour "greats" and offbeat delights. Your ports are Glengarriff (for Blarney and Killarney); Plymouth and Southampton (for London and Devonshire); Le Havre (for Paris or Normandy); Brest (for Brittany); La Coruna, Spain (for Santiago de Compostela); Lisbon; Cadiz, Spain (for Seville); and Ponta Delgada, Azores Islands.

Around So. America & Easter Island Flagship M.S. SAGAFJORD

Oct. 28 from N. Y. • Oct. 31 from Port Everglades
52 Days • 14 Ports • From $1,400*

Rediscover springtime in the Caribbean this fall, go through the Panama Canal to Peru, meet the stone giants of Easter Island face to face. See Chile, sail through the scenic Strait of Magellan and then turn north to South America's most cosmopolitan cities, plus Caribbean bargain ports. From New York to: Port Everglades, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Easter Island, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Barbados, St. Thomas, Port Everglades, New York.

OTHER CAREFREE CRUISES 1968-69

DATE	CRUISE	SHIP	DAYS	PORTS	MIN.*
May 13	Caribbean Maytime	S	11	4	$ 275
Aug. 16	European Vacation	S	31	12	$ 950
Oct. 11	Columbus Day West Indies	S	15	7	$ 375
Nov. 22	Thanksgiving West Indies	B	17	9	$ 425
Dec. 20	Christmas W. Indies	S	17	9	$ 525
Jan. 6	All Americas Carnival	B	63	23	$1,900
Jan. 8	Great Pacific Winter	S	86	24	$2,900

S signifies Sagafjord; B signifies Bergensfjord
*MINIMUM, SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

SAFETY INFORMATION: *M.S. Sagafjord* meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960. *M.S. Bergensfjord* meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948. Both ships are registered in Norway.

N·A·L Norwegian America Line
29 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006
Tel: (212) 944-6900
CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND • SEATTLE • MONTREAL

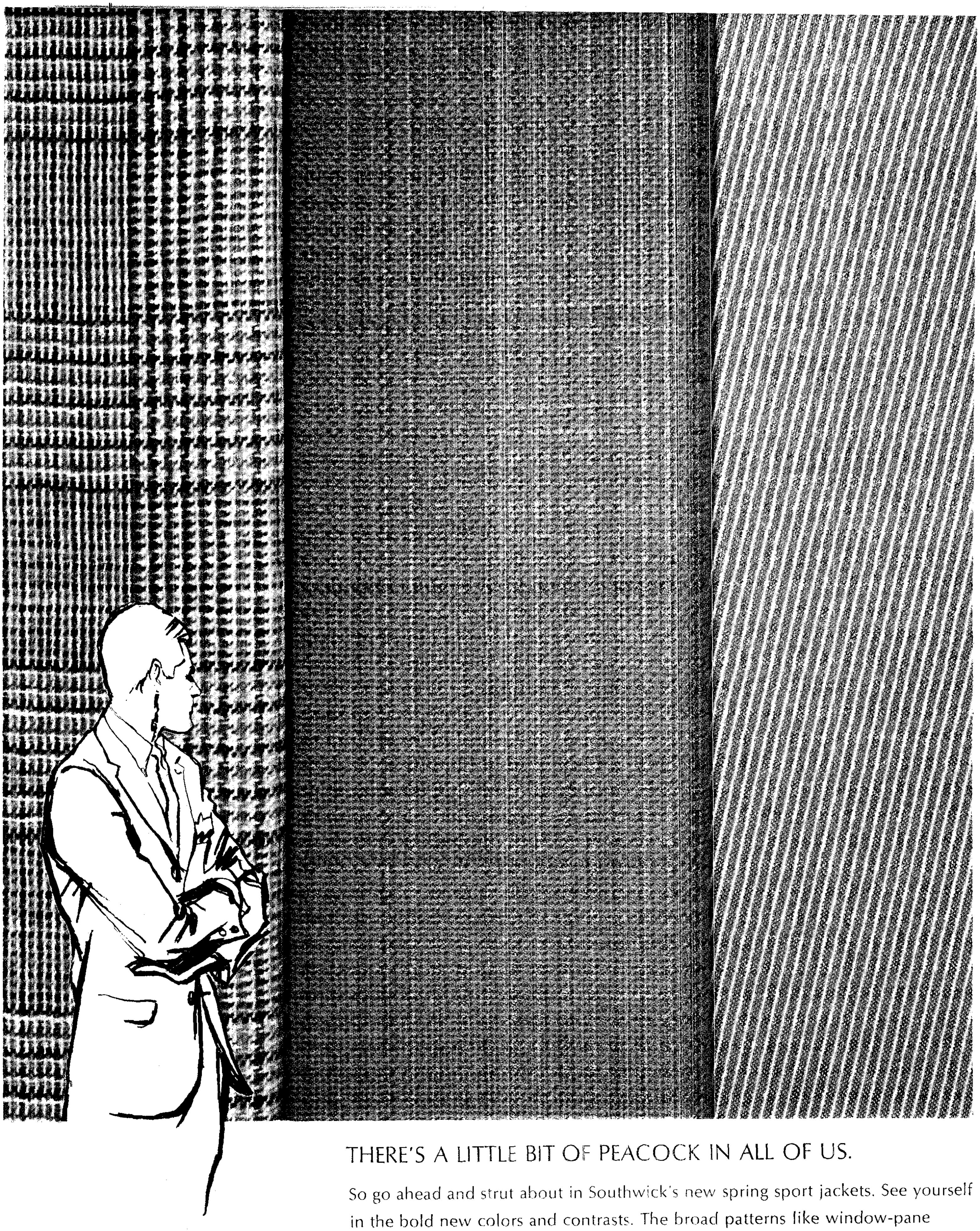
MONOGRAMS IS THE TRADEMARK FOR BROGUES MADE ONLY BY G.H. BASS & CO., 164 MAIN ST., WILTON, MAINE.

Bass
Bass
Bass
CF

Bass takes a new tack on the basic brogue: Monograms®

Knocks off the weight of tradition; takes on the feel of today. Light. Soft. Flexible as your foot. And with all the gutsy good looks that belong to a brogue. Bass Monograms. You'll know them by the distinctive brass plate. You'll want them in wing tip or plain toe, grain calf or Corfam*. At fine stores everywhere. *DuPont's Poromeric Man-Made Upper Material.

Bass®



THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF PEACOCK IN ALL OF US.

So go ahead and strut about in Southwick's new spring sport jackets. See yourself in the bold new colors and contrasts. The broad patterns like window-pane plaids. The ribbed weaves and knubby textures in Shantung, India, Hopsack and blends. And match them up with a few pairs of co-ordinated slacks. Look for the name "Southwick". It's sewn into the labels of the finest clothiers. Sport jackets from $80. Slacks about $35. PRICES HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Southwick

BY GRIECO BROTHERS

Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Eddie Jacobs, Ltd.
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	Bunce Brothers
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Tex.	Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	D. H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Easley, S. C.	Barron, Ltd.
Evansville, Ind.	Drucker's
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Worth, Tex.	Clyde Campbell University Shop
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
Houston, Tex.	William Richard
Huntington, N. Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin Co.
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N. H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sim's, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clothing Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden, Ltd.
New York, New York	Paul Stuart
New York, New York	Walker & Florio
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Maine	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Eljo's
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley's
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin at the Crossroads
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Village, Ltd.
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Short Hills, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Tarrytown, N. Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Troy, N. Y.	Krall's
Tucson, Ariz.	Mill's-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	Connolly's
Virginia Beach, Va.	Alexander Beegle, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York

for a couple of years, he applied for admission to the University of Hawaii, and entered as a thirty-six-year-old freshman. He majored in anthropology, studied creative writing as well, and won the university's creative-writing prize. Student life gradually drew him away from the hut and ended his full-time beachcombing. He worked part time for the Honolulu *Advertiser* and made up crossword puzzles in the Hawaiian language, although he could not speak it. "That's no trick," he told me. "There are only twelve letters in the Hawaiian language—seven consonants and five vowels." In 1948, during a summer session at the university, he met a schoolteacher named Freda Fryer, who had come to the islands from Philadelphia. She, too, was divorced. They were married a year or so later. Together, they made an exhaustive effort to find a church they could agree upon, and eventually they decided to join the Quaker Meeting. "I became a Quaker because it was the only group I could join without pretending to beliefs that I didn't have or concealing beliefs that I did have," Gibbons told me. "I could be completely honest. I'm not very orthodox." Before long, they moved to the island of Maui, where they both taught—she kindergarten and he carpentry and boatbuilding—in the Maui Vocational School. Gibbons had been given custody of his two sons, who had lived for a time with his mother in Albuquerque, and the boys joined him in the islands. He gathered more wild food on Maui than he had on Oahu, he told me, for he had more people to feed. He kept a banana calendar. He walked the woods, made notes on the condition of ripening wild bananas, went home and marked his calendar, and returned for the bananas when they were ripe. He took his wife for long, rugged hikes in the Maui brush. She worried about centipedes and scorpions while he looked for wild pomelos and wild oranges. Week in and week out, he brought home so much wild food that they had to throw at least half of it away.

The rain stopped, or nearly, and Gibbons and I had dinner—huge, steaming mounds of winter cress with interstitial bacon, and stacks of oyster mushrooms. Winter cress is as excellent a green vegetable as there could ever be. It is tender, it has a mild and pleasant flavor that is somewhere between watercress and spinach, and it is in season from late fall until early spring. Italian Americans harvest it voraciously, Gibbons said, but most people don't

Cut out.

Take flight.

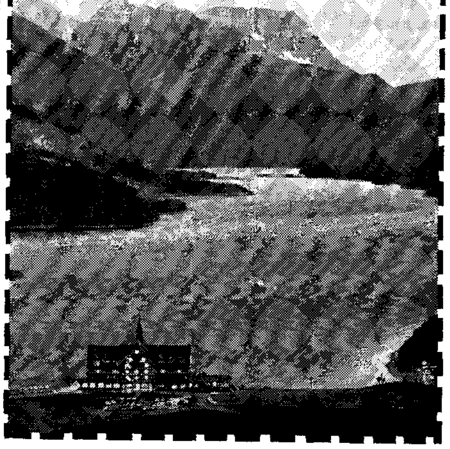
Breathe deep in Alberta's Canadian Rockies.

Cut out of the rat race.
Take flight from smog and heat.
Escape to the magnificent Rockies.
Breathe deep. Ahhhhh · pines!
Sleep deep. Nights are cool.
Tan deep. The sun shines from a blue sky.
Play all day. Golf. Swim. Fish. Go trail-riding.
Play after dark.
Wine, dine and dance.
Closer than you think. You can jet to Alberta in just hours. Rent a car from Number 1 or Number 2 or 3, 4 or 5 when you touch down.
Head for the mountains.
Costs less than you think.
Your dollars are worth more in Canada, and there's no sales tax in Alberta.
Lots of room. Wonderful hotels.
Just come!

(NY)
ALBERTA GOVERNMENT
TRAVEL BUREAU
CENTENNIAL BUILDING,
EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA

Please send full-color Alberta vacation kit with information on travel and accommodation.

NAME: ....
ADDRESS: ....
CITY: ....
STATE: .... ZIP CODE: ....

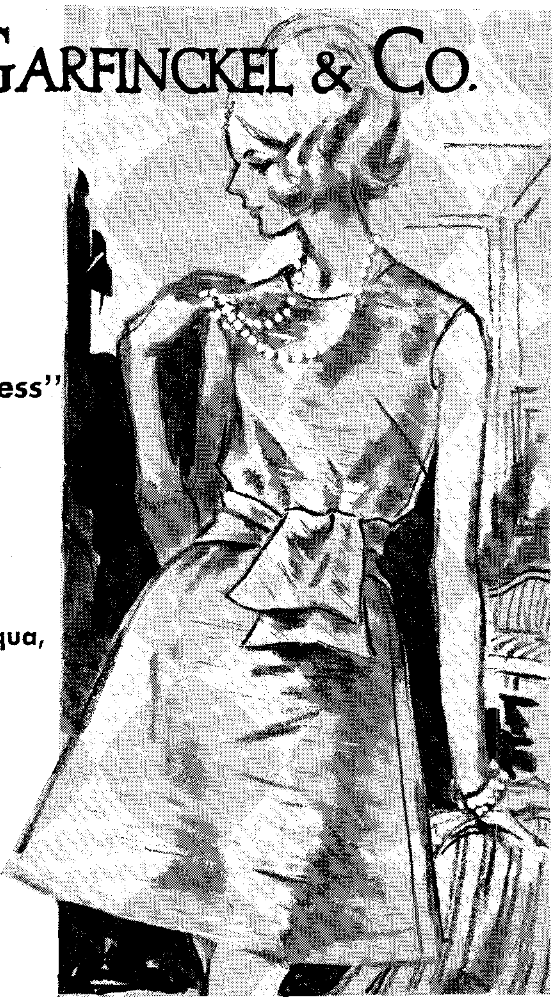


even know it exists. After dinner, he reached up to a bough of one of the tall pines and gathered several hundred needles. He put them into a pot and poured boiling water over them. After steeping them for perhaps five minutes, he poured out two cups of white-pine-needle tea.

IN the morning, at six-thirty, the eastern sky through the pines was orange red. The temperature was twenty-nine degrees. We decided that such a splendid day deserved to start with more white-pine-needle tea. It had in its taste the tonic qualities of the scent of pine, but it was not at all bitter. I had imagined, on first trying it the night before, that I would have a feeling I was drinking turpentine. Instead, I had had the novel experience of an outstanding but unfamiliar taste that was related to a completely familiar scent—a kind of direct translation from one idiom to another. As we stood by the fire drinking the fresh morning tea, Gibbons said that in the pine needles he had used there was about five times as much Vitamin C as there would be in an average lemon. For the rest of that breakfast—the best one of the trip—we had persimmon bachelor-bread covered with maple syrup (made from the remains of the maple-sugar block) and a side dish of sautéed dandelion roots. "My God, I have enjoyed the dandelion roots on this trip!" Gibbons said. While I was cleaning up the pots, he wandered around in the woods and found a witch-hazel bush in bloom. He called to me to come and see it. Witch hazel sheds its leaves in the autumn, and then, when the forest around it is bare and winter is close, it blooms. Gibbons was excited by the find. He said that a drink of witch-hazel tea was thought by American Indians to be nearly as stimulating as a draught of rum, and he suggested that we have some for lunch. The blossoms are yellow and look something like forsythia blooms. We ran several branches through our fingers and stripped them clean.

Gibbons and I left the Appalachian Trail that morning, and, having recovered his Volkswagen, we foraged overland, slowly and miscellaneously and for the sheer pleasure of it, in a generally southerly direction. He seldom went faster than twenty-five miles an hour, but the ride would have been only slightly more dangerous if he had been driving blindfolded. As the beautiful countryside spread out before him, with all its ditches and field fringes and copses of nut trees in the sun, his

JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.



Our "everywhere dress"

Cool, calm and apropos as defined by *Mancini: lightly* bloused and easy-sashed. Blend of *Fibranne* rayon and silk by Maxwell. Completely lined. Aqua, pearl beige, lemon or black. Sizes 8-16. 35.00. Greenbrier.

F street at Fourteenth
Washington, D. C. 20004

A girl should have at least three bows

Vendome ties bows out of ribbons of gold color metal or brightly colored enamels so you can be quite a package. The pin and the earrings, 4.00 each at all fine stores.

Vendôme®

VENDOME, THE COUTURIER DIVISION OF CORO, INC., 47 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

eyes were rarely on the road, and he wove back and forth across it, scudded past stop signs, ignored approaching traffic, and nearly overran ten or fifteen tractors. Meanwhile, he read the land as if it were language—dock, burdock, chicory, chickweed, winter cress, sheep sorrel, peppergrass, catnip—and where something particularly interested him he stopped. We had no immediate need of all the things we gathered that morning, but Gibbons, having found them, could not pass them by. He showed me how to winnow dock seed and said that dock is a relative of buckwheat. We sat in a field and ate wild carrots. He found a wild asparagus plant—just so that I could see it, for it was out of season. We gathered brandy mint, walnuts, winter cress, watercress, dandelions, sheep sorrel, chicory, and the fruits of staghorn sumac. Once, when we were working our way along a roadside ditch opposite a farm, a woman came out of the farmhouse and craftily went to her mailbox (nothing there), the better to observe us at close hand.

Gibbons greeted her, and said, "We're just trying to find out what kinds of weeds grow here."

After she had gone back to the farmhouse, I said to him, "If you had told that lady that you were looking for something to eat for lunch, she would have thought you were crazy."

He said that would not have bothered him, but that he had learned to avoid saying he was looking for food, because when he did so people tended to feel sorry for him and to insist that he go into their houses and have a hot meal.

Angling this way and that on the old crown roads of Adams County, we came, as we had hoped to, at lunchtime, to the battlefield at Gettysburg. We stopped in a wooded cul-de-sac between two pylon monuments to Berdan's U.S. Sharpshooters. The unseasonably cold weather seemed to be gone; the temperature that noon was fifty-seven degrees. The sky was three times as blue as it had been for weeks. There was a warm breeze. Oak leaves rattled in the trees, and the leaves of other trees covered the ground and formed drifts, in places a foot deep. Gibbons went into the woods, picked up a rock that weighed at least seventy-five pounds, and carried it to a patch of sunlight, where we established a walnut-shelling factory—shell buckets, meat buckets, reject buckets—and produced a cupful of walnut meat in twenty minutes. We introduced corn-

Spend a Week of Breezy Summer Sun Days at Puerto Rico's Dorado Beach...

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF THE YEAR

Every day is a Summer Sun Day at Puerto Rico's most fabulous resort! You turn golden tan on sunny palm-bordered crescent beaches caressed by refreshing trade winds. Plunge in for a swim in a quiet ocean lagoon or one of our saltwater pools. Go sailing, waterskiing, snorkeling, sportfishing. Play 36 spectacular holes of championship seaside golf. Tennis. Bicycle or stroll around our beautiful estate. Relax on the private terrace of your air-conditioned room. Step out for the evening and dine elegantly in a three-tiered dining room overlooking the ocean. Go dinner dancing by starlight on the Ocean Terrace. Nothing matches the golden glow of a summer holiday at Dorado Beach.

Year's lowest rates May 1-Oct. 20 • from $20 per person double including breakfast and dinner. Summer vacation plans for families, honeymooners, golfers, save you even more. See your Travel Agent or write for free color brochures: New York, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, New York 10020, Telephone: (212) 586-1141; Chicago (312) 922-4139; Washington, D.C. (202) 347-4951.

DORADO BEACH HOTEL
DORADO BEACH • PUERTO RICO • U.S.A.

OPERATED BY
ROCKRESORTS, INC.

New Yorkers have a body of 72°

Chrysler New Yorkers have it. And Dodge Polaras. And Plymouth Furys. And many other Chrysler-built cars.

A constant, comfortable, as-you-like-it temperature, both in the winter and the summer.

Just set one control for the temperature you want and you've got it for as long as you've got the car.

We call it "Auto-Temp" but Texans (as well as Alaskans and Venezuelans and Saudi Arabians and Icelanders) call it heaven. Auto-Temp is made by our Airtemp Division, and it's just one of the options available on many Plymouth, Dodge, Chrysler, and Imperial cars.

Such options. Like the station wagon rear window that washes itself while you drive. And the 426 cube Hemi engine. And the little button you push to main-

temperature

tain a constant speed. And a hundred more examples of venturesome engineering.

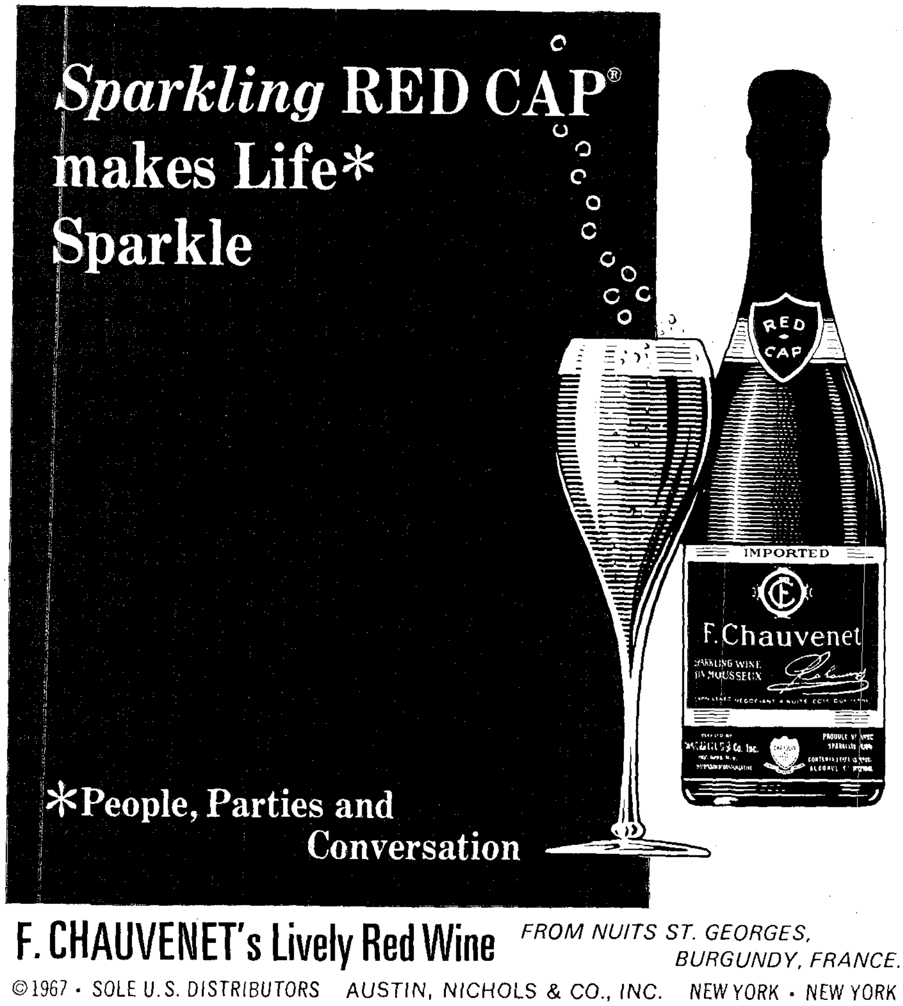
Engineering. That's us. It's been our speciality for 43 years. It's one reason why we're the 5th largest industrial corporation in America.

Plymouth · Dodge · Chrysler · Imperial · Dodge Trucks
Simca · Sunbeam

CHRYSLER
CORPORATION

meal at that lunch, and the menu was black-walnut hush puppies and witch-hazel tea. The hush puppies, hot and filling and pervaded with the savory essence of walnut, made the second-best lunch of the trip (we still had one to go). The witch-hazel tea smelled like a barbershop, stimulated nobody, but was agreeably mild in taste. Gibbons said that its flavor had a faint hint of eucalyptus and that he didn't like it. I liked it well enough, but after the white-pine-needle tea it seemed quite ordinary. As we were leaving the battlefield, Gibbons stopped beside a long row of cannons and dug up a cluster of wild garlic.

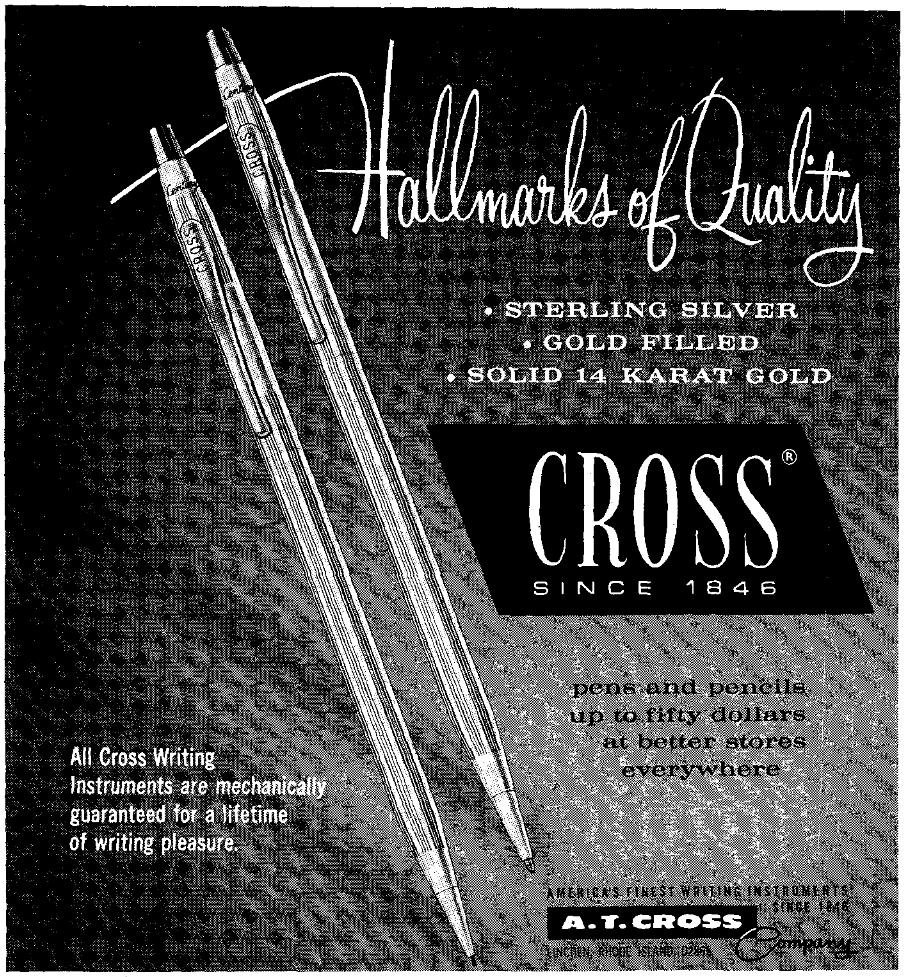
Rain—a really heavy rain this time—came in the middle of the afternoon, and ended the warmth of the day, and the foraging as well. We drove north, intending to stop for the night, and to have our final dinner of the trip, in a state park. We had been riding without conversing for a while when Gibbons cleared his throat and said, "Come listen to this little tale about the lowly, humble snail. He doesn't think, as on he labors, that he is better than his neighbors, nor that he is a little god; he knows he's just a gastropod." He kept going in this vein at some length—"False pride is never his asylum; he knows Mollusca is his phylum"—and then he explained to me that he frequently writes "biological verse," and publishes it in prose form in, among other places, *Frontiers, A Magazine of Natural History*. He also said that some of his serious verse has been published in the *Friends Journal*, and that in his long search for his own phylum as a writer he had tried all kinds of things and had spun some wild tales, such as a novel he once began about spacemen returning to earth after a thermonuclear tragedy and trying to forage wild food in the wasteland. I asked him if he thought he would ever start another novel, and he said he hoped to, but that, even with regard to his wild-food writing, his mind was forever swaying on a shaky fence between confidence and fear. He went on to say candidly that this sort of vacillation was characteristic of him generally, and that he didn't mind telling me now that he had even been afraid to start out on this trip because he had had no confidence that he could bring it off. He said he had been haunted for as long as he could remember by a sense of fraudulence, and thought that he had created failure for himself time after time in hopeless servitude to this ghost. It had been all he could do to weather the success of his published


Sparkling RED CAP® makes Life* Sparkle

*People, Parties and Conversation

F. CHAUVENET's Lively Red Wine FROM NUITS ST. GEORGES, BURGUNDY, FRANCE.

©1967 · SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. NEW YORK · NEW YORK


Hallmarks of Quality

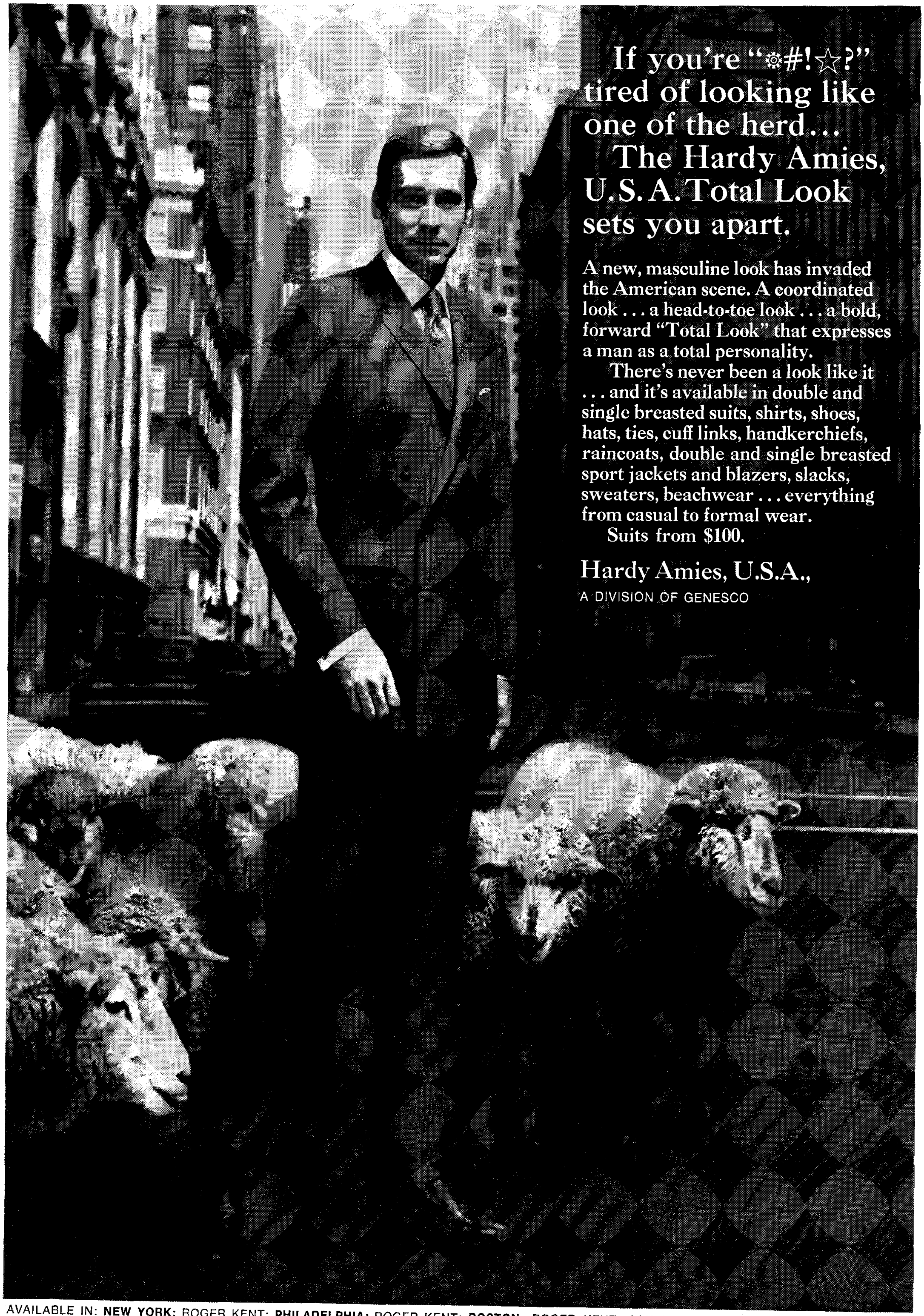
• STERLING SILVER
• GOLD FILLED
• SOLID 14 KARAT GOLD

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

pens and pencils up to fifty dollars at better stores everywhere

All Cross Writing Instruments are mechanically guaranteed for a lifetime of writing pleasure.

AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS SINCE 1846
A.T. CROSS Company
LINCOLN, RHODE ISLAND 02865



If you're "☼#!☆?" tired of looking like one of the herd... The Hardy Amies, U.S.A. Total Look sets you apart.

A new, masculine look has invaded the American scene. A coordinated look . . . a head-to-toe look . . . a bold, forward "Total Look" that expresses a man as a total personality.

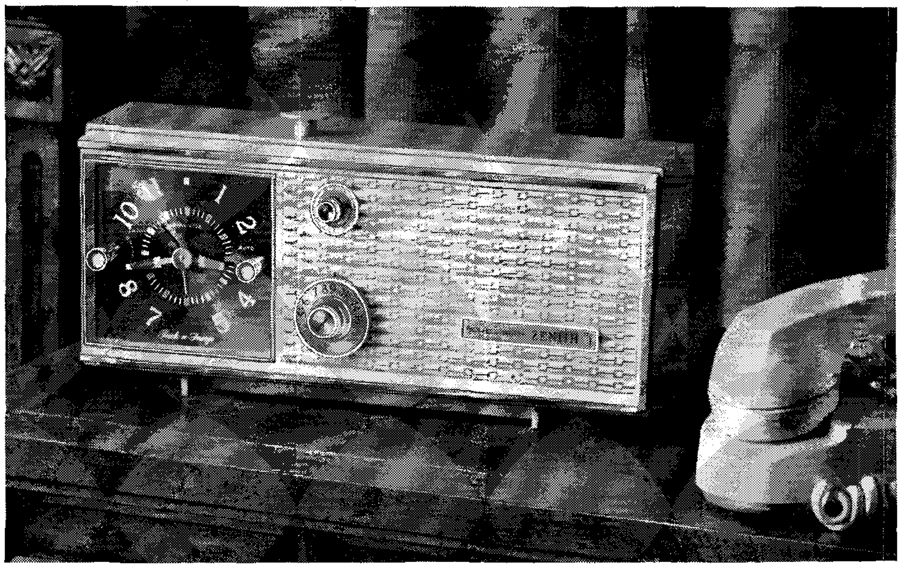
There's never been a look like it . . . and it's available in double and single breasted suits, shirts, shoes, hats, ties, cuff links, handkerchiefs, raincoats, double and single breasted sport jackets and blazers, slacks, sweaters, beachwear . . . everything from casual to formal wear.

Suits from $100.

Hardy Amies, U.S.A.,
A DIVISION OF GENESCO

AVAILABLE IN: **NEW YORK:** ROGER KENT; **PHILADELPHIA:** ROGER KENT; **BOSTON:** ROGER KENT; **SAN FRANCISCO:** ROOS/ATKINS; **WASHINGTON, D.C.:** BRUCE HUNT; **NEW ORLEANS:** GODCHAUX'S; **ALLENTOWN, PA.:** HESS BROS.; **DETROIT:** J. L. HUDSON CO.; **HONOLULU:** LIBERTY HOUSE; **LOS ANGELES:** MAY CO.; **SAN DIEGO:** MAY CO.; **SPRINGFIELD, ILL.:** MYERS BROS.; **HOUSTON:** SAKOWITZ; **WICHITA:** WM. DODSON

ZENITH'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY—BEST YEAR YET TO GET THE BEST

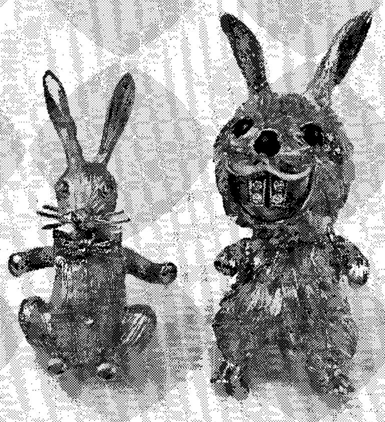


Now from Zenith ...a super compact solid-state clock radio for longer life, finer performance

This Zenith AM clock radio packs big performance in a slimmer-than-ever cabinet. First it wakes you with music. Later the alarm buzzes. Tapping Touch 'n Snooze® control lets you doze 7 minutes more before being buzzed again. Cycle repeats up to 5 times. Solid-state chassis for instant play, cooler operation, longer life. See *The Cadence,* Model Y276—only $29.95*—at your Zenith dealer's.

ZENITH®
The quality goes in before the name goes on

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price



MEET THE EASTER BUNNY AND HIS RICH UNCLE.

The Easter Bunny is handsome indeed
in 14 karat textured gold, $25.
The uncle has diamond teeth,
sapphire and diamond eyes and ruby nose. $150.

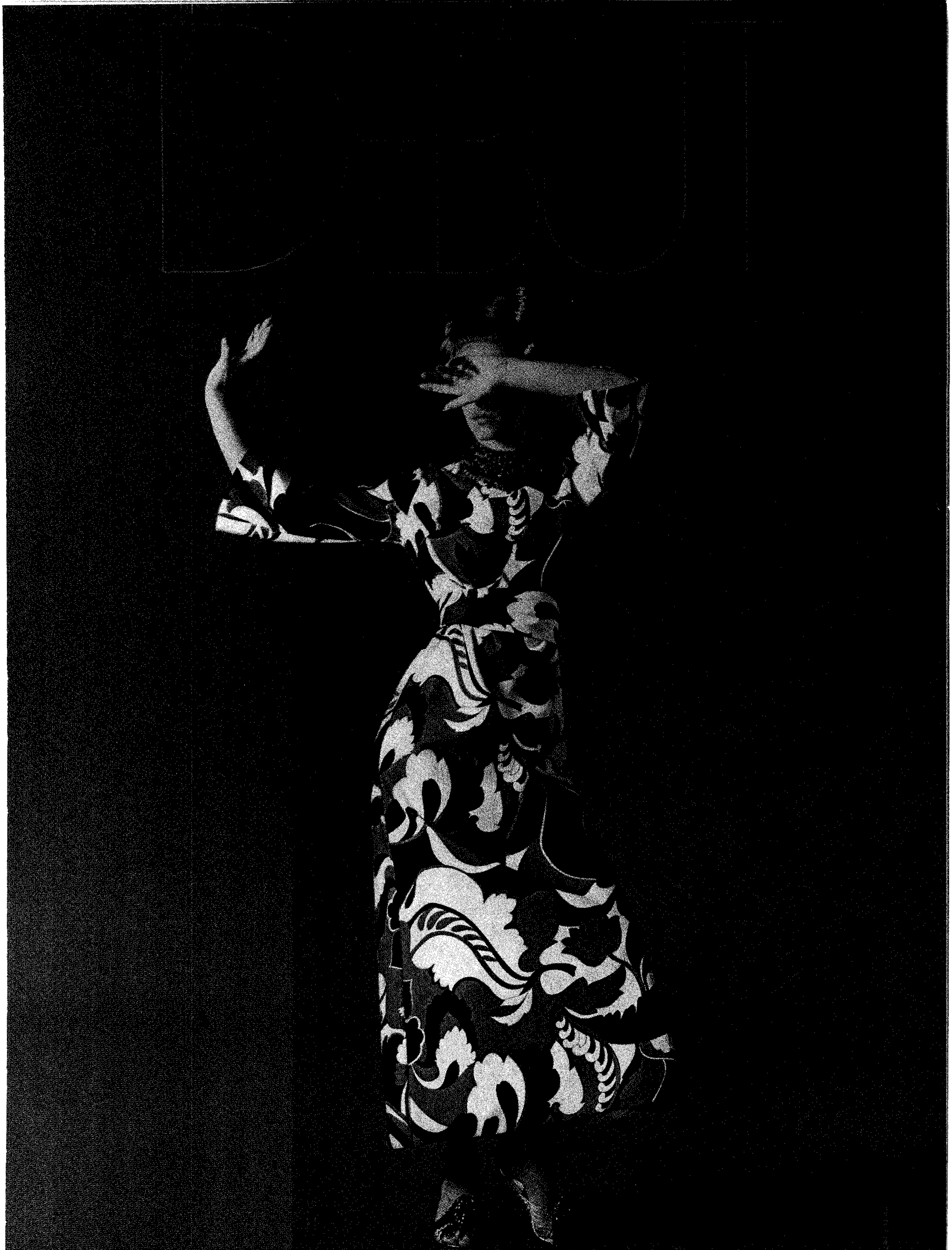
LAMBERT BROTHERS
Jewelers Since 1877

545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York

books, even though he had also been haunted for years by a desire to find himself as a writer. He said he imagined that some kind of desperate restlessness arising out of these crosswinds had made him leave Hawaii in 1953.

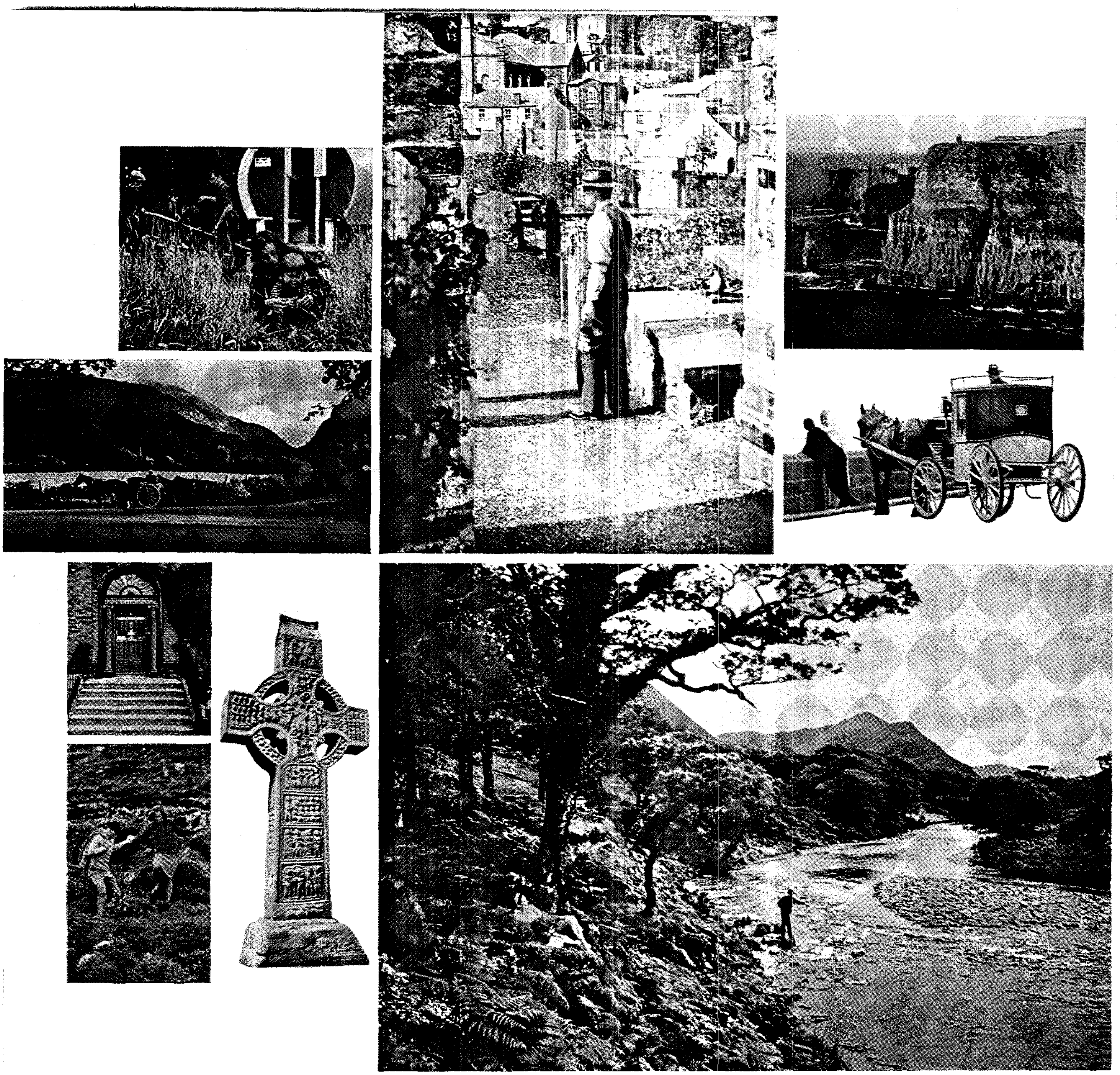
From the fall of 1953 through the spring of 1954, he taught at a Friends school in New Jersey, and then he moved to a six-hundred-acre farm in Greenfield, Indiana, where he became a co-founder of what he hoped would be a large agriculturally based co-operative community. "I was hot on intentional communities at that time," he said. "I had studied them, and we had even considered joining specific ones in New Zealand and Costa Rica. In Indiana, I wanted to create a community that would produce its own food." The community started on perhaps too narrow a base, having a charter population of five. The other four were Gibbons' wife, his partner (whose family owned the farm), his partner's wife, and his partner's child. Gibbons developed a truck garden and explored the area's ample varieties of wild food, but his partner spent all his time raising corn. "The corn was being bought by the government and stored until it rotted," Gibbons told me. "We were getting nowhere, so I decided to go." Before he left, he became concerned about a thirteen-year-old boy whose father and two older brothers were in prison. The boy's future was in the hands of an Indiana court. Gibbons got the court's permission to take the boy with him, and the boy lived with Gibbons and his wife for five years as a foster son. Gibbons spent most of that time at Pendle Hill, a Quaker study center in suburban Philadelphia, where students from all over the world enroll to do private study, to write theses, and to take courses under teachers such as Henry J. Cadbury, a retired professor from the Harvard Divinity School, and Howard H. Brinton, the leading American authority on Quaker history. Pendle Hill is itself a kind of co-operative community, and Gibbons became a member of the staff, taking responsibility for the maintenance of the grounds and buildings, and cooking breakfast for everyone every day. He also went to Cadbury's and Brinton's lectures and took courses in Bible, literature, social studies, philosophy, and writing. He fondly remembers Pendle Hill as "a hotbed of pacifism and peacemongers." Experimentally, he grew pokeweed in a basement there, in the hope that he could serve bleached poke to the others. They didn't like it.

Gibbons went on to tell me that in



Our first and many splendored Loungewear Collection makes its appearance on the fashion scene. Example: the Nippon Slip-on. One zip and it's on, two twirls of the obi and it's ready to go out. Sumptuous, bark-textured cotton (that you wash but need not press) in our exclusive print. Geisha Green or Rising Sun Pink with black and white; sizes 8 to 16. Incredibly, it's only $25. • Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR



Someone suggested Ireland is one big view.

Could be.

Listen with your eyes and you'll hear the scenery of Ireland speak to you. It whispers gently of Tipperary's Golden Vale . . . soft hills of deepest green that turn silver in the changing light. It shouts with the wonder of the Cliffs of Moher—spectacular crags of reddish-brown granite that were nature's prehistoric gift to man. It sings of the incredible loveliness of Connemara, lush with golden gorse climbing hills of purple heather. Listen too, for the echo of an age of grandeur in resplendent Georgian Dublin with its perfectly proportioned streets and squares. And for the sweet rippling of the river Liffey. You'll hear the sound of centuries as castles call, and the roar of the sea stinging the rugged coastline, glittering in the moonlight.

Come see . . . come hear . . . come here to Ireland. The easiest, most pleasant way to visit Ireland is with Irish International. Our first class and economy services, meals and typical Irish hospitality are superb. Irish is the only airline with daily service to Ireland year 'round. And we have the only direct service to Shannon, Dublin, and Belfast. Call your Travel Agent or Irish International Airlines.

JET IRISH

IRISH AER LINGUS
IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

OFFICES IN: New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D.C.

1960 his wife volunteered to support him through her teaching for as long as he needed to write—and do nothing but write—until he was satisfied that he had won or lost his long conflict with that particular genie. "Freda pushes me, and I resent it sometimes, but I couldn't get anywhere without the pushing," he said. "She is quick and simple, and I am complicated. No matter what situation she finds herself in, she can rise to the occasion and do the sensible thing, and, of course, I'm not like that at all. She doesn't like to forage, and when I come home with wild food she sometimes says, 'Euell, could you please leave that stuff on the back porch?' Yet she supported me for two years while I wrote my first book, and it never would have been written without her." They moved from Pendle Hill to an old farmhouse at Tanguy Homesteads, a rural interracial cooperative community near Philadelphia. Within a year, he had produced "Mr. Markel Retires," his novel about the schoolteacher who retreated into a world of wild food, and another year was required for "Mr. Markel" to be boiled in three waters and utterly metamorphosed into "Stalking the Wild Asparagus." Gibbons had been hesitant to try a straightforward handbook of wild food, mainly because several of them existed—Nelson Coon's "Using Wayside Plants," Oliver Medsger's "Edible Wild Plants," sections of the Boy Scout "Handbook," and, most detailed of all, "Edible Wild Plants of Eastern North America," by Merritt L. Fernald, Reed L. Rollins, and Alfred C. Kinsey—the same Alfred C. Kinsey who attracted a much wider audience with reports on sexual behavior. Gibbons had never been fully satisfied with any of the wild-food manuals, however. Fernald, Rollins, and Kinsey, in Gibbons' view, had written a "dry list" and may not have tried out some of the recipes they suggested. "I can't believe they ever cooked skunk cabbage," he told me. Gibbons gathered, cooked, and ate everything he wrote about, and he rejected some foods that had been generally reported to be edible because he had found them unpalatable. "I have never successfully eaten arrow arum," he said, to give me an example. "Same with golden club. Both of them prickled my throat and burned my mouth." He sent wild food to Pennsylvania State University for analysis of its nutritive values. He read "The Journal of Lewis and Clark," "The Journal of George Vancouver," the observations of Captain John Smith on wild food,

Psychiatrists have labels for all sorts of sensations. But—like everyone else—when they try to describe the taste of J&B, they're just at a loss.

Words—even $50-an-hour words—can't do it!

You must taste J&B for yourself: the experience is unique.

After you've made the discovery of J&B's rare good taste, be careful. Don't fall into the same trap.

Don't *you* start trying to describe it, analyze it, explain it. Forget all the adjectives. The only label your friends need is on the bottle.

So just tell them to try J&B for themselves.

Because as you now know only tasting is truly believing.

your psychiatrist can't tell you about it

The unique flavor of J&B Rare Scotch

pennies more in cost
worlds apart in quality
the premium product of
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
founded 1749

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky · The Paddington Corporation, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

Nettleton's new "Morning-Noon-and-Nighter"

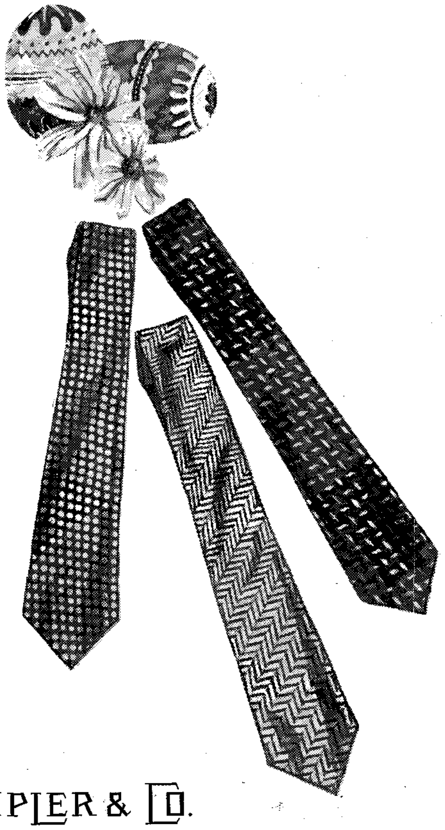
If you're active and on your feet a lot, you'll get great satisfaction and almost unbelievable comfort from a pair of Nettleton Hamiltons. This modern blucher style features our exclusive Loaflex® lightweight, flexible construction with extra pliant "Golden Velvet" soles. You'll enjoy Hamilton for its good looks, sheer comfort and long wear.

HAMILTON.
Premium shrunken calf. Leather lining. Fine detailing. Golden brown or jet black.
About $37.

Write for our new Style Folder #682 and name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have and a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO. ■ SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Easter Neckwear



Made in England exclusively for Tripler. Hand loomed Spitalfields silks

Background colors of navy, copen blue, gold, maroon, silver grey. Woven in herringbone pattern, geometric design or spaced dots

$8.50

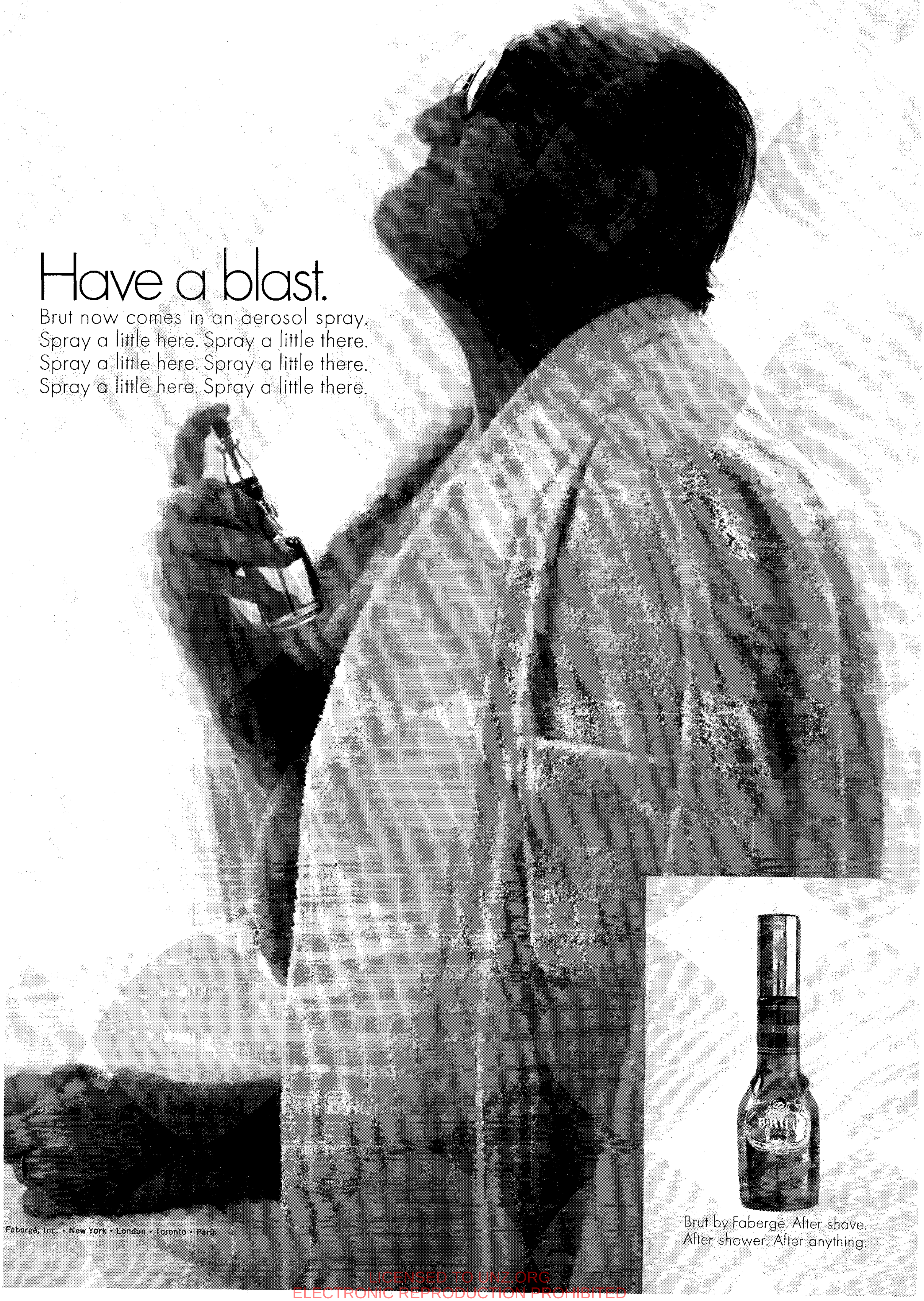
PLEASE ADD 50c FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK 10017

and the work of other early observers. He read ethno-botanies of the Iroquois, the Abnaki, the Menomini, the Cherokee, and other Indian tribes. Then, as he wrote, he included his own experiences with the plant he was discussing, gracefully and relevantly weaving his autobiography into his work. When "Stalking the Wild Asparagus" was published, it quickly established him as the master of his field—which shook him up no end.

(I was to make a visit, some weeks later, to Tanguy Homesteads, and to find that while Gibbons was doing his research for the book he was a wild Hans Christian Andersen to the children there. He fed them the foods that he tested in his kitchen, took them fishing and foraging, and one day showed them twenty-five wild foods growing within a hundred feet of a supermarket. Gibbons has been gone from Tanguy for five years now, but the children there still collect meadow mushrooms, still make cattail-flour muffins, and, at his invitation, regularly visit him in Troxelville in the summertime. "Without the common weed, Euell wouldn't have his career," one child said to me. I also learned that Gibbons had run for Thornbury Township constable on the Democratic ticket while he lived at Tanguy, but his campaign ended in failure.)

Gibbons moved to Troxelville in December, 1963, but he had owned his house there for some years, having noticed in the *Friends Journal* an ad offering, for five thousand dollars, a farmhouse on eleven acres, with a peach orchard and a stream. He has let the peach orchard go wild, preferring the cornucopian wilderness that has now grown up among the old trees. There are a hundred and eleven houses in Troxelville. Most of them are on one street and are as close together as houses in Manhattan, and their fronts abut the sidewalks. Gibbons' house is one of the few that are remote from this compact center. The town looks European, clustered like a walled village, with miles of open land surrounding it. The country is Pennsylvania Dutch, and the people are burghers. "People have a sort of tolerant attitude toward me there," Gibbons said. "However, it took my neighbors a long time to decide that I wasn't completely crazy." (After the trip, I asked a young man in Troxelville what he thought of Gibbons' fondness for unusual foods, and the fellow said, "It's O.K., if that's his interest, but to me a weed is a weed." Several doors down the street, an old

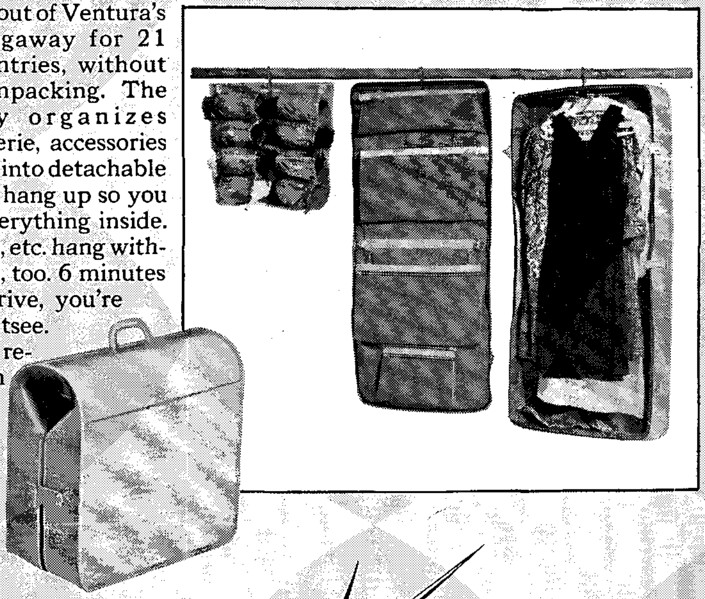


Have a blast.

Brut now comes in an aerosol spray.
Spray a little here. Spray a little there.
Spray a little here. Spray a little there.
Spray a little here. Spray a little there.

Brut by Fabergé. After shave.
After shower. After anything.

Fabergé, Inc. • New York • London • Toronto • Paris



Travel via Ventura... and never unpack till you're home!

You can live out of Ventura's deluxe Hangaway for 21 days, 7 countries, without pack-and-unpacking. The Hangaway organizes blouses, lingerie, accessories (even shoes) into detachable pockets that hang up so you can reach everything inside. Dresses, suits, etc. hang within easy reach, too. 6 minutes after you arrive, you're ready to sightsee. While others repack, you can nap, shop, snap that last picture. Then zip, zip—and go.

From $20 to $115 at fine stores exclusively. For free "Tips on Packing" booklet, write Ventura, Dept. S, New York, N.Y. 10003

Ventura®
So high in fashion... so light in weight

Also available in Canada Copyright 1968

Perhaps
PERFUME OIL
ANN HAVILAND

This Easter, can you make her feel like a Bunny?

'Perhaps'

The new perfume that persists.
At wonderful department stores.

PERFUME OIL 5.00 TO 15.00/EAU DE TOILETTE SPRAY 5.00 & 7.50/BATH POWDER 4.50
SOAP (BOX OF 3) 4.50/ODAMOUR (BEAUTY BATH SCENTED WITH PERHAPS) 5.00 & 7.50

man who was sweeping the sidewalk told me proudly that Gibbons had once made violet jelly for the entire town.) Gibbons' home freezer usually contains items like fresh-frozen day-lily buds, frozen seaweed, Birds Eye lima beans, Pepperidge Farm bread, frozen gooseberries, and hickory nuts, which are easier to crack when they are frozen. Next to one another on the kitchen shelves are things like Decaf, Bisquick, dried elder blow, rose-hip jam, and boneset tea. Gibbons pays taxes of seventy-five dollars a year on his Troxelville property, and he also has to pay something called an Occupation Tax. When he told the assessor what he does for a living, he was listed as a part-time day laborer.

Few people in Troxelville are Quakers, Gibbons told me, and many of the old and frequently grand meeting houses in that part of Pennsylvania are now nearly empty on Sundays. He and his wife go to meeting at Bucknell University, in Lewisburg, twenty-five miles away. "In meeting, of course, if anyone is moved to speak he speaks, and college professors are almost always moved to speak," he said. (A couple of weeks later, I asked one of the professors for his view of Gibbons, and he said, "People are supposed to speak when the spirit moves them. Sometimes we think Euell *plans* to be moved. Sometimes he speaks like an anarchist in meeting. He has no faith in existing institutions and says that he has no use for institutions that are killing the spirit of society." Other members told me that Gibbons has "religious depth and insight to an amazing extent" and that "he's been inspired, and he is inspiring at times, but he's not like a preacher preaching down." After meeting, people sometimes thank Gibbons for sharing his thoughts and say to him, typically, "That just spoke to my condition.")

At seven that last evening of the trip, the rain was still humming on the roof of the Volkswagen, and Gibbons and I decided that it would be pointless to try to cook in a state park. As a campsite, we chose instead a motel in Mechanicsburg. After we had registered, we unloaded our luggage, and, in the room, we spread a tarpaulin on the floor and sorted things out. Then we put in a request for ice. When it came, we opened the door only enough to get the ice bucket through the crack, since we were both somewhat self-conscious about the appearance of the room. On one of the beds were several ground-cherry plants, loaded with ripe ground-cherries; a wild carrot; a big,

©1968 FLORENCE EISEMAN PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE AMERICAN INDIAN ARTS CENTER.

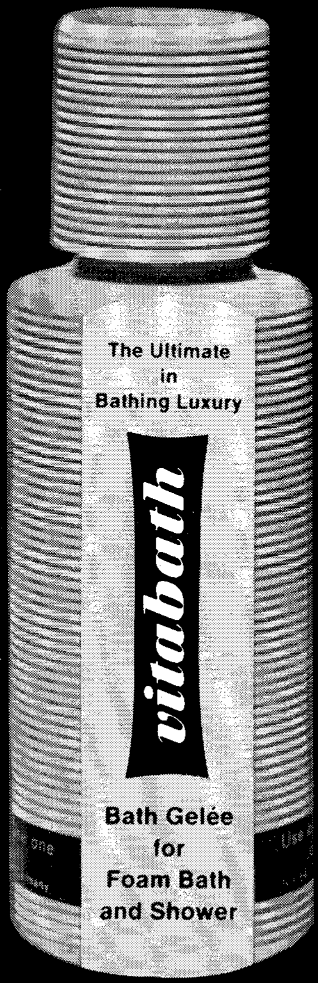
Do Florence Eiseman children grow up nicer or do they just look that way?

airy, fernlike wild-asparagus plant (a souvenir for me), full of berries; and a deadly poisonous jimsonweed, heavy with seedpods (I wanted to take that home, too). On a bedside table were nutpicks and hunting knives. The Coleman stove and the cooking pots were on the bathroom floor, and on the bathroom shelves were salt, oil, wild garlic, and the hammer. Mounds of wild food were spaced out on the tarp. The large outdoor thermometer that we had been using throughout the trip was hanging by a loop of string over the wall thermostat. The temperature indoors was seventy-five degrees. We opened the windows. Gibbons took the red fruits of the staghorn sumac and soaked them and rubbed them in a pot of cold water. After sweetening the water, he poured sumac-ade into glass tumblers, over ice. "This has no food value, but it's a nice sour drink," he said. It tasted exactly like fresh lemonade.

Gibbons set me to work peeling Jerusalem artichokes while he carved chicory crowns. In a market in Gettysburg, we had foraged two porterhouse steaks as a climactic salute to the Susquehanna River and the Appalachian Trail. We had also bought some butter, and the dinner as a whole consisted of buttered mashed Jerusalem artichokes, buttered oyster mushrooms, buttered chicory crowns, porterhouse steak rubbed with the wild garlic of the Gettysburg battlefield, and a salad of watercress, sheep sorrel, brandy mint, salt, oil, wild garlic, and red wintergreen berries. The glistening greens dotted with red berries provided an extraordinary variety and balance of tastes, and I have never encountered a salad anywhere that was more attractive or delicious than that one. The chicory crowns had much sharper overtones than the dandelion crowns we had had, and, while good in themselves, served most significantly to put the steak into relief. The steak was excellent and was made trebly so by the taste of the chicory in apposition to it. Gibbons said, "People have forgotten how to use bitter things."

AT breakfast, the penultimate meal, we introduced eggs, and Gibbons made a fine wild omelette containing winter cress, watercress, and wild garlic. We had bacon as well, and pennyroyal tea. Then we packed up and headed north across the mountains toward Troxelville. The first ridge was Blue Mountain, and from it we could see, about fifteen miles away, the level

Next time you're in hot water...


The Ultimate in Bathing Luxury
vitabath
Bath Gelée for Foam Bath and Shower

enjoy it.

Vitabath does something wild to water and to you. (Like keeping your skin looking younger than you are!) You'll never use soap or bath oil again. Available at drug and department stores.

Send 25¢ for generous sample including fabulous new Vitabath "Pink."

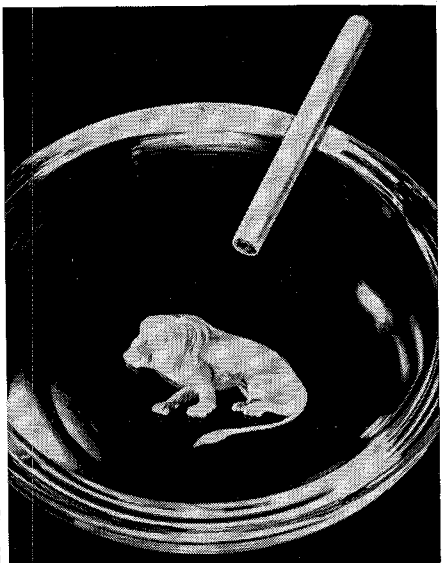
VITABATH, INC., 425 Park Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. 10022
A subsidiary of D. Kaltman & Co.

where all the pampered pirates stay and play...

Bluebeard's Castle
AND BEACH HOTELS
ST. THOMAS
VIRGIN ISLANDS

Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbour. Drink in the new Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300 year old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Feast on the starlit Buccaneer Terrace. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room—100 of them, all delightful. Treasure hunt the mile long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL. Come **Mirror Those Magic Hours!** Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.

For color folders, information see your Travel Agent.
Represented by **THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION**
532 Madison Ave., New York 10022 • MU 8-0123



ZODIAC ASH TRAY

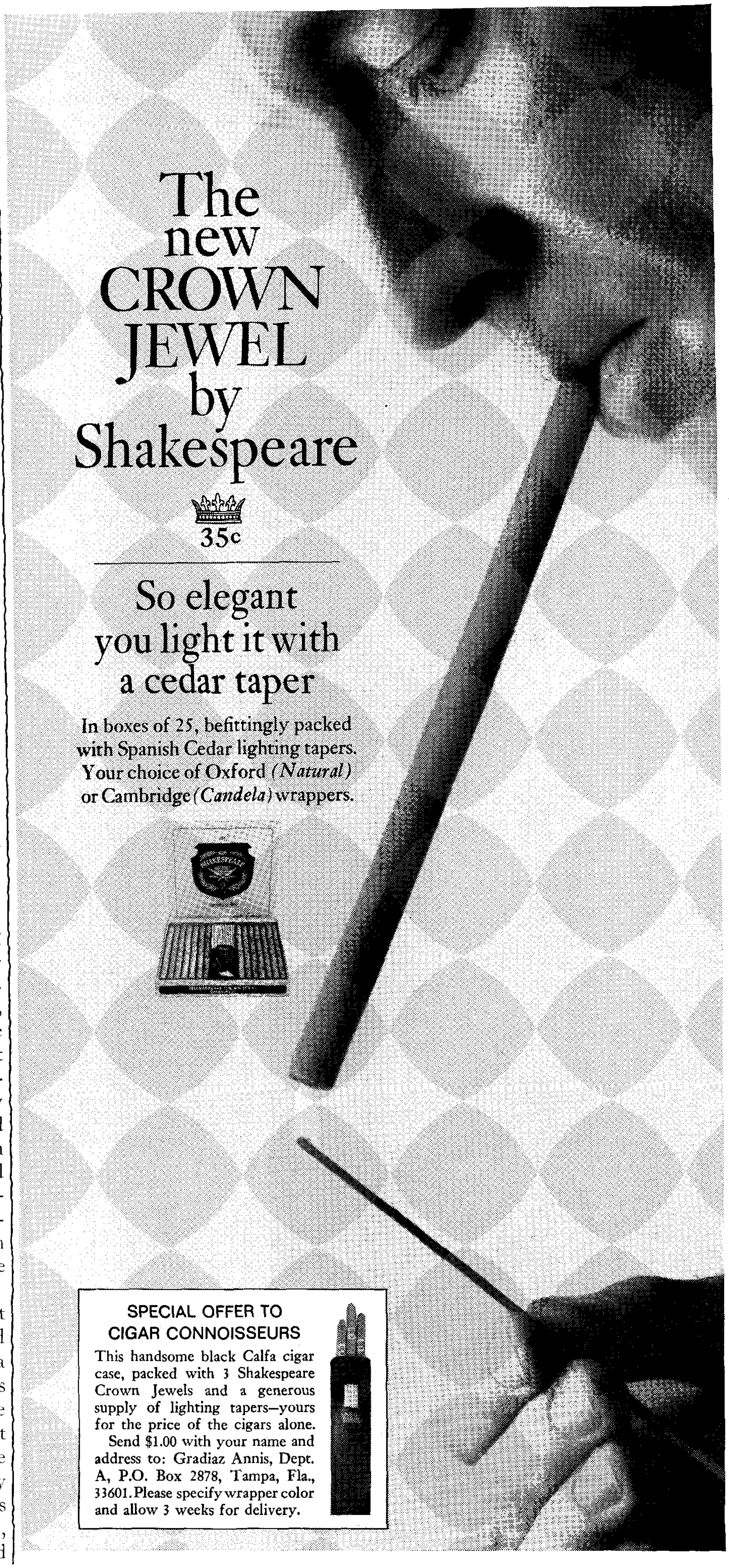
Tiffany crystal ash tray, six inches in diameter. Available in all twelve signs of the zodiac. Shown, Leo the Lion. $10. each. Add 75¢ for shipping.

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVE. & 57th ST. • NEW YORK 10022
San Francisco · Beverly Hills · Houston · Chicago
Add sales tax where required

ridgeline of the next one, Tuscarora Mountain. Between these two was a valley so rich with dairy farms and wooded streams that there had to be, somewhere in it, an incomparable lunch. Slowly, we foraged toward Tuscarora Mountain, passing up practically everything—wild mustard, day-lily tubers, bearing hickories, poke, chicory—in a selective search for excellence. We had crossed about two-thirds of the valley when Gibbons finally stopped. From the car, he studied a colony of small plants that were growing beside a barn. "Mallow," he said. "Let's go see if they're any good." Roughly one out of ten of the plants was heavy with seed-bearing discs, and it was these that Gibbons was looking for. Each one was round, had wedgelike segments, and, although it was only a third of an inch in diameter, remarkably resembled a wheel of cheese. Gibbons said that mallow fruits are almost universally called doll cheeses but that around that part of Pennsylvania people often call them billy-buttons. We went over to the farmhouse to get the permission of the farmer, who said, "Those billy-buttons are no good to me. Take all you want." The picking was slow, and we needed about twenty minutes to get a pint of them.

Across the rest of the valley, nothing of particular interest presented itself, and soon we were moving uphill through hardwood forests on Tuscarora Mountain. The climb became quite steep. Going around one hairpin curve, which Gibbons was somehow attending to with his peripheral vision, he suddenly swung off the road and stopped. Below us, on the inside of the curve, hanging prodigally over a ravine, were hundreds of thick bunches of wild frost grapes. They were as densely concentrated as grapes in a vineyard, probably because they had little room to expand into from such a difficult purchase on the cliffside. The vines were sturdy and about two inches through. They supported us easily, and, out over the ravine, we filled bags and buckets with grapes. Then we drove on up the mountain.

At the summit, there was a turnout area, with a plank table under a stand of oaks. The ridgeline of Tuscarora Mountain is so narrow and its sides are so steep that we seemed to be standing on a wall two thousand feet high as we looked down on either side at villages, rivers, and farms. That day was as extravagantly out of season as most of the preceding days had been, but this time with sunshine and


The new CROWN JEWEL by Shakespeare

35c

So elegant you light it with a cedar taper

In boxes of 25, befittingly packed with Spanish Cedar lighting tapers. Your choice of Oxford (*Natural*) or Cambridge (*Candela*) wrappers.

SPECIAL OFFER TO CIGAR CONNOISSEURS

This handsome black Calfa cigar case, packed with 3 Shakespeare Crown Jewels and a generous supply of lighting tapers—yours for the price of the cigars alone.
Send $1.00 with your name and address to: Gradiaz Annis, Dept. A, P.O. Box 2878, Tampa, Fla., 33601. Please specify wrapper color and allow 3 weeks for delivery.

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVISCO RAYON

MUSETTE JUNIORS does

There's nothing smarter than this ensemble for Spring. The back-belted coat with lining and bow to match is a perfect cover up for the sleeveless dress beneath. Avisco® rayon gives it the added plus of stand-up-ability.

fmc® AVISCO FIBERS

DIAL FABRICS calls their linen-like look "Inferno" and creates it of pure Avisco rayon. In navy with red, white and blue striped lining and bow. In black or brown with printed dress and bow. 3-13. About $50. At Lord & Taylor, New York and branches.

warmth. The temperature there on the ridge was seventy-one degrees. Gibbons lighted the stove and began to cook a large potful of grapes in a little water. He cooked the mallow cheeses in water, too, and as they simmered the fluid around them took on the consistency of raw egg white. "These are the fruits of round-leaf mallow," he said. "If you cook the fruits of marsh mallow like this, the same sort of stuff comes out. The original marshmallows were made from it. Now there is no more marsh mallow in marshmallows than there are Hungarians in goulash." He stirred the doll cheeses in their clear, thick sauce. "I used to do a lot of foraging with a friend of mine who was a vegetarian," he went on. "He was an Oriental, and a vegetarian for religious reasons, and he would not eat eggs, or even gelatin. I once made a May-apple chiffon pie for him, using seaweed for gelatin and mallow instead of egg whites." When the grapes had simmered for a while, he strained them into another pot, sweetened the juice, and thickened it with flour. After draining the mallow cheeses, he stirred butter into them. Then he served lunch—buttered mallow cheeses and wild-frost-grape flummery. The mallow cheeses were both crunchy and tender, and their taste was more delicate than the taste of any cultivated vegetable I could think of. The frost-grape flummery, deep in color, was quite similar to a Scandinavian fruit soup, and it was filling. Each of these dishes could have been a flourishing entry on any luncheon menu in any restaurant anywhere at all that noon, but on a mountaintop, with hundreds of square miles of forests and valleys falling away in two directions, they were served in an atmosphere appropriate to the attainments of the greatest living wild chef.

We moved on into the second valley, and followed an indirect route to Troxelville, so that we could stop again and weigh ourselves. From notes, we made sure that we were wearing exactly the same clothes that we had been wearing when we weighed ourselves at the outset, which was not difficult, since we still had them on. We found that I had gained eight ounces. Gibbons had gained two pounds.

—JOHN MCPHEE

•

Kudos are compulsively waved about by Ehrenburg throughout his memoirs. —*Andrew Field in the Times Book Review.*

And many a hubris thrown.

Perfect small bag to carry this spring, in white saffian or ostrich-grain leather, or black or white patent leather, by Bienen-Davis. 25.00 All Lord & Taylor stores

Enameled Easter Egg charm with bunny, in Sterling — $6.

Sterling Easter Chick—$3.

Happy Easter

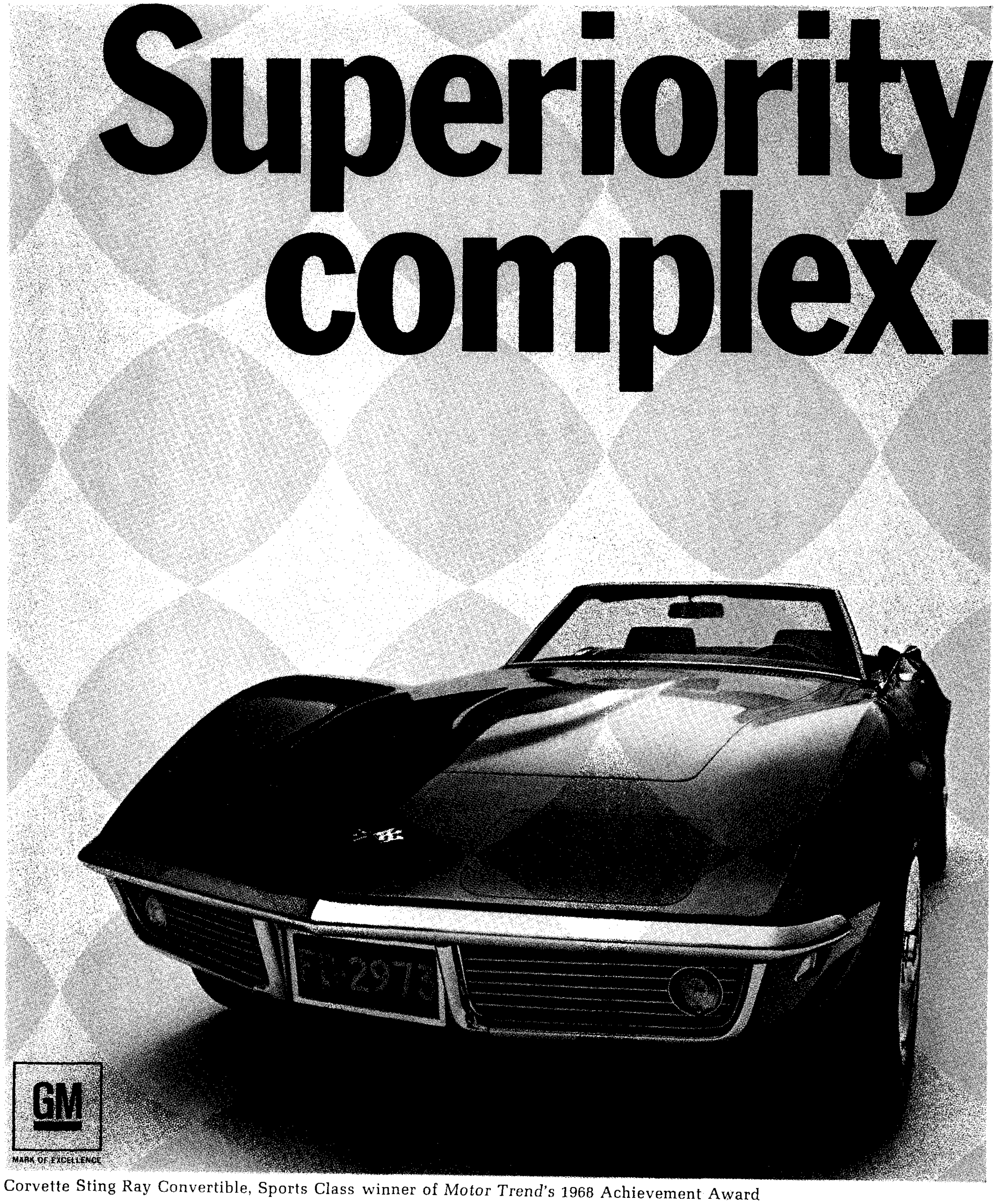
Sterling Easter Bunny—$3.

Danecraft

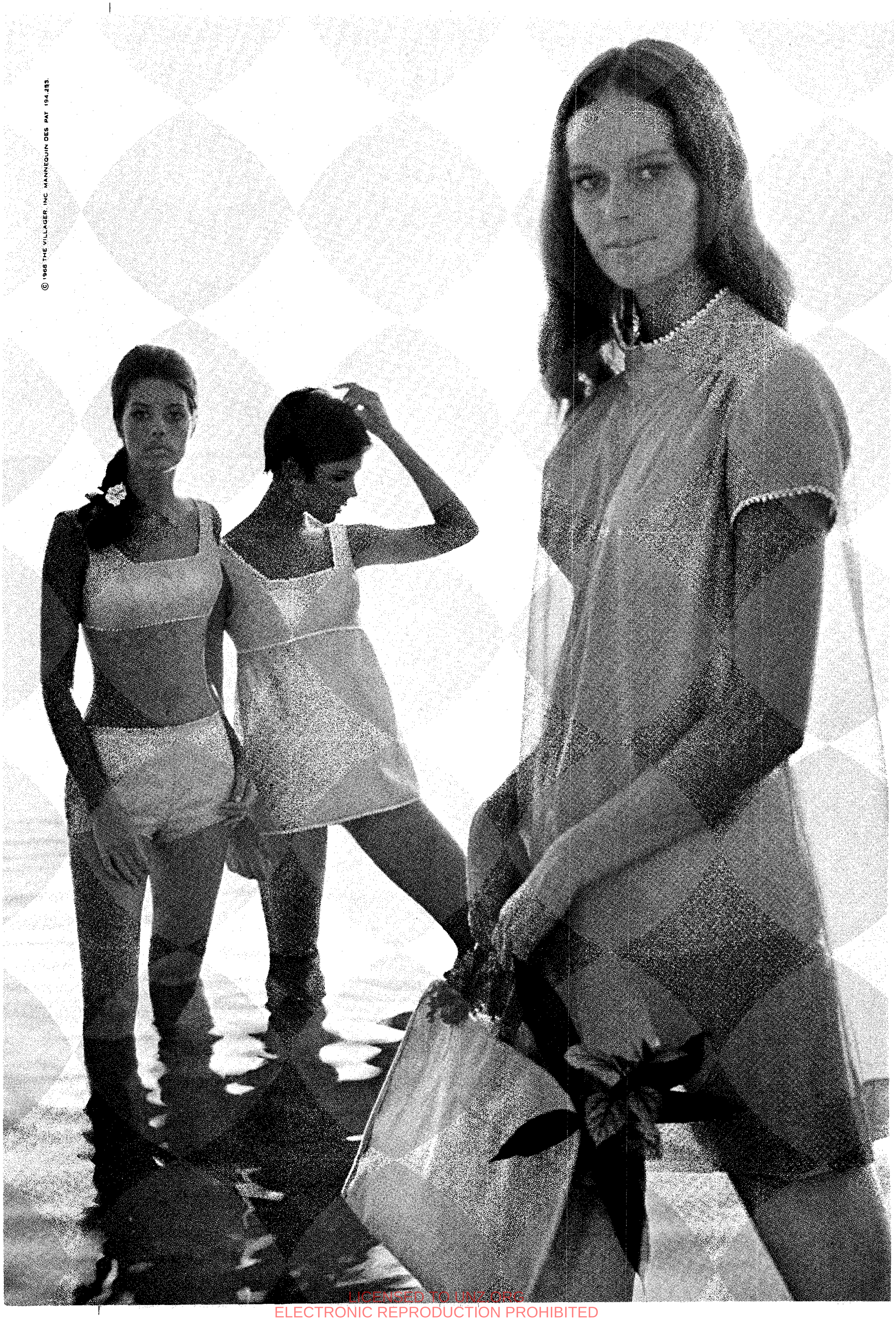
AT FINER STORES EVERYWHERE

You pull up to a traffic light. Heads turn. You look in the rearview mirror. Eyes follow. Corvette's that kind of car. The kind of car that makes you feel the whole world is watching. The kind of car that brings out the driver in you. And why not? Everything's in your favor. Sleek aerodynamic fuselage. Four-wheel disc brakes. Independent suspension all around. Even V8s available up to 427 cubic inches. That's the real beauty of Corvette. It does all the work, you get all the credit.

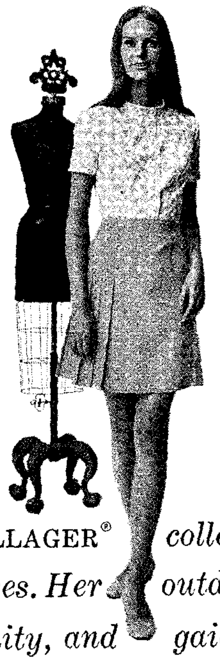
Corvette CHEVROLET



Corvette Sting Ray Convertible, Sports Class winner of *Motor Trend's* 1968 Achievement Award



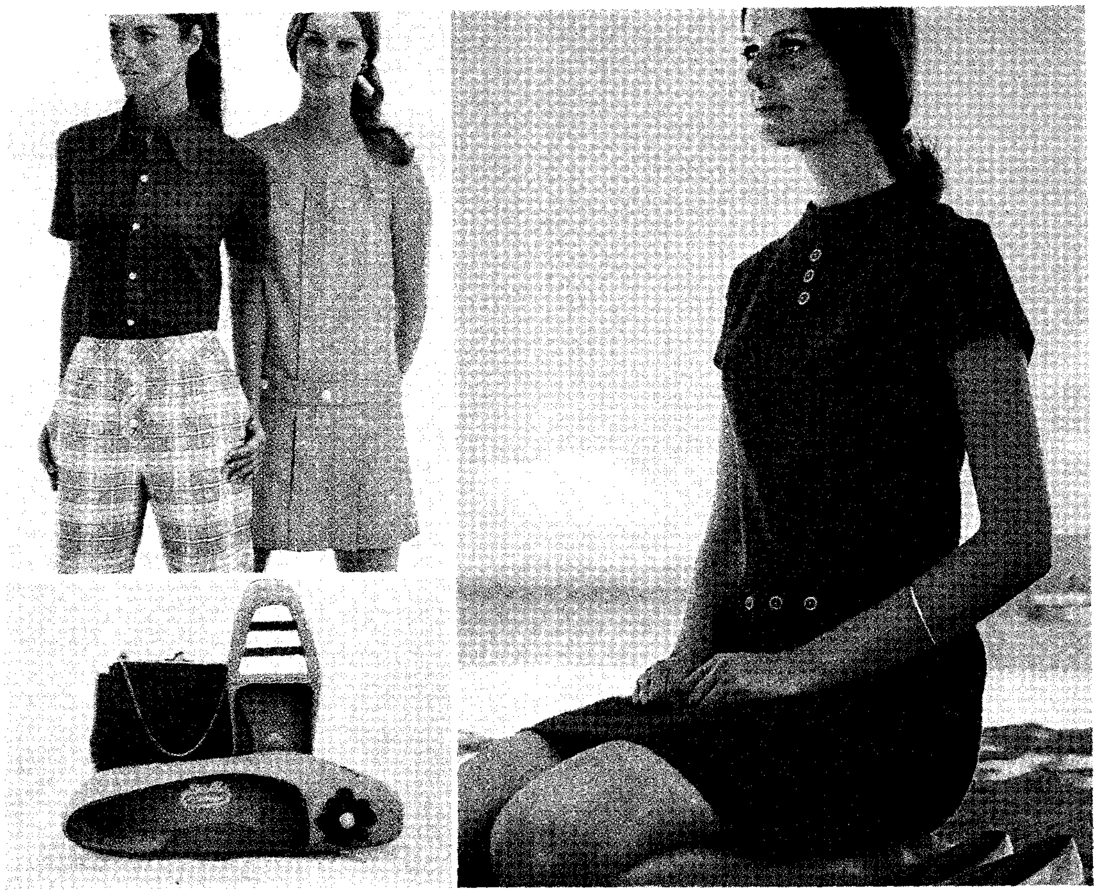
© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC MANNEQUIN DES PAT 194,253.



THE VILLAGER® *collector blooms in warm and sunny places. Her outdoor wardrobe, with its intelligence, unity, and gaiety, makes her a focal point in any Summer scene.*

The Villager®

at good stores and college shops



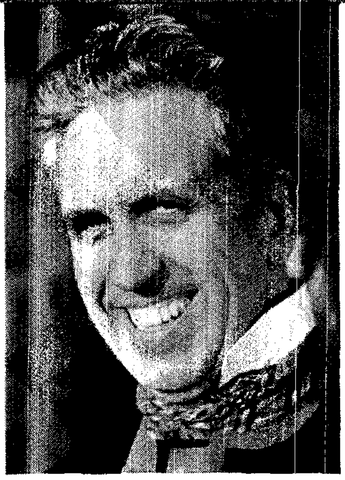
Two-piece swimsuit $19. Swimdress with detachable skirt $23. Matching cover-up $18. Fitted shirt $8. Shorty pleated kilt $14. Tailored knit shirt $9. Plaid front button slacks $16. Pleated culotte dress $23. Chain bag $14. Striped flat $16. Daisy pump $16. Low belted skimmer $23. Misses' sizes. Prices approximate.

Maybe what you need is a change of people.

Scandinavia.

Is she Danish, Norwegian or Swedish? Well, why worry. You'll find big, sunny smiles like this all over Scandinavia. Sounds a welcome change? It is. And SAS would love to fly you there this springtime. Come, your friends are waiting.

When you see our kids you'll know how Hans Christian Andersen came to write his fairy tales. Now, how about a tour through the country where he lived?



Have yourself a ball at our festivals and parties. We eat. We drink. We dance. This man, in his national costume, invites you in yours.

Or drive to one of our islands. We have thousands. Also fjords. Flowers. Thatched cottages. XIIth (and XXth) century towns.

You'll be tempted. And you should be. Scandinavia's a treasure-trove of ceramics, glass, textiles, silver. (And that stunning furniture!) As a visitor, count on special help, usually in English. And the same prices for all. So go ahead, why not? We'll help you fly the loot home.

Scandinavia—you'll love us for it.

SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES

COMING? SAS FLIES DIRECT TO SCANDINAVIA FROM NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SEATTLE AND MONTREAL.
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR FULL INFORMATION OR CALL SAS.
FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET "SPRINGTIME SCANDINAVIA," WRITE SAS, BOX 3443, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

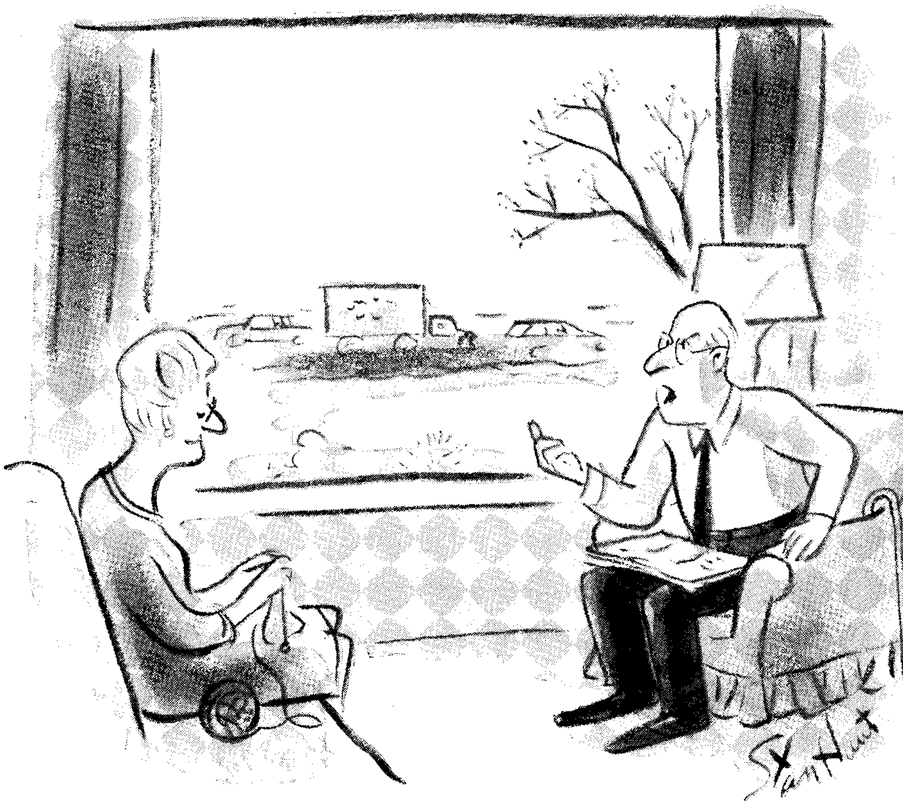
THE THEATRE

BEFORE THE FLOOD

OUT of characteristically unprepossessing materials, Tennessee Williams has fashioned a play in his old, best vein—one of those squalid pastoral elegies of his, from which, against all reason, something attractive emerges, with the result that we find ourselves continuously drawn to characters onstage that in real life we would take the most strenuous measures to avoid. Mr. Williams calls his latest rueful-comical lament over human misery "The Seven Descents of Myrtle" (at the Barrymore). I have no idea what the title means, and I *like* having no idea; if anyone should feel tempted to put my ignorance in jeopardy by writing in to explain the cryptic "descents," I hereby beg him to refrain. The title is the only thing about the play that is unclear, and perhaps it was simply in order to plant a small thicket of ambiguity in so great a stretch of open country that our artful dodger of a playwright employed it. Be that as it may, Myrtle is the name of one of the three ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed wretches who make up the entire cast of the play. She is the brassy, incessantly squeaking hinge on which the machinery of the plot turns, and I found her, in her affectionate mindlessness and pride (and with the proviso that if I were ever to meet her at first hand I would run for my life), an appealing figure and a worthy addition to the Williams pantheon of tiresome, gallant women who, given the merest stale crust of life, savor it crumb by crumb and so, rubbishy and indomitable, survive.

Myrtle is a waif out of the lower depths of show biz—a bleached-blond ex-stripper, whose voice tears at one's ears like chalk on slate and whose once-pert body has gone to fat. Of her two companions in a ruinous farmhouse in Mississippi, one is a homosexual and the other a stud. (Mr. Williams' views of the male sex tend to emphasize extremes; the lust felt by his heterosexual males would drive a railroad locomotive straight up the north face of the Matterhorn.) The homosexual, Lot, is Myrtle's brand-new husband; he is a little dandy of a man, with hair bleached like hers, and he is dying of tuberculosis. Myrtle, unaware of his sexual bent and of his mortal disease, has married him on television in Memphis, and as the play begins they are taking up residence in the farmhouse, which is in imminent danger of being inundated by floodwaters rising upriver. The newlyweds must share the house with Chicken, Lot's half brother, a bastard with a tincture of Negro blood. Chicken has consented to work Lot's farm on the strength of a written promise that it will come to him upon Lot's death; now Lot has married, and Chicken's considerable inheritance is endangered. Chicken is drunken, foul-mouthed, lonely, and acute; it is possible that Lot has offered Myrtle almost instant widowhood as a means of giving a lonely chippie down on her luck the first chance she has ever had to own something of value, but it is also possible—and more likely—that he has married her in order to spite Chicken. In that case, there arises a question normal to a native of the Williams country: Why shouldn't Chicken take revenge upon Lot and Myrtle by letting them drown in the lower reaches of the house while he, according to practice, scrambles up to safety on the ridgepole?

Poor, scruffy Myrtle passes from discovery to discovery under Chicken's malicious guidance; she is a fool, but a fool with feelings, aspirations, and an uncanny self-respect, and she *will* not give way. It is a rich role, and Estelle Parsons (the Blanche Barrow of the movie "Bonnie and Clyde") plays it to the hilt and a trifle beyond the hilt, with giggles and tears and screams and bouts of maudlin, tipsy singing. Harry Guardino, his skin implausibly darkened by something that looks like Man Tan, plays the rampant Chicken, and Brian Bedford is the dying, genteel Lot, for whom Mr. Williams has provided a deathbed scene that eerily put me in mind of both "Little Boy Blue" and "Psychopathia Sexualis." The play has been directed by José Quintero in a way that occasionally casts doubt on the integrity of Mr. Williams' characters by attempting to make their natures more varied than they really are. At the start, Chicken is a gross beast, who barks and mumbles in lieu of speech; at the end, when he delivers a totally unnecessary little lecture on what it is in women that makes men happy, his voice is soft and warm, and his accent threatens to turn elegant. Similarly, Lot moves from a weak, desperately fright-



"Sure, I always said I wanted to live in a house by the side of the road, but not this road."

Aruba?
Eureka!

You've found it. That special island. Aruba, in the Dutch West Indies. Charming. Different. Easy to reach (via PAA, TCA and KLM), yet far from the madding throngs. Where pastel-painted villages are set in an exotic landscape you'll never tire of exploring. (For instance, the Divi-Divi trees grow sideways in the Trade Winds.) Where talcum-white beaches fringe the clearest, bluest sea in the world. And where there's a trove of freeport treasure to shop. Where to stay? The Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino. Giant size air-conditioned rooms, with private balcony. Superb continental cuisine, delightful entertainment. And in the Hotel Casino, Lady Luck awaits you. It all adds up to eureka! For information and reservations, call your Travel Agent. Or use this coupon.

Aruba Caribbean Hotel/Casino
Another fine Executive House© Hotel

Executive House, Inc. Suite 1959
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 (212 CO 5-1737)
Eureka! Tell me more about Aruba
Name__________________
Address__________________
City________State_______Zip#______

ened man to an incarnation of evil, and I felt that the change was less in the playwright's text than in the director's interpretation of it. The setting, by Jo Mielziner, shows a gaunt, high-roofed farmhouse looming against a storm-racked night sky. Only a cat could be happy in such a house, and the cat called for in Mr. Williams' stage directions looked, on opening night, radiant. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Paine's Progress

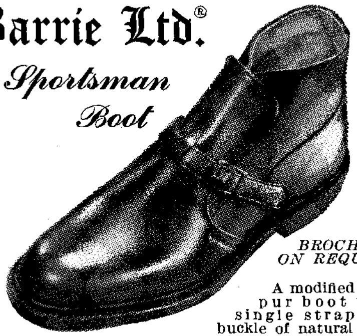
At the beginning of Paul Foster's "Tom Paine" at Stage 73, while the houselights are still on, an actor dressed as a bishop comes out and pronounces an invocation; as he speaks, the ten other actors in the cast cross the platform, introducing themselves by name to the audience as they rush by. Who else but the La Mama troupe? The play, to put it as simply as I can, is a fantasia—a set of variations on a theme, the theme being the life and works of Thomas Paine: what happened, and what happened to him, and what is happening now (baby) as a consequence of "Common Sense" and "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason." The setting, according to the program, is a bear pit in lower Manhattan, where Paine, shattered by alcohol, died in squalor in 1809, but the action takes place all over the map—here and in France and England and on the open sea—and it reflects the hallucinations of Paine's fevered brain. Give the La Mama company a fevered brain, and they're off and away. The thematic variations consist of choral speech, choreographed movements, and a taunting musical accompaniment on what may or may not be replicas of ancient instruments, as well as acrobatics, dancing, singing, any number of capers and any amount of general buffoonery, and an underlying seriousness that occasionally rises to the surface. (During much of the time, I had no idea what the players were driving at, and even now there is much that is puzzling or that certainly seems capricious. In the middle of the first act, for example, the houselights again go on, several of the players scramble up the aisles, and the cast makes an attempt, which soon flickers out, to start a discussion with the audience on such current matters as civil rights and the war in Vietnam.) There are writing and acting, too, but often they seem to be swamped by the production, as they were not in "Futz," a similar project, also directed by Tom

CANOE

CANOE
SHAVING FOAM
Dana
NEW YORK
NET WT. 6½ OZ.

DANA's Canoe Shaving Foam... designed to make your razor glide. Tingling aroma... luxurious lather. Holds its rich moisture shave after shave. $1.50
Follow with Canoe After Shave Treatment... to brace and firm the skin. $5

Barrie Ltd.®
Sportsman Boot



BROCHURE ON REQUEST

A modified jodhpur boot with single strap and buckle of natural grain calfskin, soft leather-lined forepart, complete storm welts, double leather soles, and leather heels with v-plates. In brown ☐, maple ☐ or black ☐. $24.95 postpaid. *ORDER BY MAIL—State Shoe Size. BARRIE LTD., DEPT. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR AT BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
AND WASHINGTON, D.C. FALL 1968

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $42.50. Color from $150.
Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

O'Horgan. Although I admire Mr. O'Horgan's remarkable skill and eruptive ingenuity, I must say that I don't see much future for this kind of ensemble, group-project stuff that puts all the emphasis on direction, which I still feel should be a means rather than an end. That tentative objection aside, I must also admit that I have fallen for this company over the past three years or so; they are such an ardent and spirited and engaging bunch, and they grow more proficient all the time. When something has to be spoken eloquently or straight, it is. When a French accent or a German accent is needed, it is a good one. In the spots where absolute clarity is called for, the actors are clear. (Clarity is not often called for.) They can sing and dance, and they are agile quick-change artists, which is just as well, since everybody except Kevin O'Connor, as Paine, and John Bakos, as his Reputation, plays a number of roles, switching at breakneck speed from one to the next. Their comedy hits its mark, and they can shift mood in a tick—into, say, a beautiful scene in which a French girl teaches Paine the names of the months while behind them the rest of the company sings a lovely French calendar song. The writing is consistently effective and sometimes witty. The black costumes that the actors wear most of the time help make the characters look like the caricatures they are meant to be. There is no scenery to speak of—just a pedestal or two, and a large wooden arch that right side up becomes a bridge, and upside down a rocking boat. Mr. O'Horgan wrote the funny, charming music. —EDITH OLIVER

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

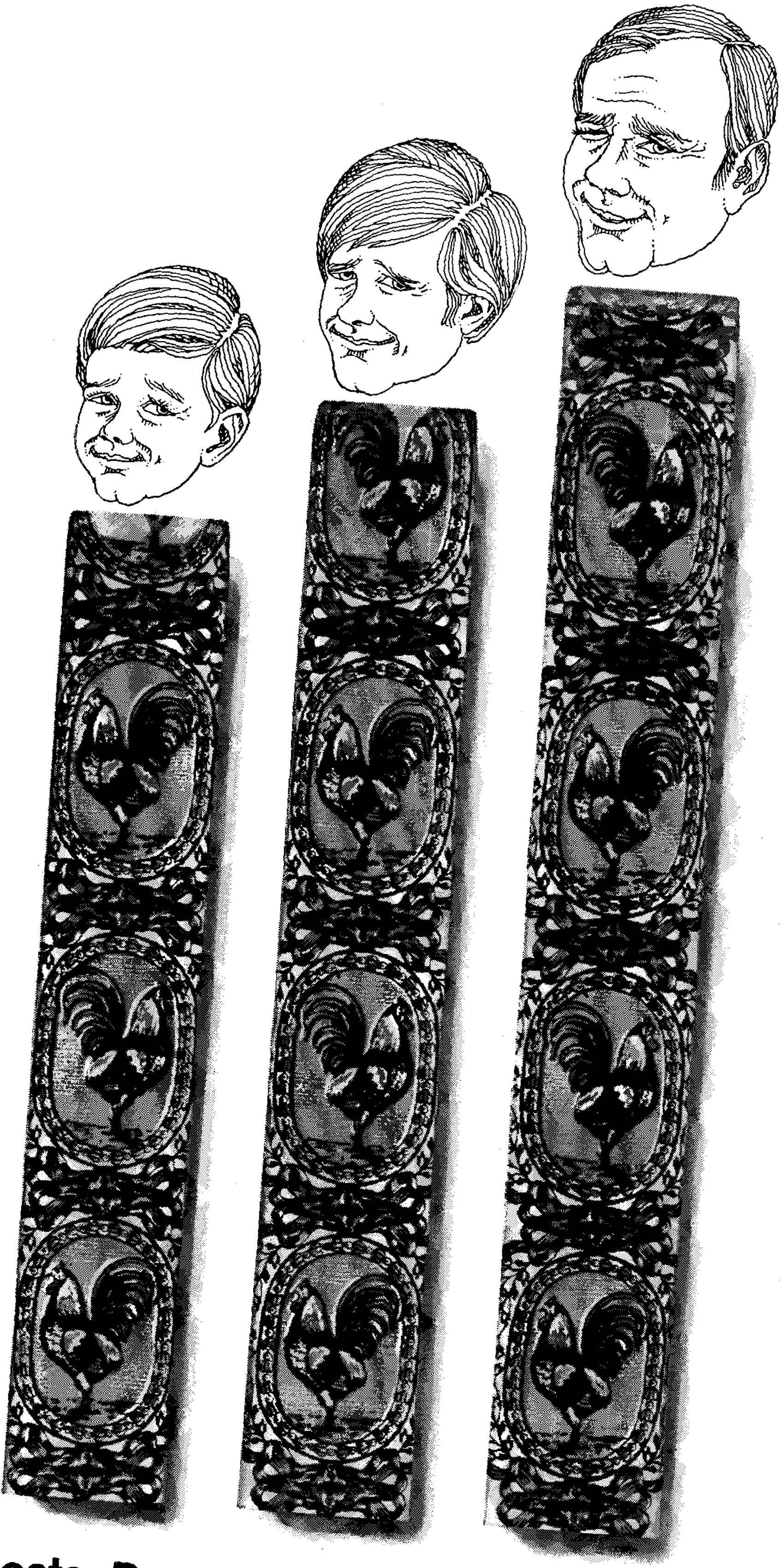
The Royal Bank of Canada raised its rate on loans of less than $1,000 to 12 per cent per annum. For loans of more than $1,000 the rate remains at about 10.7 per cent.

The bank says the move was prompted by the Government's interest rate disclosure requirement. Officials say it is much simpler to explain and to comprehend even figures, and it is a lot less time-consuming from an administrative point of view to charge 12 per cent a year, rather than 10.7 per cent, on these smaller loans.

•

1807. The first steamboat in America made it from New York to Albany in 32 hours. A small boy could've beat it in a rowboat.—*Caption in a Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus program.*

A rowboat with an outboard motor.



©ROOSTER, INC. 1968

Rooster People beget Rooster People.

The urge to own Roosters is inborn. It manifests itself early and progresses undiminished from CHICKEN LITTLE to BANTAM to full-grown ROOSTER. Rooster families collect them, favoring well-bred cottons like these. Hand screened and appropriately proportioned. An intriguing way to bridge the generation gap. Faced with such a remarkable resemblance, it's indeed a wise father who knows his own Rooster. $2, $2.50 and $3. At very good stores.

rooster

Some stores that carry clothing with this label

Tailored by
H.FREEMAN & SON
PHILADELPHIA

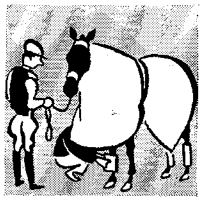
NEW YORK, N.Y. & Branches	*B. ALTMAN & CO.*
NEW YORK, N.Y. & Branches	LORD & TAYLOR
NEW YORK CITY	GENTREE INC.
NEW YORK CITY	KOLMER-MARCUS
NEW YORK CITY	CHAS. YOUNG INC.
Akron, Ohio	J. Koch
Albany, N.Y.	W. E. Walsh & Son
Allentown, Pa.	Judd's
Ann Arbor, Mich.	Wild's
Asbury Park, N.J.	Steinbach Co.
Atlanta, Ga.	Zachry's
Bellingham, Wash.	Robert Burns
Berkeley, Cal.	George Good
Binghamton, N.Y.	Compton-Dunn
Birmingham, Mich.	Argyle Shop
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson
Buffalo, N.Y.	Riverside Men's Shop
Canandaigua, N.Y.	*Shenkman's*
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Clancy's
Chicago, Ill.	Jerrem's
Cincinnati, Ohio	Dunlap's
Clearwater, Fla.	Webb's
Cleveland, Ohio	May Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	Rogoff Bros.
Corpus Christi, Tex.	Massey's
Cranford, N.J.	Goldberg's
Danville, Va.	Sater's
Darien, Conn.	Darien Sport Shop
Dayton, Ohio	Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	May D & F
Denver, Colo.	The Squire Shop
Detroit, Mich.	Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Duluth, Minn.	Harry Allenfall
Durham, N.C.	Van Straaten's
East Lansing, Mich.	Ray Leffler's Custom Shop
Elizabeth, N.J.	R. J. Goerke Co.
Endicott, N.Y.	Schapiro's Men's Shop
Englewood, N.J.	Lloyd's Inc.
Evansville, Ind.	Gordon's
Fairfield, Conn.	The Fairfield Shop
Ft. Worth, Tex.	*Jack Caudle*
Galesburg, Ill.	Fred Schubach
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Steketee & Sons Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Richards of Greenwich
Hackensack, N.J.	Krieger's
Houston, Tex.	Norton Ditto
Huntington, W. Va.	Ambary & Johnson
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Mich.	*Furman's*
Joliet, Ill.	Al Baskin
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry Clo. Co.
Kenmore, N.Y.	Roger Lewis
Lakeland, Fla.	Maddox Men's Wear
Long Beach, Cal. & Branches	Buffum's
Long Island, N.Y.	B&B/Lorry's
Los Angeles, Cal. & Branches	J. W. Robinson
Manchester, Conn.	Joe Garman
Miami, Fla. & Branches	*Jordan Marsh Co.*
Milburn, N.J.	Mr. E.
Milwaukee, Wis.	Harley's
Montclair, N.J.	Peter Bragg
Morristown, N.J.	M. Epstein Inc.
Nashville, Tenn.	Everett Holzapfel
Newark, N.J. & Branches	L. Bamberger & Co.
Newark, N.J. & Branches	Hahne & Co.
Newark, N.J.	S. D. Schwartz
New Canaan, Conn.	Doblin Inc.
New Haven, Conn.	Gentree, Ltd.
New Orleans, La.	Godchaux's
Newport News, Va.	Young Men's Shop
New London, Conn.	Tarny's
Ocean City, N.J.	Kabat's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Orbach's Varsity Shop
Palo Alto, Cal.	Wideman's
Phila., Pa. & Branches	Jacob Reeds Sons
Phila., Pa. & Branches	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Plainfield, N.J.	Tepper's
Portland, Me.	A. H. Benoit Co.
Raleigh, N.C.	Nowell's
Richmond, Va.	*Berry Burk*
Ridgewood, N.J.	Mac Hugh's
Rochester, Minn.	Hanny's
Rochester, N.Y.	Whillock Bros.
Rocky River, Ohio	The Captain's Quarters
Saginaw, Mich.	Mueller Bros.
Salem, Mass.	Clark & Friend
San Antonio, Tex.	Satel's
Schenectady, N.Y.	Jos. Nusbaum
Seattle, Wash. & Branches	Frederick & Nelson
Sheboygan, Wis.	Art Imig
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix Baer & Fuller
Syracuse, N.Y.	Wells & Coverly
Tampa, Fla. & Branches	Maas Bros.
Tulsa, Okla.	Orbach's Varsity Shop
Utica, N.Y.	Webb's
Wash., D.C. & Branches	*Woodward & Lothrop*
Washington, D.C.	Lewis & Thomas Saltz
Wilmington, Del.	Wright & Simon
Worcester, Mass.	Ware Pratt Co.

Naturally, in one ad we cannot list all the fine stores that carry our clothing. Subsequent ads will carry other names. Meanwhile, if a store in your city is not listed, please write us.

H. FREEMAN & SON, Inc.
33rd & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

THE RACE TRACK

The Younger Set



WHAT happened in the Santa Anita Derby and the Florida Derby last Saturday certainly complicated rather than clarified the outlook on the spring classics. As you've probably heard, Alley Fighter, who had won only one race this season and one last, passed the post two lengths ahead of Don B. in Santa Anita's blue ribbon for three-year-olds. Another length away, Dewan, previously unbeaten in his five starts, led the seven other runners home. At Gulfstream Park, Forward Pass won by a slightly wider margin from Iron Ruler, the odds-on favorite, with Perfect Tan eleven lengths behind and the rest strung out to the sixteenth pole.

According to the chart, Alley Fighter kept closest to the pace of Prince Pablo until they reached the turn for home, and then was quite able to cope with the late challenge of Don B., California's hope. Dewan, who some observers thought might be going a little stale, left the gate slowly and went wide as he swung into the stretch. Alley Fighter, a bay colt by Rough'n Tumble, who took the Santa Anita Derby in 1951, is owned by Charles Engelhard, who races the Cragwood Stable and who picked up a purse of $102,100. (Perhaps I shouldn't mention it, but Alley Fighter was bred and foaled in Florida.) Because he was coupled in the betting with Dewan, he paid only $4.80 to win. Had he been on his own, he might have been 48–1. At Gulfstream Park, it must have looked like old times as Forward Pass, carrying the colors of Calumet Farm, dominated the Florida Derby from the start until Iron Ruler headed him in the stretch. Then he put in a couple of extra licks, and Iron Ruler appeared to weaken. By the way, Forward Pass wore new, special blinkers, without slits in the side. Calumet's Whirlaway, it will be remembered, wore one-eyed blinkers.

It will be interesting to see the next line of odds in the Caliente future book on the Kentucky Derby. At the last call, Iron Ruler was the favorite, and Dewan was the second choice in the betting.

THERE will be another test this weekend—the Gold Cup, at Bowie—for three-year-olds who are pointing for the spring classics. The principals in the race will be Clever Foot and Verbatim. It's at a mile and a sixteenth, and though Clever Foot has never gone that far and Verbatim has, I fancy that Clever Foot will be the favorite in the betting, for he's owned and trained by Marylanders, and Old Line horseplayers are very sentimental.

TO put the tote before the horse, Aqueduct had its first five-million-dollar day this season on Saturday, when $5,504,477 was wagered. It was also the last day the take from the pari-mutuel was fifteen per cent. From now on, it will be sixteen per cent, and you'll just have to like it. (Or you can go to Bowie, where the take is still thirteen per cent.) Some fifty-four thousand cash customers saw the main event of the afternoon—the Westchester Stakes, in which R. Thomas wore down Peter Piper, the pacemaker, and won by a neck. Grace Born was third. R. Thomas, who also won the race in 1966, is a seven-year-old gelding with a medical history almost as long as his racing record, and in spite of it he's always trying to be first under the wire. It would be fine if more horses had the same urge.

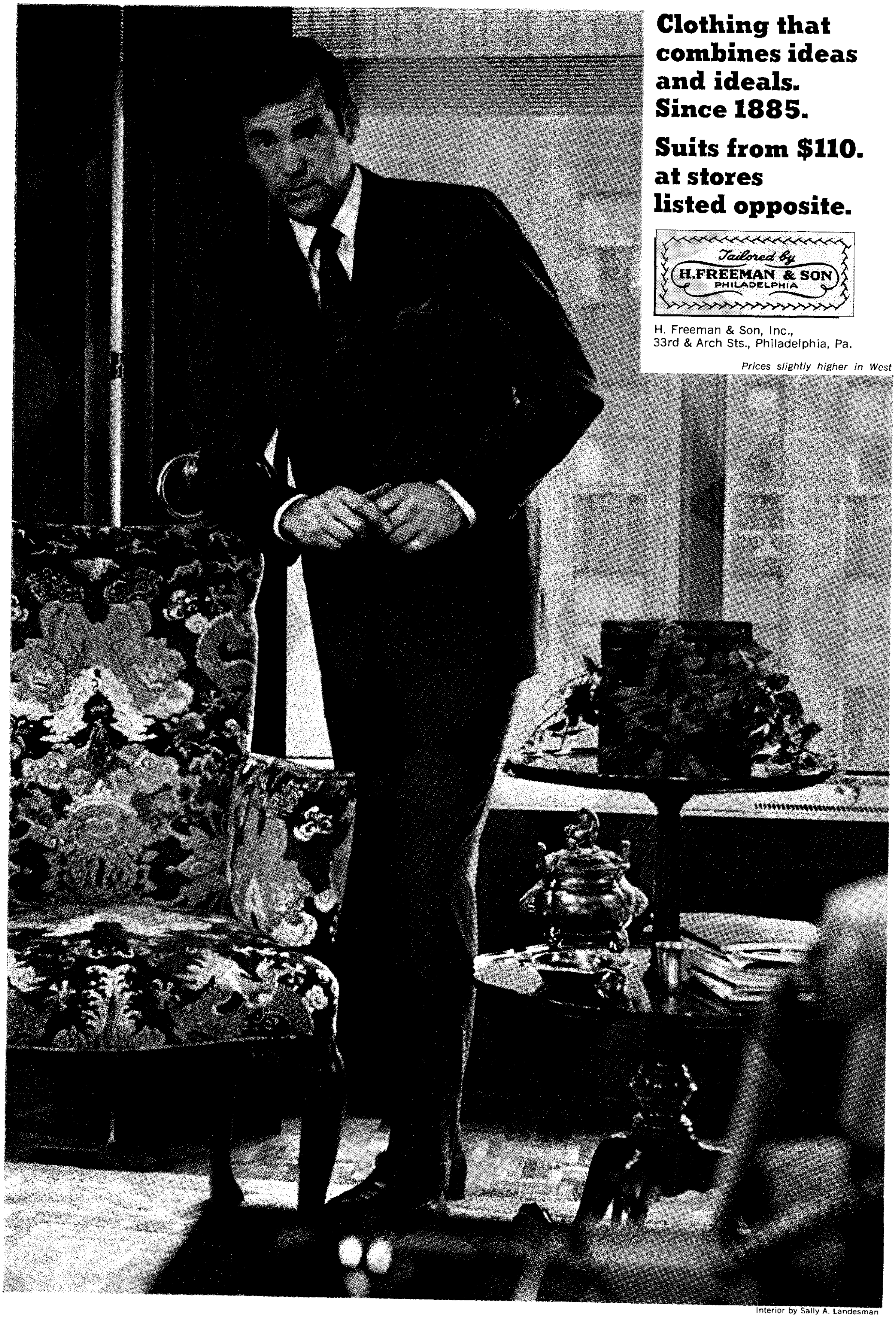
THERE was a lively little fire on the roof of the grandstand at Belmont Park early last Friday morning. The stewards' box, the placing judges' stand, and the photo-finish booth were damaged, but all will be repaired long before the big day, May 20th. Colonel Martingale hopes, however, that the gremlins who delay openings weren't just practicing.

AND my added starter for the Announcers' Handicap (he won the first race at Gulfstream last Saturday) is Imperturbability. —AUDAX MINOR

•

After the years of determination when boldness was a girl's best fashion friend, Parisiennes are learning to look dreamy, vaporous, entranced or downright romantic. Moving in fast behind the trend, top hairdressers offer the fragile charm of long, loose curls that corkscrew down the neck, or send ringlets cascading over the shoulders. Ribbon bows are back in circulation and so are hair jewels cunningly placed by night to reflect light and color on each fat little girl.—*Monique's Paris Cable in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

It's not the Paris we used to know.



Clothing that combines ideas and ideals. Since 1885.

Suits from $110. at stores listed opposite.

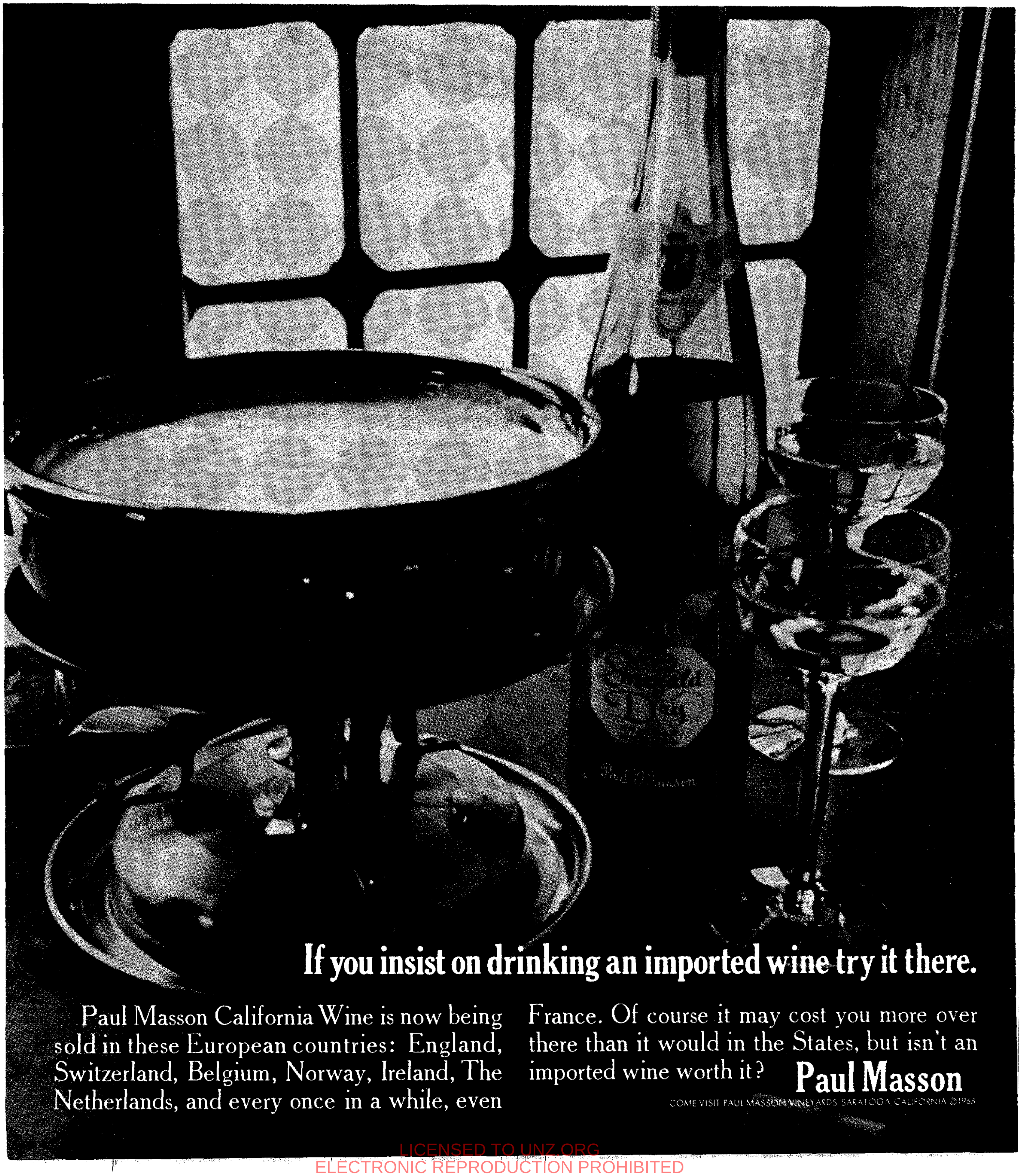
Tailored by
H.FREEMAN & SON
PHILADELPHIA

H. Freeman & Son, Inc.,
33rd & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices slightly higher in West

Interior by Sally A. Landesman

An American wine that sells in Europe.



If you insist on drinking an imported wine try it there.

Paul Masson California Wine is now being sold in these European countries: England, Switzerland, Belgium, Norway, Ireland, The Netherlands, and every once in a while, even France. Of course it may cost you more over there than it would in the States, but isn't an imported wine worth it?

Paul Masson

COME VISIT PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA CALIFORNIA ©1968

LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 27

IMMEDIATELY before last Tuesday's announcement of the budget—the local second act of the great gold drama enacted in Washington during the extraordinary weekend preceding—there were a few nervous suggestions in financial circles that the Chancellor might not, under the circumstances, be able to present a sufficiently severe program to convince the world that the British government meant business at last. By the time Mr. Jenkins stopped speaking in the House of Commons, having in two and a quarter hours of cool, almost conversational explanation loaded an unprecedented nine hundred million pounds' worth of fresh taxation on the nation, these particular doubts, at any rate, had vanished. It was the most astonishing Budget Day anyone can remember, even apart from the fact that the measures were the stiffest dose ever prescribed in British fiscal history. A Chancellor introducing a harsh budget is seldom cheered as wildly as though he were a fancied favorite leading the field at Tattenham Corner, but when Mr. Jenkins sat down the other afternoon the Labour backbenchers rose to their feet, beaming and waving order papers, to give him an almost hysterically rapturous ovation. Their enthusiasm could have been well-deserved admiration of a remarkable performance or the sudden realization that they now have a man who is clearly a possible powerful alternative to Harold Wilson and may at last haul the Party up from the defeatist mood in which it is floundering. Some observers concluded that the happy shouts were of Socialist pleasure in the announcement of the new special levy on the unearned incomes of the well-off, which the Chancellor carefully left to the last section of his marathon speech, perhaps so that his party would have its attention diverted by this smash ending from the less happy prospects the speech likewise contained for the wage earner. In its exceptional easy style, its skillful arrangement of the fiscal narrative so that painful chapters were balanced by brighter episodes of money news for all or some of the people, it seemed an odd literary phenomenon among budgets, the production of a Chancellor who is also a gifted writer (of an excellent biography of the great Liberal Chancellor and later Prime Minister Herbert Asquith, among other works). To the general public, thoughtfully watching him on Tuesday evening's TV, when he appeared to give the customary short exposition of his tax decisions, Roy Jenkins may seem something of an odd fish, too, among Labour politicians. The nonpolitical masses had hardly heard of him before he became a little better known as Home Secretary. Now his donnish, mild, spectacled appearance (baffling to the cartoonists, who rarely get a good likeness of anything but the glasses), his far from mild, razor-sharp mind, and his vocal idiosyncrasy of lisping the letter "r," which is usually regarded as a class label of patrician members of the House of Lords, have overnight become very well known indeed to all. Many newly cheerful Labour people think that he could provide the answer not only to the health of sterling, which encouragingly improved right away, but to their chances, which have been looking poor, of perhaps getting back after all next time Britain votes for a Government.

In the past week, there have been distinctly less pleased reactions to the budget from people of all classes and parties than it received from the professional economists and businessmen, who think it will work to cure Britain's seemingly intractable imbalance, and from the Labour M.P.s—or most of them, anyway. Mr. Wilson's left wing and the more militant trades-union leaders entered a weird alliance with Mr. Heath, the Conservative leader, to attack the Chancellor's proposals for a renewal of legislation to freeze the permitted level of pay rises. The Conservatives have warned that the Socialists' continued taking of compulsory powers looks too much like clamping down on the cherished freedom of the individual, and that the suggested wages policy as it stands is unworkable. The union leaders doubt if it will be possible to hold pay packets steady when the cost of living is going to rise by several notches, now being calculated with worry. Mr. Jenkins boldly clapped more indirect taxes on pretty well everything in sight in preference to using the traditional Labour Chancellor's weapon of an increase in income tax, which was once thought to bear less heavily on working people

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

No common garden flowers for our *Ban-lon®* knit of nylon jersey. Only the fantastic super species will do. Springing up on our shift, with raglan shoulder buttoning, a stand-up collar and self tie belt. Printed in black, taupe and white for sizes 8 to 18, and $30. Ready for the picking in our Sportdress Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

GORDON OF PHILADELPHIA

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
I. Magnin, all stores
Marshall Field, Chicago
for the store nearest you, write
GORDON-FORD,
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10001

Gordon makes the difference

... the difference between hoping you look great and knowing you do. It's men's wear tailoring as men know it. As women envy it. As Gordon sews it. Check the division, it's a culotte in cotton and Arnel® triacetate. About $15.50. Activair's casual shirt of Fortrel® polyester and cotton. About $6.50. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

than on the more affluent Tories. Probably the most disliked of his measures was the raising, by a whopping fifty per cent, of the extremely unpopular selective-employment tax, which Mr. Callaghan introduced in 1966. This is the tax that employers must pay on workers in the non-manufacturing trades, such as horticulture, shops, domestic work, and so on, the idea being that many, unable to foot the bill, will have to release labor into the exporting businesses. The hotel-keepers are loud in plaints against this rise, which will be passed on into everything, including food prices. These mounted after devaluation and will doubtless go up again because of the budget increases on road transport and diesel fuel. As usual, it will be those British living on modest fixed incomes who will feel the real pinch in their stomachs. The Nonconformist section of the population was pleased at the Chancellor's bearing down heavily on betting but scandalized by his giving out with the other hand the idea of a national lottery along frivolous (and lucrative to the Treasury) Continental lines. All in all, it was a massive bunch of unpleasant, necessary measures, which pursued everybody, from the young and living to the dead (or their heirs). On the whole, however, most ordinary citizens seem resentful not so much of the budget's severity as of the fact that the country is being asked to shoulder such an unprecedented peacetime load after three years of a Labour Government, in which the majority of the people have clearly lost faith. Some by-elections are being held this week, and they are generally expected to reflect this feeling in a newly irritable surge of votes.

During the bemusing weekend of the gold crisis, the public funds of confidence in Mr. Wilson's Government were not strengthened by the news that Foreign Secretary George Brown had chosen the certainly awkward moment to leave it. In the usual letter of resignation to the Prime Minister, his acid phrase that he was quitting because of "the way this Government is run" was a startling, destructive exit line in the view of the angry Labour rank and file. They were outraged by his sudden temperamental departure in the middle of an international monetary crisis and on the eve of a budget that, it was rightly conjectured, was going to be such a political blockbuster that the Government would need to present a rather more united appearance to the critical public eye than it has seemed to do of late. Large numbers of people were

$4,950.00

Amber 2.23 ct. marquise
diamond nesting in 34 full
cut white round diamonds,
1.47 ct. Platinum mounting.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN

New York 3 West 57th Street
Lucerne Schweizerhofquai 1
Zürich Bahnhofstrasse 36
Geneva Place du Molard 1
Berne Hotel Schweizerhof
Lugano 7, via Nassa
St. Moritz House Surselva
Bürgenstock Shopping Center

Jewelers to the world since 1854

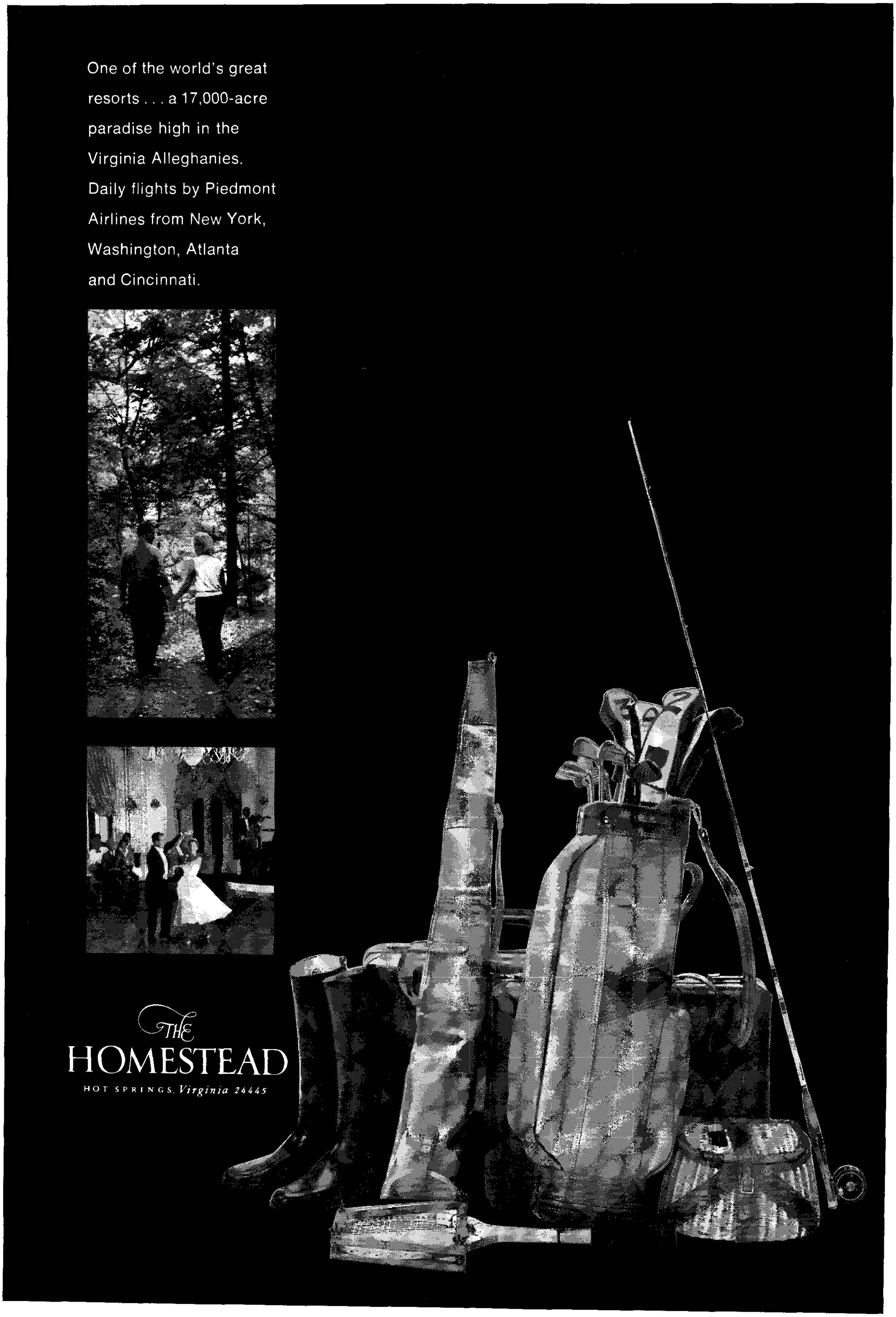
SERGIO FRANCHI
is the gift of Spring from
March 27-April 16
Performances at 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN
ROOM
AT THE PLAZA

With your rich uncle, ask for the best table in the house. With your best girl, ask for a table in the new Grill. Intimate menu.

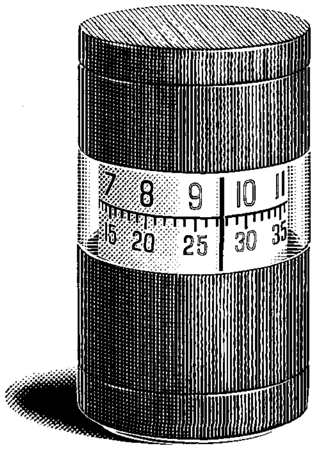
The
Ground
Floor

Now under the direction of Charles C. Chevillot of the Hotel de la Poste, Beaune. Monday through Friday—Luncheon and Dinner. Saturday— Dinner only.
CBS BUILDING TELEPHONE (212) 751-5152
51 WEST 52ND STREET AT SIXTH AVENUE



One of the world's great
resorts . . . a 17,000-acre
paradise high in the
Virginia Alleghanies.
Daily flights by Piedmont
Airlines from New York,
Washington, Atlanta
and Cincinnati.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia 24445*



rondo
cylinder clock is the first new idea in clocks in nineteen years.

- DIGITAL CLOCKS FIRST APPEARED on the scene nineteen years ago. They were the first clocks in 650 years to improve the medieval concept of hands spinning around on dials at different speeds. Quite an improvement, that!
- THE NEW **rondo** CYLINDER CLOCK adds another dimension. Two airplane tachometer-type dials stacked one on the other, imperceptibly move past an index, instantly and unequivocally giving you the exact time "readout."
- A "MEISTERWERK" OF HOROLOGY that comes to us from Pforzheim (Germany) where they have been making timepieces since the reign of Pippin The Short. The works are absolutely noiseless and run on 110v housecurrent. The translucent cylinders are lit from within for easy timetelling in the wee hours (even from 30'). For you light sleepers a built in switch turns out the light.
- **rondo** COMES IN THREE FINISHES: Natural teakwood (pictured above), natural pigskin, and black sharkskin with a burnished chrome ring. 6½" high, 3¾" dia.
- THIS UNIQUE CONVERSATION PIECE is available only through us and comes with a year's guarantee on parts and workmanship.

rondo
WRITE OR PHONE (415) 981-5688
Please send me the **rondo** cylinder clock in finish checked. (Indicate 1st and 2nd choice)
☐ Teak ☐ Pigskin ☐ Sharkskin
☐ I enclose $40 ($39 plus $1 for postage & ins.) Calif. res. add 5%.
Name ----------------------------
Address ----------------------------
---------------- Zip ----------------
NY046
haverhill's 584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111

merely sorry. The public has always had an affectionate soft spot for him as a man whose warmth and honesty seemed more important, as rare political qualities today, than his occasional wild lapses of behavior, though these had become too public and eccentric of late to be comfortable. His excellent brain is certainly a loss to the Government. He has always been a strong European, and when he was Minister of Economic Affairs he succeeded, amazingly, in persuading employers and labor to take the first steps toward beating out a workable voluntary incomes policy. His unexpected decision to stay on as deputy leader of the Labour Party could be an embarrassment to Mr. Wilson at Party conferences, where he will be able to voice critical opinions from the executive platform to an audience with whom he is normally a strong favorite. There was a chorus of disappointment from press and public alike when the Prime Minister brought back Michael Stewart, George Brown's predecessor, as Foreign Secretary for the second time, as though reaching automatically for a serviceable familiar umbrella to keep off a sudden sharp spatter of hail. This is viewed generally as a dreadfully dull, uninspired appointment.

THE scenes of the anti-Vietnam-war riots in Grosvenor Square on the Sunday when everyone was waiting for the gold news from Washington came as a shock to confused citizens who were fastened to their TVs hoping that someone somewhere would tell them if they and the world were about to disappear into the abyss. To alarmed viewers, the frightening hooligan violence seemed something new and nasty in such manifestations, which it is in recent years, though British political history and London streets have often in the past resounded with riots and bitter fighting between the "Peelers" and the people. It has been alleged that more experienced tough street fighters—Americans and others who came over for the occasion—were mostly responsible for making a shambles of what multitudes of those who took part apparently thought would be an orderly mass protest against the detested Vietnam war. Certainly, in the view of many horrified citizens who saw it on TV, the archaic use of mounted police, who do fine riding up and down in front of friendly, admiring crowds at coronations and royal funerals, added to the bedlam. Like the medieval knights who lay as helpless as tinned sardines when unhorsed,

No two figures are alike!

The woman who demands perfection chooses the Delineator, which is exactly fitted to your individual needs, and provides both beauty and comfort. 39 sizes, 6 styles, all materials and colors. From $28.50. No extra charge for special patterns. One year guarantee.

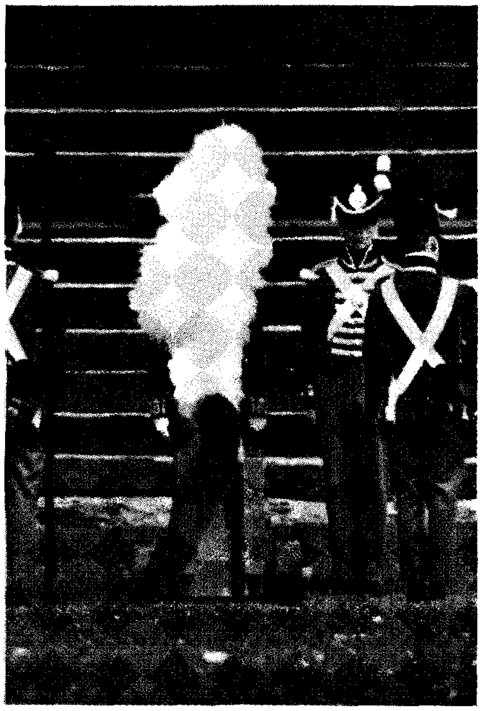
J. Zerlé
DELINEATOR ©
15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

Café Carlyle
GEORGE FEYER
at the piano
Complete deluxe dinner $6.50 served 6 to 9. Entertainment & supper 8:30 to 2 a.m. Minimum $3.
HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST.
TEL. RH 4-1600

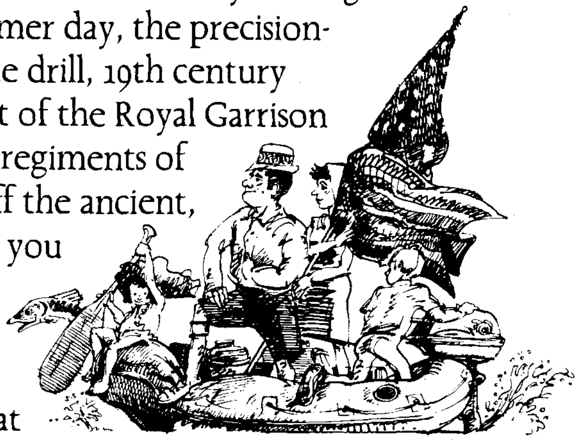
Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities

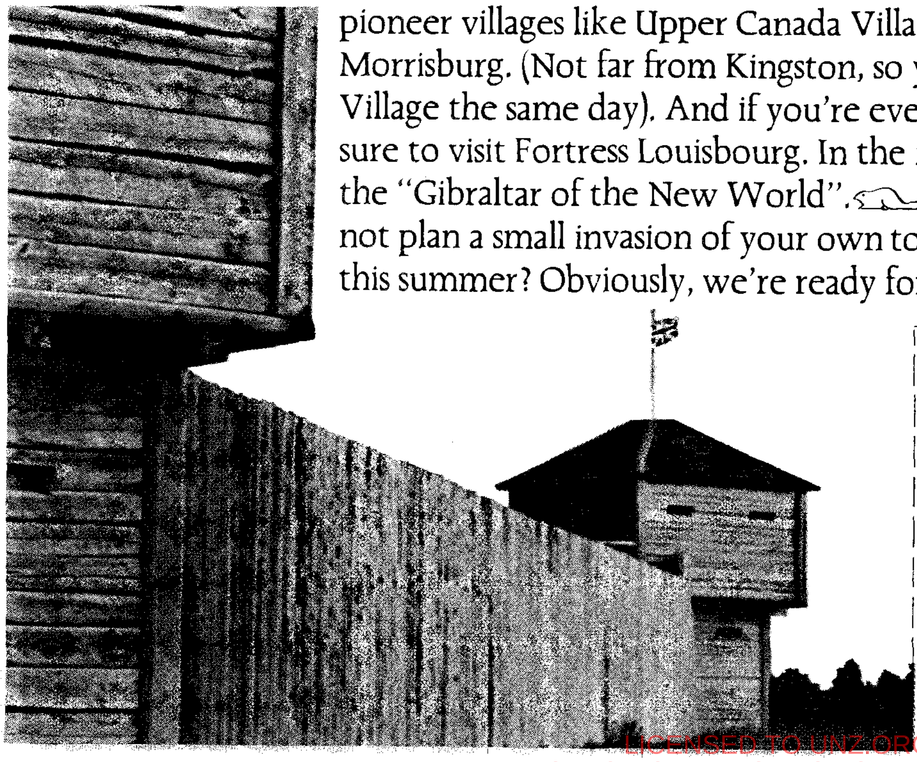
- **IMPERIAL**, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- **GOURMET**, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- **EAST**, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
- **QUEENS**, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- **SUNNYSIDE**, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
- **FLUSHING**, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

Here's where your guys beat our guys. Come back, all is forgiven.



This is Old Fort York. Just about all there was to the city of Toronto way back in 1813. After your guys got through with it, there wasn't even *this* much! Friendship has been restored for over 150 years, but Canada's many fortresses just keep right on surrendering. To tourists from both sides of the border. Take Fort Henry in Kingston, Ontario. Every summer day, the precision-trained guard displays the drill, 19th century uniforms and equipment of the Royal Garrison Artillery and British line regiments of 1867. They even shoot off the ancient, muzzle-loading cannon, weather permitting. Everywhere you go in Canada, there are reminders of our early history... in Fort MacLeod, Alberta, in restored Gold Rush towns like British Columbia's Barkerville, and in recreated pioneer villages like Upper Canada Village at Morrisburg. (Not far from Kingston, so you could see Fort Henry and the Village the same day). And if you're ever down Cape Breton way, be sure to visit Fortress Louisbourg. In the 18th century, it was known as the "Gibraltar of the New World". Why not plan a small invasion of your own to Canada this summer? Obviously, we're ready for you.





Canada

Canadian Government Travel Bureau, 0005-01-8
Ottawa, Canada.
Please send me the Family Fun Kit 14
Mr./Mrs./Miss____________________
Address____________________Apt._____
City__________________________
State_______________ Zip Code_______

Canada Border Crossing Information
Events in Canada
Come to Canada
Something different in Canada
CANADA HIGHWAY MAP

THE
"You'll like London"
SHOE

Frankly a shoe for men who have been places. Discernment lives in the wing tip made elegant by refined detailing . . . the higher topline balanced by today's broader toe . . . and the obvious quality of fine calf. More: elasticized topline always hugs your foot—running for a flight or reading a report. Feel great in something new—Imperial by Florsheim!

Most regular styles $19.95 to $27.95 / Most Imperial styles $37.95

FLORSHEIM

NEW SHOES FROM A TRUSTED NAME

Shown: The HENLEY, an Imperial Shoe, 93016 gold olympic calf; 92031, black windsor calf.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO 60606 · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN · A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED they were simply picked off their terrified, rearing horses and engulfed by yelling rioters, who injured a hundred and seventeen of them. As a demonstration to influence public thinking on Vietnam, all it seemed to do was to widen, perhaps, the gap of ideas between the frustrated young and their indignant elders. Growing student unrest has been coming in for much excitable discussion here following the throwing of paint at an American Embassy visitor and his daughter at Sussex University and the mobbing of Defence Secretary Denis Healey at Cambridge the other day, among other incidents. For many people, the worry and the nightmarish atmosphere of the waiting Sunday during which the bankers talked were heightened by the sudden, unexpected spectacle of the struggle flailing back and forth in front of the great slab of the Saarinen Embassy building, with its architectural insistence on the Midas theme of gold.

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI's film of "Romeo and Juliet" turned out to be very nearly a complete aesthetic triumph—the reservation being that the poetry has been cut down to a mere marginal decoration of the story, which will upset some people. Probably the reduction of, above all, the famous romantic passages to a few lines was done because of Zeffirelli's controversial plucking out of nowhere two inexperienced young stars—a handsome seventeen-year-old boy, Leonard Whiting, and sixteen-year-old Olivia Hussey, an Italianate child with a narrow, heart-shaped face looking out between falling curtains of dark hair—to play the roles that are usually given to mature Shakespearean actors with excellent breath control. Under his direction, the pair are fresh, charming, passionate, and very touching. This Romeo's body sends him such youthful delighted messages that he must run like a crazy boy and leap and swing from tree branches to express them. His Juliet laughs in the middle of love and mourns in great wild, childish cries of despair. There are other brilliantly successful Zeffirelli innovations in the film. A gaunt blond young actor, John McEnery, is a superb Mercutio, whose death in the duel with Tybalt is given a dramatic twist. He is made to be such a mad licensed buffoon that his friends howl with laughter over what they think is just another bit of playacting when he staggers and topples dead at Romeo's feet. Then the Nurse, beautifully played by Pat Hey-

Coat & Slacks shown: 55% Dacron* polyester/45% wool

In Walter-Morton Sport Coordinates of lightweight DACRON®-and-wool, you measure up to the highest expectations of those who know you best...and admire you most!

Hand tailored character that impresses . . . character that endures.

WALTER-MORTON CLOTHES • BOX 275 • ROCHESTER, N. Y. 14601

*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Joy is a reversible coat that plays many roles!

Travel companion, all-weather standby . . .
and so good looking you'll wear it
for special dates! Completely reversible
with twin zipper closing. Of Antron®
nylon* made water-repellent for the life
of the fabric. White, lime, tulip pink,
or greige. Sizes 6 to 14. About $60.
Exclusively at Lord & Taylor,
New York and all branches.

*DACRON FILLED
® REG. T.M.

COUTURE
SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

wood, is not the usual beldame but a comely, healthy countrywoman, whose freckled face seems to split open in jolly relish of a bawdy joke. The color photography presents scenes like a series of exquisitely composed canvases—the blazing golds and scarlets of the Capulets' feast, and the great bleached piazzas and narrow alleys of Verona, down which the camera pursues the brawling young bloods, all viewed through a faint haze of dust and summer heat. In spite of the omission of so much Shakespeare, it seemed a wonderfully living, exciting "Romeo and Juliet."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

SPEAK

To speak in a flat voice
Is all that I can do.
I have gone every place
Asking for you,
Wondering where to turn
And how the search would end
And the last street light spin
Above me blind.

Then I returned rebuffed
And saw under the sun
The race not to the swift
Nor the battle won.
Liston dives in the tank,
Lord, in Lewiston, Maine,
And Ernie Doty's drunk
In hell again.

And Jenny, oh my Jenny
Whom I love, rhyme be damned,
Has broken her spare beauty
In a whorehouse, old.
She left her new baby
In a bus-station can,
And spritely danced away
Through Jacksontown.

Which is a place I know,
One where I got picked up
A few shrunk years ago
By a good cop.
Believe it, Lord, or not.
Don't ask me who he was.
I speak of flat defeat
In a flat voice.

I have gone forward with
Some, a few lonely some.
They have fallen to death.
I die with them.
Lord, I have loved Thy cursed,
The beauty of Thy house:
Come down. Come down. Why dost
Thou hide Thy face?

—JAMES WRIGHT

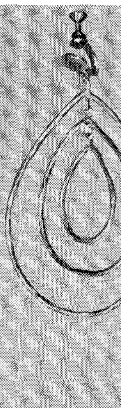
De Busschere
Belgian
Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN ·
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

BANCO
Wine Lizard
Black Trim
$85
Built up leather heel
Other colors to order
Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

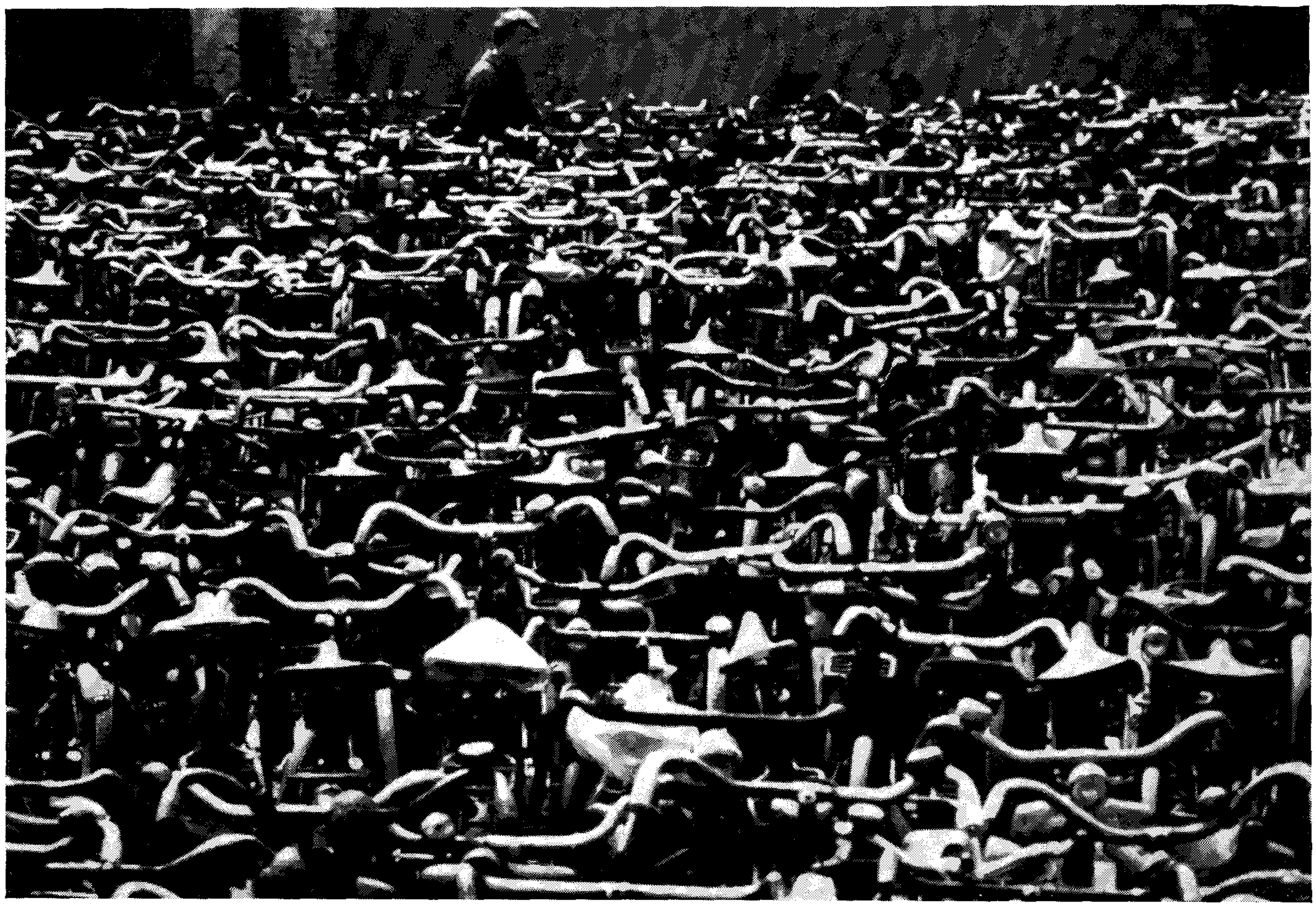
Year 'round choice of particular people
HOTEL TECALI
In Mexico City
To entertain the discriminating visitor,
Mexico's most luxurious hotel offers:
26 Two-Level Suites
for two or four persons
On lower level: spacious living room, bar, kitchenette, small bathroom with shower, and terrace. On upper level: bedroom, dressing room, big marble bath with steam cabinet and shower. At star level, on the 16th floor, restaurant and bar command a thrilling view, and a famous continental cuisine conspires to help you enjoy it.
Representatives:
Hetland & Stevens, New York
HOTEL TECALI
Mariano Escobedo 736
Mexico 5, D.F. Mexico
Cable Address: HOTECALI

loop the loop
Hammered brass
hoop
earrings from
Mexico;
pierced or screw
earpiece in sterling.
9.50 ppd.



THE PHOENIX
793 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
1514 Wisconsin Ave., Wash., D. C.

Europe's most popular way to travel to Europe's most popular way to travel.



These bicycles are parked at one of Europe's railroad stations. Because their riders have parked themselves on one of Europe's trains.

Europeans use the train for everything except collecting the groceries. To get to the next town or the next country. To go on a day's picnic or a weekend's outing. In fact, in just one year, Europe's railroads carry more passengers than there are people living on the face of the earth.

Ask a native why he takes the train and he won't hesitate to tell you. Punctuality. Convenience. Reliability. The opportunity to see where he's going and to enjoy what he sees.

While he'll also tell you the trains are economical, they're even more economical for you. Because Europe's railroads offer Americans many low-cost travel plans—including Eurailpass, Eurailtariff, Eurailgroup Brit Rail Pass and Thrift Rail coupons.

Any of which will let you ride through all of Western Europe for about what it would cost you to push a bike.

Park your bike here at the train station with all the rest and see Europe the real way —by railway.

For further information, write: European Railroads, Dept. F, Box 65, Madison Square Station, New York N.Y. 10010.

THE SPORTING SCENE

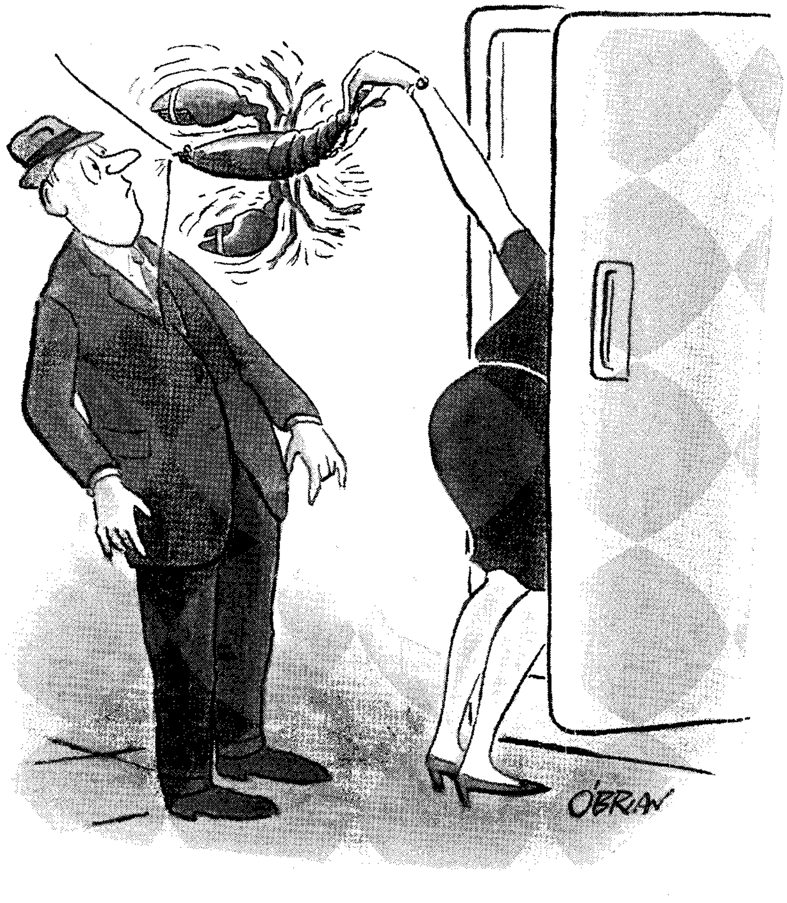
SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH GLASGOW

ONE of the views that most people have hung on to staunchly is that international sporting occasions generate a kind of supranational sympathy; notions about "good will," "sportsmanship," and "understanding between peoples" are always being mouthed by benign officials at banquets celebrating the endless trials of strength that pepper the international scene. The present fracas over the Olympics in Mexico may lead us to think again, however, for there is nothing about sporting occasions that exempts them from being used for political ends, or from generating precisely those small crises that they are supposed to rise above. Now that countries all have voices, there seems to be an inclination to raise them over unlikely happenings, and sport cannot hope to claim the kind of divine exemption from the state of nations that it once did. Why should the Olympic flame, borne from Greece, be allowed to cross the borders of a country that refuses to recognize the present Greek junta? If a referee makes a mistake—and it happens—will the embassy of his country of origin be handed a stiff note the following morning? Sporting contests are finite, to be sure, and they have rules; in a way, they serve as war games. But where the international squeals are heard is not so much on the field of play as in athletes' dressing rooms, in the linguistic confusion of dining halls, and in official huddles. *Somebody* is always offended by *something* and walks out or won't play, and the ripples spread forth. In fact, international sporting contests look as though they may become so politically hazardous that we shall end up, all of us, playing only with our neighbors, or in our own back yards.

The United States is in a particularly unfortunate position in international competition simply by being so resourcefully big. It must, as a rule, take on someone smaller, and so, in one sporting sense, can never win, seeming either brutal in victory or foolish in defeat, too big to ever be an underdog to any spectator. This may be why the great American sporting performances are practically all internal, except when the United States assumes the position of taking on all comers. It is true that size is not everything in all sports; there are a few curious small areas of dominance—the West Indies in cricket, Australia in tennis, Pakistan in squash racquets—that are happy sporting accidents. But it is also true that size in a sporting context is somehow emotionally unforgivable. It is only when the contestants are equally matched that each feels free to start saying it is better than the other; they are not yet sure.

Nowhere is this more true than in the British Isles, in all their tattered sporting glory. Whatever British sport does in the world outside it does intramurally with twenty times the ferocity. At home, the emblematic "Great Britain" rips apart and becomes the four muscular entities of Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales, who engage one another in a quadrangular competition that runs through every sporting activity in the calendar, from shove-halfpenny to shinty, all the year round, season after season, and look as though they will go on doing so for—well, forever. Nobody, to my knowledge, has ever counted up how many things any one country has ever won—it would be ridiculous. The competition is *always* going on, and some of the purpler Scottish and Welsh nationalists keep shifting agilely from sport to sport to maintain their fervor. There are, however, a few chosen confrontations around which real thunder gathers, and these are certainly the winter ones in Rugby and football (or soccer, as it apparently is going to be called in the United States). The Rugby internationals of my boyhood were mythical, but now, I regret to find myself saying, Rugby is not what it once seemed, whereas football is in its Golden Age, and has been ever since England won the World Cup in 1966 to become football's world champion, setting British football on an international pinnacle that is seldom attained by things British in these lean times.

The limitless sporting contests between the four home countries have all the trappings of war games. Sport is the domesticated form of the national antipathies that linger from the histories of actual violence between the countries, and it is heavily invested with emotion; on the occasions of their chosen confrontations, Irishmen, Welshmen, Englishmen, and Scotsmen will deck themselves out in national dress and undertake small invasions of foreign capitals brandishing leeks, shamrocks, thistles, roses—and bottles—baying for victory. What is even more interesting is the quite subtle connection between national character and national playing style; Irish teams tend to be flamboyantly eccentric, Welsh ones fiery and intense, English ones phlegmatically confident, Scots ones dour, desperate, do-or-die. Moreover,



"Here's what we're having for dinner, so don't have the same thing for lunch!"

THE PROTECTORS. THEY'RE OUT TO HELP YOU.

In every city their goal is the same. Making sure you and your family stay clear of some serious financial setbacks.

How do they do it? With Living Insurance from Equitable. "Living Insurance," because that's what it's all about: your life, your needs, today and tomorrow.

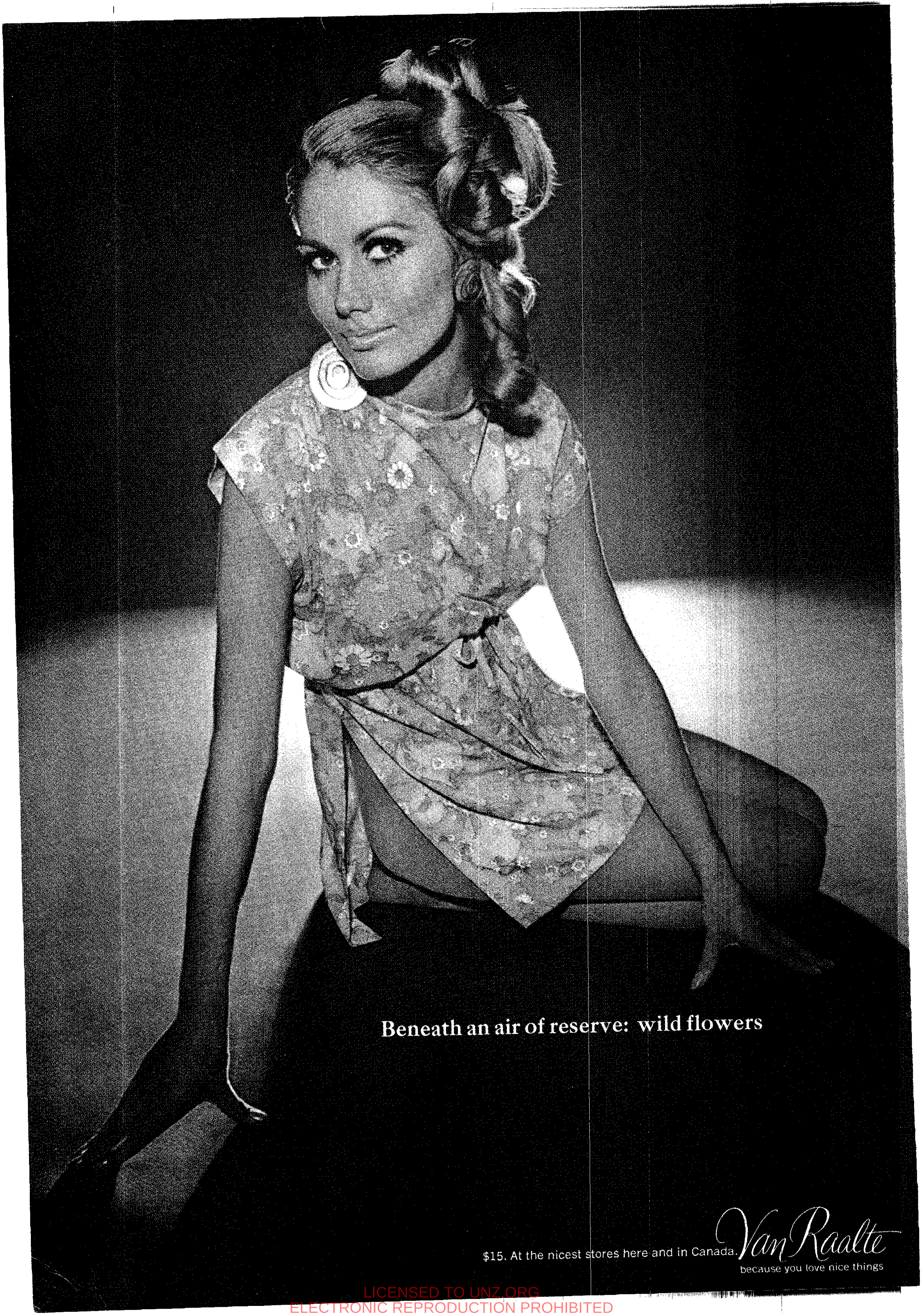
The Protectors have it. Living Insurance. And the ability to fit it to your way of living.

The Protectors. Good people to know. Because they know what they're doing.

They have what it takes: Living Insurance from Equitable.

© THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES, NEW YORK, N.Y. 1968

THE EQUITABLE


Beneath an air of reserve: wild flowers
$15. At the nicest stores here and in Canada.
Van Raalte
because you love nice things

the variety of sports is so great that each of the home countries is usually enjoying supremacy in something at all times, even if it is only in pole vaulting, and in the major sports the ascendancy keeps changing sufficiently to hold national despair in check. The thing about games is that, unlike other forms of national activity, they reach a conclusion and repay, at least for a time, the investment of national emotion.

What is even more remarkable about this insular concentration of brawn is that so many of the sports regularly played are purely amateur and are kept going simply by zeal—training, preparation, and participation are all done in spare time, with pleasure and well-being the rewards, not profit. In fact, British sporting appetites and enthusiasms are something of a national insanity. Most team sports, if not actually generated in Britain, were certainly codified there during the nineteenth century, and a respect for the rules of the game, without which formal sport would be impossible, deserves to rank as the most effective cultural influence that Great Britain has exported to the rest of the world. Certainly all Britain's other influences have been woefully on the wane of late, and this winter has produced national crises at roughly the rate of one a week, which, coupled with cruel weather, have left joy pretty well confined—except on Saturday afternoons, when most of Her Majesty's eccentric subjects either play or shout their heads off on some expanse of soggy turf, or doze in front of the gigantic sporting marathon staged every Saturday on television. This January almost brought me to my knees, for, in addition to the regular domestic engagements, the English touring team was playing cricket in the West Indies, and the winter Olympics flickered before my midweek eyes night after snowy night. Even so, these contests seemed like exotic side dishes, because as winter wanes it is the real meat-and-potatoes sport—football—that claims (and gets) the pervasive attention of the British public, and mine, too, for by this time all the competitions that have been going on since the fringes of summer are slowly coming to a head. What's more, England's lofty international status has made the three other home countries even more anxious to win—and none more than the Scots, who still remain England's closest footballing rivals.

A word about the English and sport. At play they transmit a righteous superiority, an air of being custodians of

GUATEMALA

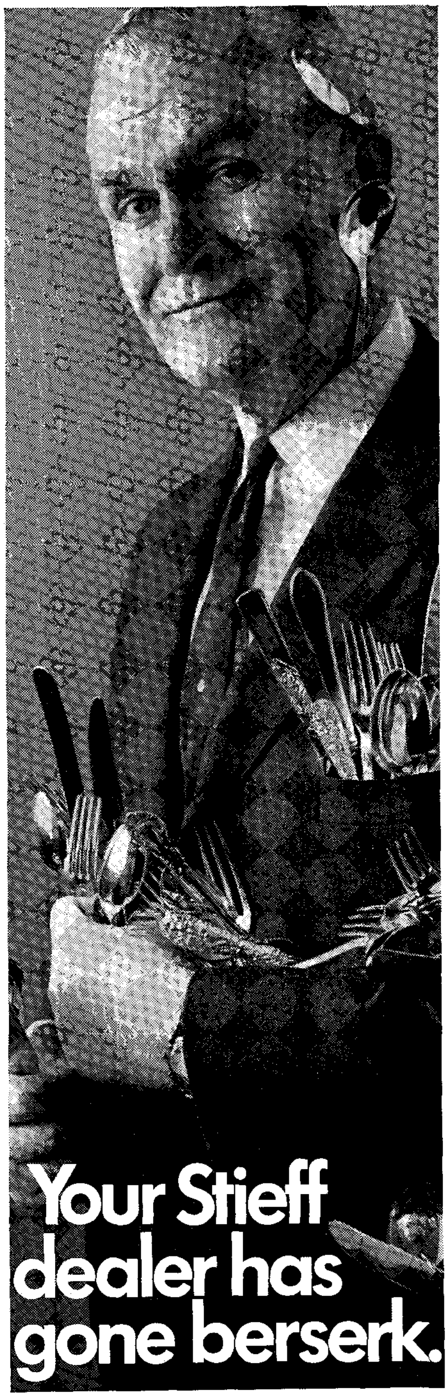
discover 3 new worlds of enchantment

Three fantastic worlds are yours to explore in Guatemala. ▨ There's the world of the Ancient Maya, whose lost civilization is still a riddle today, some 1100 years later. ▨ There's another world, just as fascinating, of Spanish Colonial marvels in legendary cities and pastel-hued villages. ▨ And the exciting world of today—blending exotic native market places with the surging tempo of a modern nation writing its own history of progress. ▨ What else has Guatemala in store for you? Springlike weather all year long, lofty volcanoes and highland lakes. Exotic market places. Tropical beaches and sophisticated cities. Visit Guatemala in '68—it's National Tourism Year and "Hospitality" is the official language (with the friendliest accent anywhere)! Write for our new full-color brochure today, then see your Travel Agent.

DISCOVER THE "GEMS" OF CENTRAL AMERICA THROUGH THE GATEWAY OF GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA TOURIST COMMISSION

500 Sansome, Rm. 404, Dept. Y • San Francisco, Cal. 94111 ☐ 6a Avenida 5-34 Zona 1 Guatemala City, Guatemala

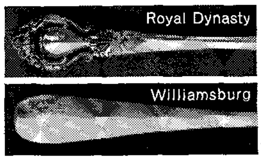

Your Stieff dealer has gone berserk.

He's giving away silver!

Your Stieff dealer really is giving away sterling silver flatware! A place setting of any size and in any pattern is your free gift from Stieff when you buy five of the same during this special offer. Offer ends May 31, 1968.

Meticulous workmanship and painstaking attention to detail have set Stieff—and those who own it—apart from all the rest. This devotion to perfection—and the fact that Stieff has never discontinued a pattern—have made Stieff an honored name for three quarters of a century.

See Stieff at fine jewelers and department stores. Or write for the name of your nearest dealer and information on all of Stieff's exciting patterns.

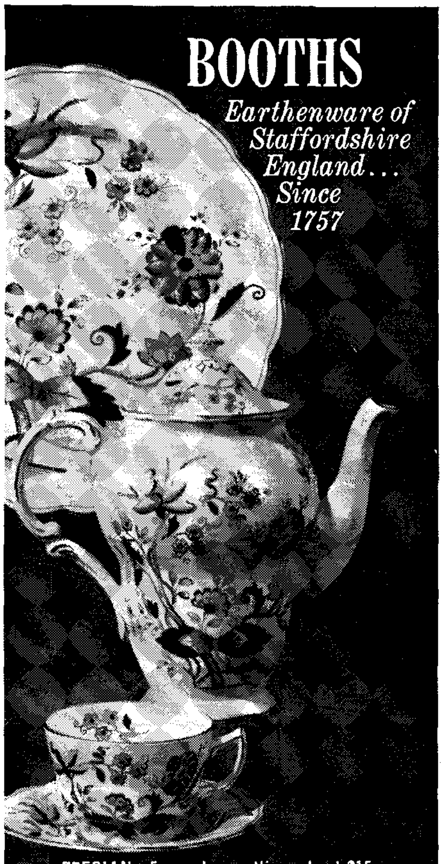

Royal Dynasty
Williamsburg

Stieff

Wyman Park Drive/Baltimore, Maryland 21211

the game as well as players of it. This attitude is especially infuriating to the three Celtic countries, all of which are confident of having fathered all human activities in a fanciful antiquity, and as a result the Welsh, Irish, and Scots all take particular pleasure in beating the English—a pleasure far beyond victory. Between Scotland and Wales, and between Scotland and Ireland, there is amiability; neither minds losing to the other. Not so Ireland and Wales, between whom cultural incompatibility always makes for a brisk, brusque game. Scotland-England, however, is the most intense confrontation of them all. The *styles* of the two countries are so different—the Scots generally meteoric and chancy, both brilliant and bad, the English steadier, possibly slower, but calculating; it shows in the play. Atmospherically, the two countries annoy each other, and annoyed temperaments make for gusto on the field. How the Scots howl and grin before an English game—forecasting dire events, breathing fire, abusive. And how infuriatingly cool the English are—kind, even, maddeningly fair. But, to leave atmospherics for actualities, the month is February, the game is football, the opponents are Scotland and England—none other—the place is Glasgow, the privilege mine.

Football is by far the most crowd-consuming sport in these islands, as it is just about everywhere in the world (still with the exception of the United States). It may be reassuring to the English that they are known as football champions of the world to many more millions on the globe than know them as a nation in distress. Moreover, being champions, they have forfeited underdog status for a time (the next World Cup competition is to be played in Mexico in 1970), and, of course, the Irish and the Welsh, and the Scots especially, have started acting smaller and braver. The English team, still most cunningly managed by Sir Alf Ramsey, who was knighted for leading it to the World Cup, has continued to play with brilliant efficiency, and has lost only one international match since winning the Cup—in London last year, to the Scots, who, of course, immediately began to think of themselves as Moral World Champions, and to look forward to Mexico with a gleam. One of the ironies of British football is that the four home countries must all qualify separately for the World Cup, whereas a British team with access to the four countries would have a much richer choice of players. But the division is


BOOTHS
Earthenware of Staffordshire England... Since 1757

FRESIAN—5 pc. place setting, about $15.
Available at Tiffany & Co.
Send for FREE illustrated Booths brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B1, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

MIT

174th Consecutive Quarterly Dividend

$14.9 million, equal to 10.7 cents a share, to 215,000 shareholders.

Payable: April 22, 1968
Record: March 29, 1968

Massachusetts Investors Trust

NANTUCKET
Where the FUN is!

The ultimate in elegance. Expansive view of harbor activities. Large, heated, salt-water pool. 70 guest rooms & cottages. Superb cuisine, graciously served. Cocktail lounge. Doorstep docking facilities. Heated throughout. June 20 thru Sept. 2. Rooms: double from $33. a day, European Plan. Tel. 617-228-2500. In N.Y.C. tel. 697-8773
Richard Y. Davenport, Innkeeper

WHITE ELEPHANT
A Treadway Resort
NANTUCKET, Mass. 02554

absolute. The four national teams are made up of players selected from the clubs in the four countries, and since the English clubs are richer, they buy up the best Irish and Scottish players, which means that international matches quite often bring players from the same English club face to face, divided by nationality. Scotland has been on the rise in these last few years, and last year its leading club, Celtic, won the European club competition. Consequently, the Scots heavily favored themselves to win the culminating game in Glasgow. Sir Alf Ramsey was, as usual, inscrutably confident—an attitude that can be more infuriating to an opponent than any that Muhammad Ali has ever worn. But there was more to the great Scotland-England Game of 1968 (and this, I promise, will be the last statistical bit). The game not only would decide the British championship, which England currently led, with eight points to Scotland's seven, but would also decide which of the home countries (or, rather, which of Scotland and England, each of whom still had a chance of winning) would go on to play Spain in the quarter-finals of the new European Nations Cup. It was essential, at least to the English, that the winner be England, to keep her prestige flying. And, after all, England had only to draw with Scotland to win the British championship and the place against Spain, while the Scots had to win—and how they dreamed of going on to meet the Spaniards as the conquerors of the English, a dream they were busy trying, in the weeks before the match, to cajole and bluster into reality.

British football is professional, and has its greatest following among the cloth-cap brigade (although the excitement of the televised World Cup games is supposed to have converted legions of housewives). Since so much of British sporting activity is amateur, football was formerly looked down on as the workingman's game, and was, indeed, drearily repetitive as a spectacle. What it did have as a lure was, and still is, the vast network of football pools, the weekly home lottery that has made at least the names of the football clubs into household words—and, sure enough, every now and again some obscure manure blender will come into an uncomfortable fortune. But, better than that, the game itself has changed immeasurably in the last twenty years, thanks to the influence of European and Latin-American styles and skills. The home clubs have learned their lessons well, so that the game, while still

You're doing something about your financial future every day.

Even if it's nothing.

A lot of people don't like to think about their financial future. They trust in the old adage that "The Future Will Take Care of Itself." But will it?

Every day you neglect your financial future—do nothing about it—you're actually taking a step backward, when you could—and should—be taking a step forward. Whether you are one of those who've "made it" or those who'd like to, we believe we can help you build a significant second income—without moonlighting!

It's easier than you think to get started. If you're interested and have money to invest—a little or a lot—you have a reason to see us now! We have, we believe, a fresh, contemporary approach to the stock market which could be of help to you.

We feel that some of everybody's "seed money" should be invested in carefully selected stocks which give promise of keeping pace with our expanding economy and helping you to safeguard your financial future.

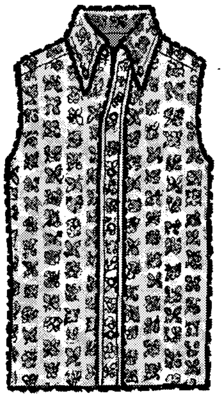
We invite you to stop in at our nearest office for a "no-obligation" talk — we have over 100 in the U. S., Canada and abroad. Or send for a copy of our informative and helpful booklet "Building a Second Income." It's yours for the asking — with our compliments. Write: Francis I. duPont & Co., Dept. N, P.O.Box 833, Wall Street Station, New York, New York 10005.

FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.

Your investment success is our business

MEMBERS N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE, PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES. OVER 100 OFFICES IN THE U.S., CANADA AND ABROAD. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES; ONE WALL STREET, N.Y. TEL: 212—344-2000

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



farmer's

Probably the earlier days of rural americana weren't nearly so fresh and rosy and hopeful, so clean and hay-scented, as we like to think now, in our urban and industrialized world. But it's pleasant to pretend. Like this. At nicer stores. 5 to 15.

Shirt, about $7.

Ladybug®

© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC.

almanac

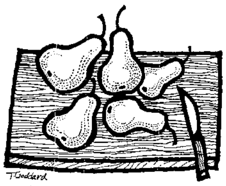
The clean little sleeveless buttondown, in Dacron polyester and cotton, printed with strawberries, leaves, and flowers in a squared design, like an appliquéd quilt or an almanac engraving. And the Fortrel polyester and cotton dirndl skirt with a hopsack belt. 3 to 15. Both, Azalea, Forgetmenot, Shamrock.

Skirt, about $14.

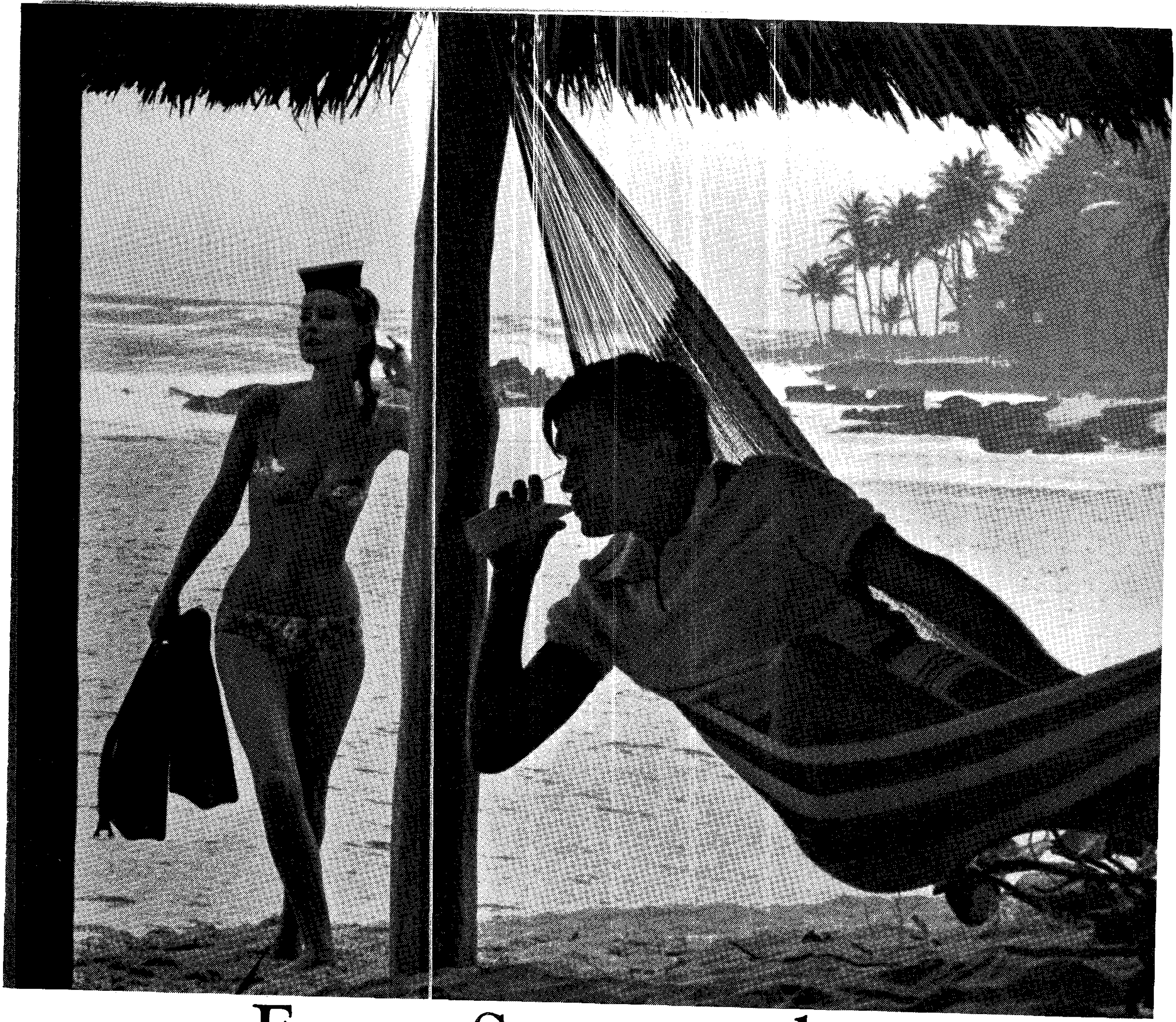
Ladybug®

carrying with it the fiercely partisan support of local fans, has become an exciting national spectacle, served well by television, and serving television well. Star players are as familiar as pop singers; among intellectuals and fashion setters football is in—possibly the innermost. Great justice in all this, for football is a pure game, without trappings—eleven men to a side, a ball, two goals, and a referee, no more—and yet with amazingly intricate possible variations that blend team patterns and individual skills into a generally satisfying ninety-minute span. But I think that the most profound reason for football's addictive following in Great Britain is that every man jack in the country has probably played it, in earnest or in self-defense, at some point in his formative years, so that all are experts—or, at least, all have some whiff of what it *feels* like to play. Certainly football spectators are anything but passive creatures; the mutter that rises from games in progress is made up of mingled advice and criticism pouring in a steady stream from forty or fifty thousand judicious throats. Parks across the country are full of fathers trying to bludgeon football skills that they still imagine they possess into their stubborn sons, or of sons who have shaken off their fathers bearing down on a goal made of coats, hoping to catch the eye of a strolling football scout, as happens unfailingly in their comic books. For some half-million spectators, on the average, Saturday afternoon means a pilgrimage to an inaccessible stadium, a cold, vociferous vigil, a slow progress home through a darkening evening. This winter, the football season has brought with it sporadic bursts of hooliganism, fighting, bottle-throwing, train-dismantling—all signs of high passion, which the Government, lacking both passion and a passionate following, has condemned heavily, threatening to build moats and mesh screens between the crowd and the field, as is more or less the rule in Latin America.

A FEW weeks before Saturday, February 24th, when the game was to be played, the newspapers, the fans, the pundits, and, not least, the Scottish and English managers began to apply themselves to the occasion, full of confusions and alarms. It is the practice of the national managers and selectors to name a squad of twenty-two players; these are later whittled down to fifteen, from whom the final eleven are chosen. The week before is given over to training and strategy, working out a match plan for the game, keeping an eye on the movements and reading the minds of the opposition, and showing a convincing face to the press. I paced up and down in my homemade operations room, reading both the Scottish and the English papers (equivocal as national history books), choosing and discarding players like chessmen, playing out a few preliminary versions of the game in my mind's narrowing eye. The English, being up, did not have to aspire; Sir Alf, with his winning World Cup team nearly intact, tartly voiced his customary confidence, while Mr. Bobby Brown, the Scottish manager, was lyrically hopeful, suitably scornful. The pools forecasters, professionally ambiguous, predicted a draw; the bookmakers, also shunning prediction, offered thin gamblers' odds. There was ominous talk of injuries to leading players, and, as if to intensify the anticipation, both managers put off naming their final teams until the last minute, leaving us to pick our own players and pit them against the personal selections of weathered prophets in dingy bars.



My anticipation was a multiple one, because the game was being played in Glasgow, and Glasgow was my first city, a place so myth-laden in my memory that an impossible strain is put on the reality. I went up to Glasgow from London by train, the last infirmary for noble minds these days. Trains are for brooding, and the industrial landscape of England and Scotland sets the proper melancholy. It is not just ugly, it is durably ugly, relieved only by stained green parks and well-worn football pitches. The weather this winter has been sadistically changeable, and has played its usual havoc with the sporting program—unplayable grounds, dangerous conditions, cancelled matches. Hampden Park, where the international was to be played, had been under straw all week to keep the frost from the ground, for most of the south of Scotland was under snow, in blinding disguise. On the journey, I read column after column of prediction—on the football match, of course, but on just about every other conceivable topic as well. British journalism is curiously wayward—style has swept substance under the carpet, and a clutch of iconoclastic columnists and word-wielders holds forth on anything at all with great authority but without conviction. The argument is all. Factually, how-



Funny. Some people still think a Diners Club Card is just for beautiful meals.

You can swing into Puerto Rico on a Diners Card. And swing.

You can charge the plane tickets. And get rooms at all the best hotels. And rent a car. And buy gas. And do your shopping.

A Diners Card is all the credit you need.

Not only in Puerto Rico. Everywhere.

You can use a Diners Card to charge more things at more places in more countries than any other credit card.

It's the most international credit card in the world.

After all these years we're going to have to get people off the idea a Diners Card is only for dining.

Maybe we should change our name.

Use Diners/Fugazy Travel to take care of your travel arrangements. Offices all over the world. For a Diners Club Credit Card application, write: Diners Club, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, New York 10019.

THIS YEAR, JET WITH US. JET ALONG WITH LAN ON "ANOTHER UNUSUAL TOUR TO AN UNCOMMONPLACE."

GIVE US 3 WEEKS. GIVE US A MONTH. WE'LL GIVE YOU SOUTH AMERICA.

BY PLANE AND VERY FANCY.

These tours don't miss a trick. You see it all. Colonial Lima, "City of Kings." Buenos Aires, the city that never sleeps. Smiling, sunny, embraceable Rio. Bustling, modern Santiago. The breathtaking beauty of the Chilean lakes. The snow-capped Andes. The "lost city" of Machu Picchu. Native markets. Smart beach resorts. Nightlife 'til dawn. The works. What an enchanting way to get acquainted with friendly, hospitable South America!

30-DAY SOUTH AMERICA, FANCY FREE
from **$1028** per person, dbl. occ.*

22-DAY SOUTH AMERICA FANFARE or
22-DAY SOUTH AMERICA FANTASY
from **$619** per person, dbl. occ.*

*air fare extra

LAN

THE CHILEAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE
THE AIRLINE THAT KNOWS SOUTH AMERICA BEST
ESTABLISHED IN 1929

ANOTHER UNUSUAL TOUR TO AN UNCOMMONPLACE WITH LAN

Get our new color brochure from your travel agent or mail in the coupon.

LAN NY-4

The Chilean International Airline
Tour Department
505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me your new South America tour brochure.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________________

STATE__________ZIP__________

ever, I learned that Scotland, in cutting its football squad to fifteen, had left out one of its stars, Denis Law—for my money, the greatest individual player still breathing, but a problematic player, all flamboyance and temperament. He was off form, apparently, but I would have played him had he been able to stand, for his very presence on a field means that miracles are always possible. Sir Alf won worldwide football respect by persevering with a team at the expense of brilliant individual stars, but Scottish football has always bred great individualists, and it seemed out of character for the Scots to start following the English pattern. From the train, towns and houses grew stonier, colder, more aloof as Scotland drew nearer. English towns smile toward their edges, but Scottish towns are consistently grim and private; the difference between their outsides and their insides is unimaginably wide.

As children, we would go to Glasgow *en famille* at the festive season, and it was our first experience of technology—electric lights, tramcars, buses, slot machines, movies, fairgrounds, all as improbable as a carnival. I remember the place seeming huge to me, the buildings elephantine at their base, the railway stations cosmic in proportions. I remember becoming aware of money, which we never bothered about in the country. I remember making the enormous discovery at the Empire Exhibition, in Bellahouston Park, that if I went alone I could never get lost from anyone. Glasgow has a tang, a humorous grimness, warm and blunt, without grace but with plenty of pride, an accent that is intimately ugly. In the twenties and thirties, its name was synonymous with slums, and with the razor gangs that ran its underworld. (There are still gangs, I learned, the most influential of them known as the Wee Tahiti Men.) We used to take a ship from the Broomielaw, in the middle of Glasgow, to the island of Arran, and inch down the Clyde past shipyards busy as beehives. Glasgow was all activity, a special occasion of a place; I could not then believe that people lived in it.

Glasgow, too, is football mad, for it quarters the two best teams in Scotland (the arch-rival Celtic and Rangers, whose meetings have more than once been the cause of open razors), and I discovered that the game had the city in a stranglehold, for the place was one long speculative conversation, and bands of schoolboys were already wearing their favors—great tartan fists the size of their faces. Any English about

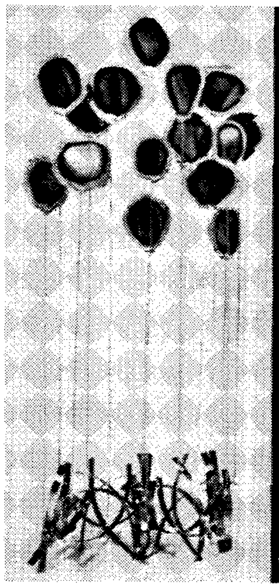
MUSEUMS
DEPARTMENT STORES
LINCOLN CENTER
EDUCATIONAL CENTERS
THEATRES
UNITED NATIONS
RADIO CITY

The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and *entertainment are within range of your footsteps.* What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future? Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers. New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from $7.00 daily. Weekly on application. *Send for free brochure.*

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021



WILLIAM *Bowie*
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO, INC.
202 E. 77 St., New York 10021 UN 1-8480

PEACOCK CHIMES
STEEL SCULPTURE
Approx.
36" high
15" wide
6" deep
$100.
Write for Literature

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT

CHICAGO

Dine in our beautiful Year-around Garden or Continental Dining Rooms. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795

OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

were understandably incognito. Football managers place great stress on what they call "home advantage"—the emotional lift that comes from playing on a home ground before sympathetic fans. In Scotland, as in Ireland and Wales, home advantage amounts almost to armed support, and it would certainly have taken an intrepid Englishman to stand up and be counted in the face of the rambunctious Glasgow crowds of Friday evening.

In Glasgow, I managed to cover the endless, legendary streets of my boyhood in under an hour, so shrivelled were they by the passing of time, but some of the shop names made me start in recognition, and the moody evening smells and the night fog on the black streets opened familiar atmospheres—and, of course, the Glasgow accent everywhere, like people crowing. Glasgow is so black and drear that it makes you want to warm your hands at lighted windows; its ugliness is like a comic deformity, wizened and jaunty. Its population is still just over a million; it stays on as the third city in Britain, behind London and Birmingham, very much a monument to the combination of wealth, science, and craftsmanship that set it up as a boisterous, go-ahead, industrial city in the nineteenth century and created all the horrendous social problems of the present—there is a barely suppressed anger and indignation about Glasgow that is likely to show itself in a sudden flisk of temper, and as quickly subside. Before closing time, I dropped into a pub on Jamaica Street, a huge oval bar of mahogany and mirrors around which a good dozen independent gatherings were being held simultaneously. The evening had grown confessional; the pundits had exhausted prediction and were having misgivings. Did I know how John Hughes' knee was holding up? I handed over my paper, which said that all would be decided tomorrow. A glass of beer appeared beside me on the bar. Singing broke out at the far end. A seedy-looking student with long hair and the sketch of a beard came around handing out leaflets, and was buttonholed by two of my small inquisitors. (The incarnation of Glasgow is a small man with a red, bony face, a cloth cap and a muffler, an eye as fierce as the Ancient Mariner's, a head full of obsessions, and a stabbing forefinger for punctuational emphasis.) The Scottish Nationalists were all on the far side of the bar, engaged in a shouting match with a group of students, and now they began to circulate, offering us petitions to sign. The two

Sure, the French have a long history of good wines.

It all began with a fellow named Julius Caesar.

The first grapes in France were planted by Julius Caesar and his legions. Which makes the Italians very experienced grape growers and wine makers.

Today's Italians enjoy good wine just as they did then. And Bertani® is one reason why. From Bertani's 100-year-old Veronese cellars come wines that would have delighted the Caesars.

Valpolicella (Vahl-po-lee-chel-la), fruity red. *Bardolino* (Bar-doe-lean-o), light red. *Soave* (Swa-vay), light dry white. *Bertarose* (Bear-tah-rosay), dry, delicate rose.

Heublein, Inc. Hartford, Conn.
Sole Importer, U.S.A.

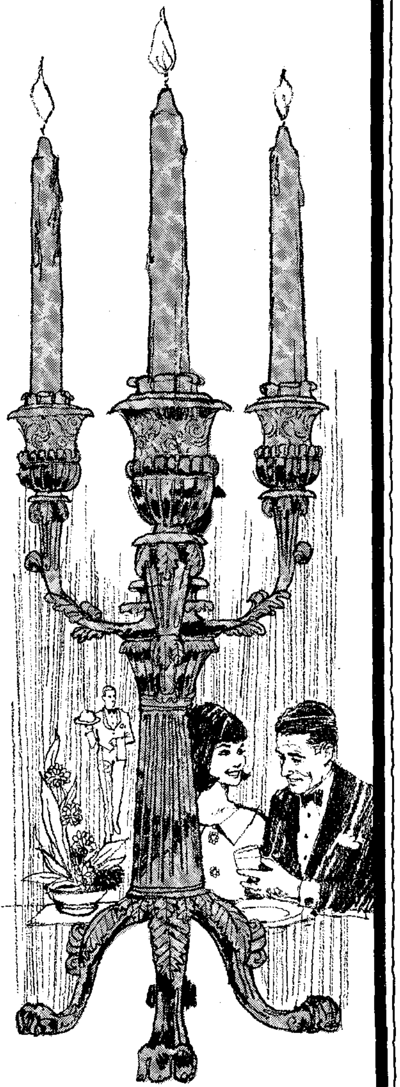
1961
1963
Bertani
BARDOLINO EXTRA
BERTAROSE
SOAVE - BERTANI
VALPOLICELLA
SECCO
VERONA

Bertani Wines.
From Italy where it all began.

ELEGANCE

Elegance is the quiet room, the ornate candelabrum, the distinctive presentations of the chef, your own selection of lamb from his list of entrées. Lamb is artful in its look, musical in its flavor. Come to know the elegance of today's new lamb. Ask for lamb . . . in the finest restaurants everywhere.

american lamb council
department LCFS-167B
909 Seventeenth Street
Denver, Colorado 80202



AMERICAN LAMB
in the circle of good taste

little men beside me began to extend their forefingers, fire in their eyes.

"Ah'm a Nationalist, right enough," one muttered to me over his shoulder, "but Ah'm against *yon* Nationalists."

The other man was handing back the petition, shaking his head. "Ah've pawned ma pen," he grunted. "What's merr, it's a free country."

"It's *no'* a free country!" shouted the Nationalist. It was the hour of argument.

At present, Scottish nationalism, old, worn, romantic plaint though it may have been, is flying high. In November, 1967, at a by-election in Hamilton, near Glasgow, the voters rejected the Labour and the Conservative candidates in favor of a Scottish Nationalist, Mrs. Winnie Ewing, who now occupies a seat in Westminster, and expects company. True, it was a protest vote against the bumbling of the larger parties, against party stalemate, but it gave the Government a sufficient shock for it to realize that it had better take seriously the business of granting the Scots (and the Welsh, whose Nationalist Party, Plaid Cymru, also has its tail up) some measure of autonomous control without delay, instead of shelving the issue as it has done until now. Indeed, a bill before Parliament at the moment makes it look as though regional autonomy for Scotland and Wales were almost inevitable. As to the consequences, for a large part of my life I have listened to Scots arguing in public, in private, in pubs, in pulpits, and the prospect of steady Scottish Parliamentary debate makes me long for a benevolent Highland despot, mean with words, to appear, or for some antique hero to rise up, strong of arm, tight of lip, from the green mound where legend has him buried. As I left the pub, now on the fringes of civil war, a fanatical Dutchman offered me a fortune in guilders for my football ticket. I pointed out the Scottish Nationalists to him and escaped.

SATURDAY morning was an idle prelude to the afternoon—gloomy above, greasy underfoot—but it brought the first invading English, moving in groups for safety, establishing small beachheads in hotel lobbies. I took a long trudge by the docks, and then went to look at the Glasgow School of Art, a building for architectural pilgrims. It was designed by the Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh, a brooding Glasgow visionary who died in 1928 and has been granted a delayed immortality. (Scottish prophets have a lean time in their own country,

Have a good RUM for your money...have

LEMON HART

JAMAICA RUM | DEMERARA RUM

dark or golden, both 8 years old. Ideal for Planters Punch, 86 Proof.

smooth, not pungent. Great for Polynesian drinks. 86 and 151 Proof.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York

The most sought-after hotel in Nassau isn't in Nassau.

It's around the corner.

On the innocent side of the island.

If you look forward to the friendly, innocent atmosphere of the Out Islands. If you relish the luxury of a first-rate resort with first-rate service. If you appreciate the cuisine of a fine restaurant. If you love championship golf, excellent fishing, tennis, water skiing, skin and scuba diving. You will want to stay at Coral Harbour.

Write us now (15c via air mail) for a free descriptive brochure.

Coral Harbour
HOTEL, MARINA, CLUB
Nassau, Bahamas
D. Murray Delahey, Gen. Mgr.
See your travel agent or our representatives: Hetland & Stevens, Inc. & George R. Smith

SUEDES CLEANED
LEATHERS RENEWED

COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Made Like New Again!
MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY!
Pick-Up Service 50 Mile Radius N.Y.C.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 56th Street, New York City • JUdson 6-3737

where respectability is as strong a force as its contrary, and where incitement to change is a dangerous threat to the hope of permanence.) Mackintosh's work used to be waved aside as Art Nouveau, and certainly he had Pre-Raphaelite leanings. But his staggering originality is now properly celebrated, and he is Scotland's Gaudi. And how finely beautiful the School of Art is, gracefully aloof from the square, stocky tenements—children's drawings of houses—and from the grotesque baronial extravagances of banks and head offices, built as ostentation. Mackintosh designed every detail of his buildings up to the chimney pots, and so the school delights even the corner of the eye. It certainly cleared my mind of football.

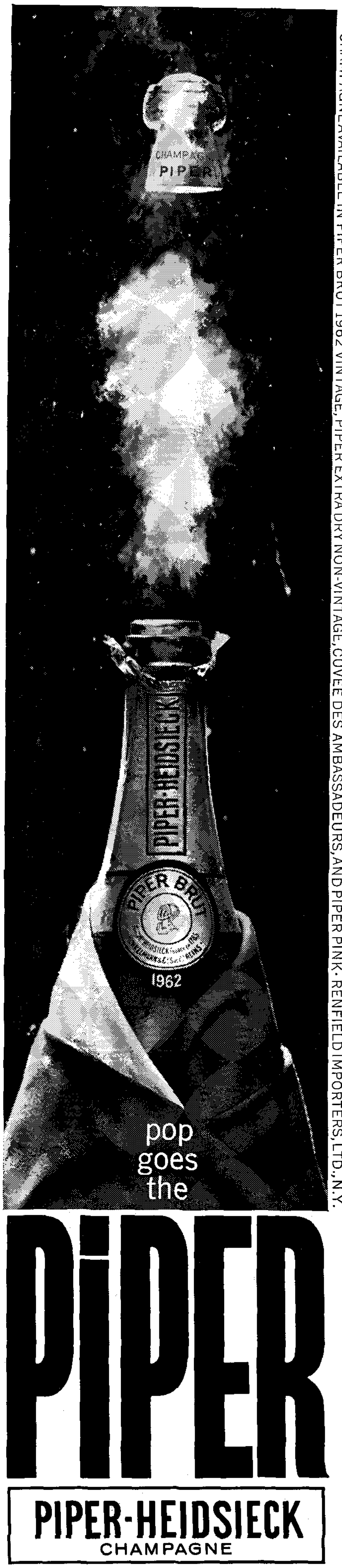
But only for a time, for the street crowds were now perceptibly drifting in one direction, swirling out of pubs and cafés, waving programs and souvenir editions of the newspapers, wearing their rosettes like pouter pigeons. From the paper I learned that Alan Gilzean, Scotland's original choice as center forward, was injured and would not play; similar doubts surrounded a couple of the English players. There was no favorite to win—hope and curiosity, rather than confidence, set the mood. Outside the ground, the ticket scalpers were hoarse and anxious, the prices of their remaining tickets beginning to waver. Clumps of policemen were being briefed for the fray—Hampden Park holds upward of a hundred and forty thousand spectators and looked as though it would be full. As I found my seat, the gaunt bulk of the stands was slowly coming to life. The playing pitch looked a damp gray-green; a groundsman and his helper were marking the lines with sawdust, so that the field slowly assumed its neat diagrammatic shape; carpenters were laying the bones of a red carpet, for the players and for attendant royalty; a pipe band was tuning up in front of the stand. And then across the dedicated turf strolled a bunch of young men in overcoats and sheepskins, digging their heels at intervals into the grass like prospectors, conferring gravely—the players, yes, looking disappointingly human in street clothes, being given the scent like gun dogs. (Football stars have their private lives quite thoroughly plundered by the popular press, but this extraneous glory never relieves them from having to keep their reputations polished, week in, week out.) Out wheeled the pipe band, skirling impassively round the perimeter, and then out came (could it be?) a corps of minikilted nymphets—

The king with an audience

Maxfield Parrish's renowned Old King Cole has been holding court for years in the restaurant that was named after him. His loyal followers visit him informally, as if at a private club, and they've developed a royal affection for the merry old soul. As, indeed, they have for the other fabled restaurants of The St. Regis-Sheraton, and for all of this grand hotel, from Reception to The Roof. Come join the court, be king for a stay at The St. Regis-Sheraton. *Reservations direct, or through 165 Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns throughout the world, or your favorite Travel Agent.*

King Cole Bar • La Maisonette • La Boite • The Roof • Oak Room

St-Regis~Sheraton
Fifth Ave. at Fifty-fifth St./New York 10022
(212) PLaza 3-4500

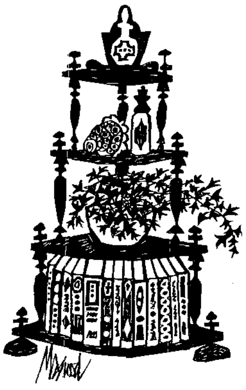


CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1962 VINTAGE, PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE, CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS, AND PIPER PINK · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

the Ayr Majorettes, my program told me—capering behind their sternly kilted elders and causing a gloomy-looking policeman standing behind me to snort in derision. Flags blossomed from the crowd. There was an embryo roar in the air as attention began to narrow toward the players' entrance, as it dawned on all of us at once that multiple expectations were about to become actual and real.

A little below me in the stand, a TV cameraman took station, and in his monitor I could see a miniature blue Hampden Park, on which the game would take place like some ghostly chess. In contrast, gray clouds towered over the afternoon, the crowd rippled and sang, cigar smoke floated deliciously past; the air was so intense with sight and sound that the little fishbowl screen seemed a ludicrous reduction. But, of course, it is the energetic and skillful coverage of games by television that has turned football into a national passion and made it possible to see games in Buenos Aires or the antipodes, foreign superstars, memorable matches out of the past—all the football lore that fans feast on. Even so, I stubbornly believe in tingling afternoons animated by an actual game—the telecasts with their instant replays tamper so with time that they give games odd, dreamlike dimensions.

Now, on the lower slopes of a great rising roar, the ball boys trotted out in their sky-blue track suits, and photographers thickened around the red carpet. Out strode the teams, side by side (Scotland in dark-blue shirts and white shorts, England in white shirts and black shorts) to line up on opposite sides of the carpet, with managers and trainers and the three black-clad officials—from Holland, I read. The players jogged up and down impatiently until the National Anthem stiffened the whole stadium to attention. Out came Princess Alexandra, sensibly dressed in fur, to shake hands with the whole cast. Conversation being inappropriate, she was soon ushered back to the stands as the two teams loosened up around each goal. It was identification time—yes, there were England's World Cup stars Bobby Charlton, the game's Don Quixote, and red-headed Alan Ball, furious of spirit and energy. At the other end, the Scottish players looked frail and tentative, a still uncertain entity. The referee called the captains together, the coin spun, the teams took position, the whistle peeped, and at last the game was on. We pocketed programs, expectations, and hopes, and furiously tried to watch everything at once.



It did not take more than a minute or two for the main hazard of the afternoon to show—for all its greenness, the pitch still bore frost, and the players found themselves at odds with their feet. The Scots swept the ball up to the English goal, and when it came across to Lennox, one of their striking forwards, he lost his feet darting for it. This, in fact, kept happening enough to curb the darting attacks on which the Scots relied, enough to introduce an edge of wariness to the opening play. The distinct styles showed up quickly: England was as we knew it, playing with all the assurance of long training, demonstrating plays it knew by rote, profoundly a team, while the Scots tried one another out hopefully, daringly, banking on accidents' becoming miracles—a faith that it seemed might be rewarded, for they were prodigal of themselves with the ball, individually dazzling. The English looked lazy beside them, but it was just that the intelligence of their combined play drew less on separate effort. They were to admire.

The first exchanges were jagged, and fouls were whistled up sharply by the referee—although it was clear to us that players were often holding on to their opposite numbers to keep from falling, not to impede their progress. Two swift, hopeful passes came through the middle to John Hughes, the tall Scottish attacker, but each time the uncertainty of the ground defeated him, and the ball frittered away to an English defender.

In the modern game, the onus of team play is on the midfield players, who gather the ball from the defense, move it ahead, and then feed it to the attacking forwards, and there England had Bobby Charlton, the most constructive and intelligent of players, who collected the ball as if it were his property, flicked past challenging Scotsmen, and, bald head down over the ball, set the attack going according to some blackboard diagram in his memory. But it was the little Scot Charlie Cooke who first demonstrated the rare football alchemy we had come to be astonished by, for he would gather a ball and, changing stride and di-

The actual English raincoat was designed for a formal lawn party during a hurricane.

You might not take it off for a formal lawn party even without a hurricane. It's simply the best-looking raincoat Driway ever made. (And we always made great-looking raincoats.) It's called the Exchequer.

It's got our own Chancellor Cloth of Terylene/cotton. Terylene/cotton means this. Less wrinkles. Less ironing. More of everything that all the miracle fabrics here in the States claim to be. Inside the new Exchequer there's also a new thing. Woolsack Fleece. Woolsack Fleece is good-looking even though it's on the inside.

What Woolsack Fleece does is what raincoat manufacturers have been trying to do for years . . . it makes you snug. Very snug. Snugger than you've ever felt in a raincoat before. (And when you don't need to feel so absolutely snug, out it comes. Zip.)

No raincoat has to be this good-looking. No raincoat has to be so snug. But this is what the well-dressed man will be wearing come hurricane or high water.

Carry on.

Exchequer BY DRIWAY® Made in England Genuine British Weathercoat

Sole agent U.S.A.: William Reid Co., 17 E. 37 St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Raglan or half raglan. British Natural, British Tan, Black Navy. From about $39.50; with liner, $59.50 suggested retail.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Sunny and Spectacular
PORTUGAL

Three Deluxe Hotels

...in Lisbon for Golf and the Beach

ESTORIL

Hotel Palácio—Estoril

ESTORIL .... twenty minutes from the center of Lisbon ... magnificent beach ... international championship golf, tennis and gambling casino ... thermal swimming pool .... 200 rooms and suites of quiet elegance, all with private bath .... conference and meeting rooms available ...

New York Office Hotel Representative Inc.
660 Madison Avenue

...in the Algarve for the Beach

Hotel Alvor Praia

ALVOR ... a luxury resort ... beautiful beach .... 215 air conditioned and sound proofed rooms and suites, all with private bath and balcony .... three restaurants featuring international regional specialities ... large, heated swimming pool.

New York Office Hotel Representative Inc.
660 Madison Avenue

...in the Algarve for Golf

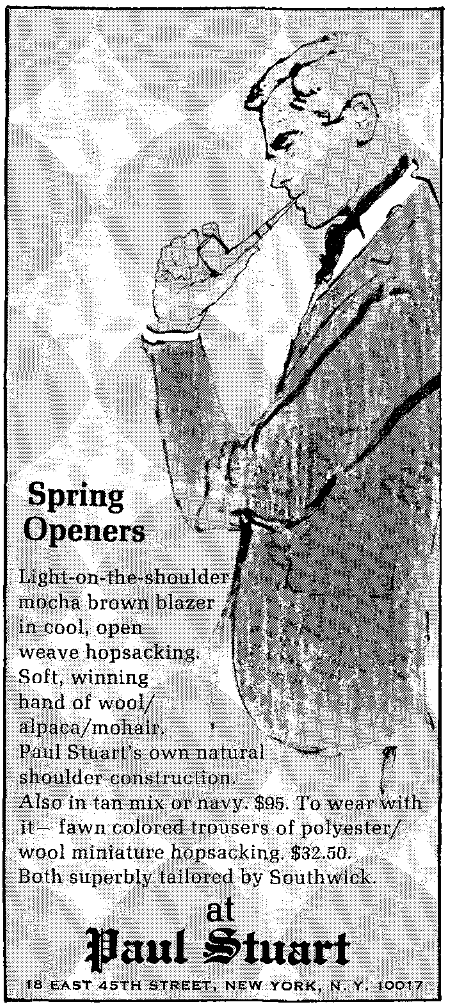
PENINA

Penina Golf Hotel

MONTES DE ALVOR ... 4 kms west of Portimão ...... every room with private bathroom .... grill, restaurants, bars .... conference rooms ... private golf course ... 18 holes — par 73 ...... Championship length up to 7480 yards ...... tennis courts ... heated swimming pools ... riding.

New York Office Robert F. Warner Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue

rection, glide with it past three opponents before sending one of his fellows off and away. The passes came to nothing, but whenever Cooke touched the ball a glad cry went up, and he, responding to the crowd's response, cropped up at both ends of the field, defending, attacking, inspiring. We gathered up our hopes and hung them heavily on him, for his unpredictability troubled the English into error. And, sure enough, after eighteen minutes a high ball across the English goal bewildered the goalkeeper into losing sight of it, and Lennox prodded the ball into the English net. A goal for Scotland—and the crowd's rapture turned to rage as the referee shook his head, disallowing the goal because another Scottish player had apparently obstructed the goalkeeper. Had he? We bowed to authority, but realized what a goal would have meant to the Scots, what definition and ascendancy it would have given them. These musings had scarcely died when the game screamed back into action, drastically. The Scottish goalkeeper gathered a loose ball and, instead of clearing it, threw it to the feet of his fullback, who lost it to a challenging Englishman. Back it flew into the area just in front of the Scottish goal—the goalmouth—where it ran loose to Martin Peters, a young English star who looked like a schoolboy commandeered for the afternoon. In a flash, Peters let fly with a shot that screwed out of reach of the defense and lay in the back of the net. It was a goal—a crisp and clever goal, a just goal—and the Scots, instead of being one up, were one down. My neighbor, a Frenchman, had been lighting his pipe and had missed the goal entirely. I instantly replayed it for him, by which time the Scots, far from being cast down, were seizing on every loose ball and funnelling it through Cooke, who took it where he pleased and then sent it across the English goalmouth. Twice in succession, the English goalkeeper plucked the ball out of the air on its way into the goal; once a loose ball came to Hughes about a yard from the goal, but his anxiety drove it wide of the English post. England came sweeping back, and Peters again flashed a shot, which McCreadie managed to head clear. It was a passage crammed with action and reaction, with no time for assessment. Another goal had to come from somewhere, and, happily, it came from the Scots. Cooke, in his strolling-player position, collected the ball, slipped past the English middle line, and sent a swift pass to Lennox, who, from the corner, sent the ball



Spring Openers

Light-on-the-shoulder mocha brown blazer in cool, open weave hopsacking. Soft, winning hand of wool/alpaca/mohair. Paul Stuart's own natural shoulder construction. Also in tan mix or navy. $95. To wear with it—fawn colored trousers of polyester/wool miniature hopsacking. $32.50. Both superbly tailored by Southwick.

at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

keep our leaders coming

GIVE
TO THE COLLEGE OF YOUR CHOICE

ADVERTISING COUNCIL

COUNCIL FOR FINANCIAL AID TO EDUCATION

PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM

BLAZER BUTTONS
WITH YOUR SCHOOL CREST
HARVARD
14 KARAT GOLD PLATE

The gift for the college man or woman and yourself. Blazer buttons with your college crest. Authentic in design and color. 18 Kt. gold plate. Over 500 schools available. $9.50 at fine men's & dept. stores, or write:

BEN SILVER inc., 175 5th Ave., N.Y. 10010

sailing across the English goalmouth as Hughes came running in to meet it. Hughes jumped high and nodded the ball with his head, and in a seemingly endless instant it lofted gently into the corner of the goal, out of reach of Banks, the English goalkeeper. The roar grew and grew and grew, flags waved, and the Scots players leaped on Hughes' back, pummelling him with enthusiasm. The English defenders looked cross. In the few minutes left before half time, Cooke again flickered easily through the middle, and another goal seemed imminent, for the English players looked rattled and covered carelessly. Lennox, breaking free on the right, laid the ball squarely across the English goal, and little Johnston, running in, seemed to have a score for the taking, but his feet skidded from under him and he fell heavily, a foot from the ball. We all whistled ecstatically, but before the Scots could get back to the attack the referee signalled the interval, and we had a breathing space to gather our wits and take stock.

There was no doubt but that from what we had seen England still played like the champion—there was a certainty and assurance about its game, a close understanding between players that saved useless effort, and an individual resourcefulness that could suddenly flash out when required. This cool skill juxtaposed with the erratic flashes from the Scottish team made us long for the unpredictable to happen, for surprise to counter expectation. But the Scots looked worn as they trooped off, for they had worked twice as hard, and their hard-won chances had gone to waste. I felt that the English knew that by making no mistakes they could feed to advantage on the mistakes of the home team; already they were halfway toward the tie they needed. Would the Scots' fierce energy last? It was obvious from the care and concentration of the English players that they were at their wariest; all chance of victory for Scotland hung on what it did at the restart.

The Frenchman looked up from his program, clearly troubled in spirit. "Perhaps you will explain it to me," he said, "because I see that if you could make one team out of these two, what a team it would be, with these small Scottish magicians and that English *planning*. I do not understand why they play *against*." I explained, lame though it sounded. His logic was not satisfied. "But you all *care* so much about the game—it is a kind of fever. In France, if a team is not winning we lose interest until it does. And you

PUTTONOS
3
BOTTLED BY HUNGARIAN STATE WINE CELLARS BUDAFOK, HUNGARY
TOKAJI ASZU
HUNGARIAN LIGHT WINE
BUDAPEST HUNGARY
VINTAGE WINES INC. NEW YORK

in HUNGARY it's called
TOKAJI ASZU
in AMERICA it's pronounced
tow'-kai ah-su'

The classic choice of connoisseurs throughout the world—peerless, golden, fragrant Tokay—with dessert or afterward.

Try the other delicious
IMPORTED WINES OF HUNGARY

VOROS
(vuhr'-ush) Medium-Dry Red
BALATON RIZLING
(bah-lah-tun) Dry White
"GREYFRIAR" SZURKEBARAT
(soor'-key-bah'-raht) Dry White
"BULL'S BLOOD" EGRI BIKAVER
(egg'-ree bee'-kay-verr) Dry Red
TOKAY SZAMORODNI
(tow-kai sah-moo-rod'nee) Medium-Sweet White

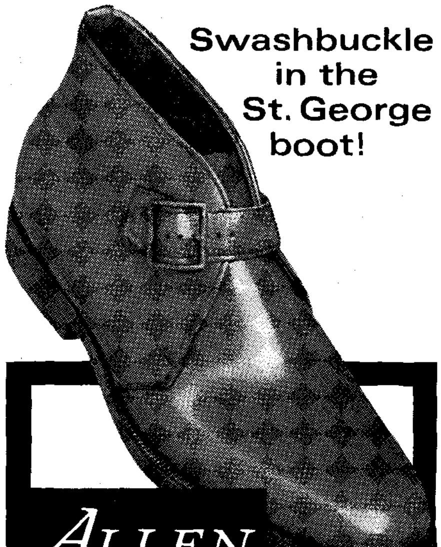
Imported by
VINTAGE WINES COMPANY, Division of HEUBLEIN, Inc., N.Y.C., sole agents

Tortoise shell cabinet in new custom lacquer series by Kipp Stewart.

Possibly the most elegant assemblage of contemporary furniture in all the world

Directional

New York: 979 Third Av., Decoration & Design B'ldg. • Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart
• Boston: Rapids Furniture Company
Public invited • Purchases through your decorator, architect or dealer • Write for brochure

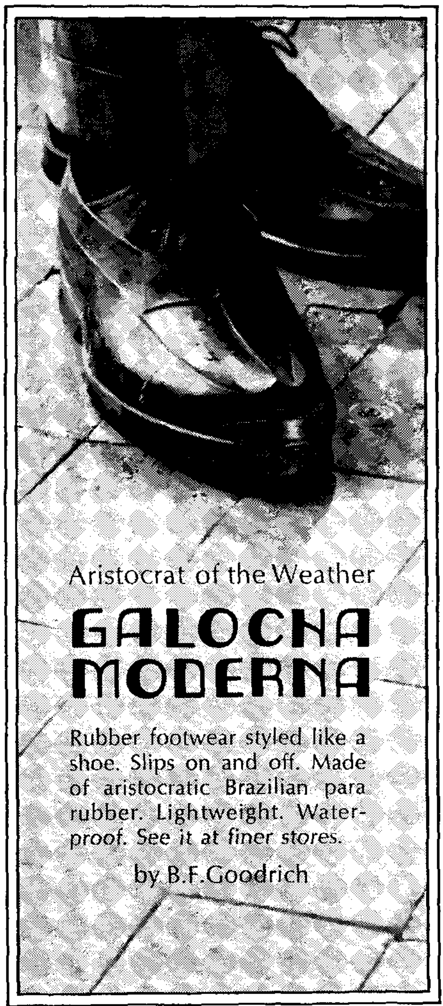


ALLEN EDMONDS
fine shoes for men

Price $46

Supple, fine-grained calfskin expertly fashioned with our comfort-assuring features: nailess construction, all-'round stitching for utmost flexibility, cork cushioning. Write for free catalog.

TOM AUSTIN
339 MADISON AVE., N.Y.C.


Aristocrat of the Weather

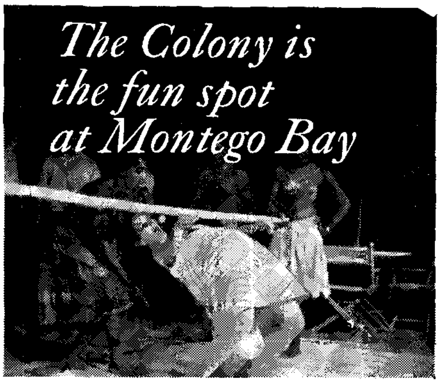
GALOCHA MODERNA

Rubber footwear styled like a shoe. Slips on and off. Made of aristocratic Brazilian para rubber. Lightweight. Waterproof. See it at finer stores.

by B.F.Goodrich

are all trying to *make* your team win. I come here to see the famous English team, to have a lesson in good football, and I find two good teams, and these Scotland players—the little Cooke and that one, Hughes—they teach much to the champions. But you like to see the champions lose. It is curious, most curious. To me, I think it is against nature, but I learn much from this game. I like Scotland to win, but they need the luck, the fortune, and champions should not need that."

At that moment, the teams came out—the Scots in clean uniforms, the English still wearing their first-half mud. The Dutch referee, who had rubbed a section of the crowd the wrong way with the abruptness of his decisions, blew for the start, and we were projected back into the lists. This time, it was the English who made the running—obviously, second-half tactics had been dictated to them in the dressing room—and they went after the ball to keep possession of it and prevent the sudden accidents on which the Scots depended. The pressure was all on the Scots, and they defended with furious but hazardous courage. Peters again, and a quick save. The ball passing from man to man into the English half, only to be collected coolly and turned back. And Bobby Charlton gathering the ball, waiting, slowing down the play, brushing off Scottish challenges, setting an attack going over and over again, only to have the Scots save gallantly and desperately. It was Peters' afternoon, for he had the Scottish goalkeeper stopping one fierce shot after another. Cooke and the ball were strangers during this period, because the English, reading the lessons of the first half, had changed their tactics and taken the initiative; the Scots, alas, had no tactics to change. An occasional Scottish break, but nothing solid or dependable, and gradually the tie game became the status quo, with neither team seeming likely to upset it. A tie was in the air, and the current of the game led us to accept it mutely, as both the teams seemed to have done. I watched a ball progress from the Scottish goal to Cooke, in midfield, and then to Hughes, who lobbed it into the English goalmouth, where it evaded the heads of two quick-following Scots. A goal now could have slashed the whole canvas of the game, but it did not, and we fretted out this tantalizing situation until the final whistle, too impressed by the authority of the English play to expect any more surprises. The draw allowed both teams to escape with whatever serves as honor in football, but we


The Colony is the fun spot at Montego Bay

If you know Jamaica you know Montego Bay is "the" place to stay. If you like informality, enjoy water sports, fishing, sailing, golf and tennis when you aren't soaking up sun or swinging to the newest combo and native entertainment, you'll like The Colony. You don't have to be young in years to enjoy our kind of life—just young at heart.

Rates are surprisingly low. Ask your Travel Agent or write for descriptive folder to:

ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.
International Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas
New York 10020 • Phone (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago, Miami, Toronto, London, England

the COLONY...
Montego Bay...Jamaica, W.I.

Bean's Allagash Hat

Australian style bush hat. Wide 3″ brim protects against rain and sun. Snaps up on left side. Deep crown contains mosquito net which secures around crown to cover face and neck. Adjustable chin strap. Fine count poplin reinforced with nylon mesh. Color, Olive Green. Men's sizes 6¾ to 7¾. Price, $7.90 postpaid. Send for Free Spring Catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc.
299 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties

THE MAYAN ROOM

Luncheon • Cocktails Dinner • Superb Continental cuisine and Mayan dishes served in a gracious Continental manner. ROCKEFELLER CENTER
16 West 51st Street • Tel.: LT 1-3580

spilled ruefully out of the stadium, dissatisfied that injustice had not been done.

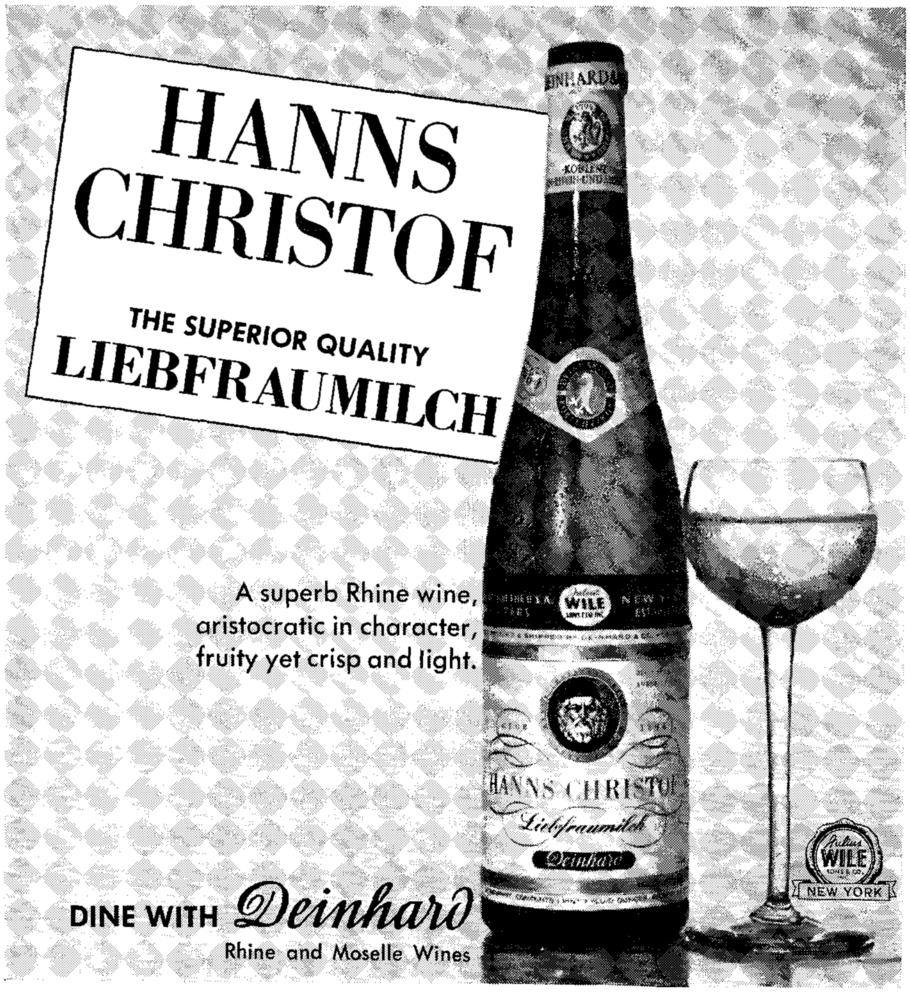
My companion now counted on me to lead him back to the civilized center of Glasgow, and this we did by inches, pushing and being pushed, swearing and being sworn at. The draw had satisfied nobody, and the talk was all "If only . . ." We grabbed the pink evening papers for confirmation, but they only compounded the mood. "SCOTS' HOPES RAISED THEN STRANDED." "ENGLISH SCIENCE BLUNTS SCOTS' MAGIC." "OH, FOR ELEVEN COOKES!" My companion was still confounded by the game, and was more graphic than any of the evening papers. "But how can I explain this game to my friends? Nobody won, and nobody made history, and the game, it was good, but nobody is *satisfied*. If you Scots do not like the English to win, then beat them. It would not be impossible, but you are all so agreeable." A nearby posse of Scottish supporters looked bent on anything up to assassination, and I remarked on this. "Oh, yes, I see that you have all the *emotion*, but to put it all on one game and then be disappointed—I think it is too much we all make of games."

When I left him, to get a train of my own, the scaling crowds had taken their feelings into neighborhood pubs and were voicing them on all sides, dimming their memories down to a few crucial incidents that could have changed the day. The game as an actual happening no longer mattered; only the individual versions could still be plied, and I had enough of those myself. I got on the first train to Edinburgh, without even a nod in the direction of Charles Rennie Mackintosh, pitting my memory of the afternoon against that of the wise men in the sporting papers. The very same afternoon, Scotland had lost weakly to Ireland at Rugby in Dublin, and had lost a women's hockey international to the English, but had beaten Ireland soundly at women's lacrosse, so some sporting postmortem somewhere must have rung with hilarity and high spirits. After a tied game, the mood is inevitably one of wistful dissatisfaction, and I felt some of the weariness that must eventually eclipse all sporting pilgrimages. And some of the disillusion, too, since sporting occasions, although they have all the atmospherics of war, do not change our lives.

NEXT day, in the Scottish countryside, sitting knee-deep in Sunday papers by a fire opposite a window

(*Advertisement*)

"I know the Oak Room is stag for lunch, but this is ridiculous."
At lunch, The Oak Room and Bar at The Plaza is a male retreat of dry martinis and juicy roast beef. It's simple justice. Ladies may join them after the stock exchange closes. For reservations: call Victor, PL 9-3000. Fifth Ave. at 59th St.



HANNS CHRISTOF
THE SUPERIOR QUALITY
LIEBFRAUMILCH

A superb Rhine wine,
aristocratic in character,
fruity yet crisp and light.

DINE WITH Deinhard
Rhine and Moselle Wines

Julius Wile
NEW YORK

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Take the guesswork out of choosing Cognac

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Rely on French law: only the finest Cognac…

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

May be labeled Fine Champagne V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Only Remy Martin produces Cognac of no lesser quality

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Remy Martin…one quality, one bottle, world-wide

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Take the guesswork out of choosing Cognac. Insist on…

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

where the clouds rode in a blue sky, I was able to complete my musings. But reading fifteen versions of the same ninety minutes made the whole game Rashomonic in troubled retrospect. Was the disallowed goal really a goal? A subtle question. Did a Scottish defender really handle the ball on his own line in the second half, deserving the penalty against him? Even subtler. Did the fact that Bremner's house had been robbed the night before the game account for his not scoring a goal on two possible occasions? Photographs. Did it really look like that? I sat with my memory of the game and the pile of paper authorities. "ENGLISH MISSES FLAW HAMPDEN CLASSIC." What about the Scottish misses? "SCOTS SHOW ENGLAND." What? Sunday papers in Great Britain tend to print separate English and Scottish editions, and the ones I read were claiming a moral victory for the Scots. Why do tied games have to have moral winners? One paper gave us the players' versions of the game, but they were all so bland and sportsmanlike that I instinctively disbelieved them, and I soon tired of the commentaries, concerned as they were with tucking up the game neatly in their columns. It occurred to me that I had been undergoing these annual sporting crises from childhood, and would be doing so reliably in the future, each one with separate intensity. History gives a profound continuity to sporting events—they come around as faithfully as the seasons, and are as affecting in their way. A game is a calculable reality—one of the few calculable realities—and should be seen as a highly civilized invention, for it repays the emotion invested in it and provides a form of vicarious action. From the window I could see a group of boys battering a ball about in the meadow below the village, reënacting yesterday's game, as like as not, as I used to do in the past—always, of course, arranging a suitable result. Which reminded me that I could watch the game again on television, my pleasure not the least impaired by knowing the result. So I switched on the set and settled down to watch yesterday happen all over again, with a peculiarly divine excitement.

—ALASTAIR REID

•

Here I am, back after a bout with the flu which had me in and out of bed along with many other people around the state.—*John Angwin in the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

No boasting, please.

There was a young lady who traveled
And found her nerves terribly raveled
When her glasses they fell
From the Tower Eiffel
And shattered all over the gravel.

Moral

Next time your optician fills your prescription, order an extra pair.

For that matter – why wait?

LUGENE
Opticians

38 East 57th Street, New York / PL 3-6000
1058 Madison Ave., New York / BU 8-5486
217 Worth Ave., Palm Beach / (305) 655-3605

Coming to London?
Then stay at the Royal Garden because...

it's modern, efficient, yet provides warm, friendly service, has over 500 rooms and suites, all with private bath, shower, radio and TV; offers fine food in four restaurants; and it's only minutes from Piccadilly, at Kensington High Street, W.8. Telephone 01-937 8000

Oddenino's
ROYAL GARDEN
Hotel

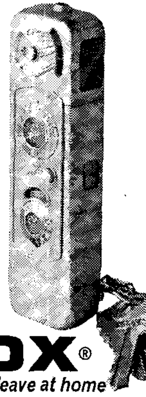
Enquiries: Leonard Hicks Inc. 532 Madison Ave. NY 688 0123

Requires little more pocket space than your keys!

Once-in-a-lifetime candids? Business? Home? Vacation? This 3¼ oz. camera travels light, captures all in big sparkling prints & superb color. At fine camera stores.

minox corporation
P.O. Box 1060
Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A Berkey Photo Company

minox®
the camera you never leave at home



MUSICAL EVENTS

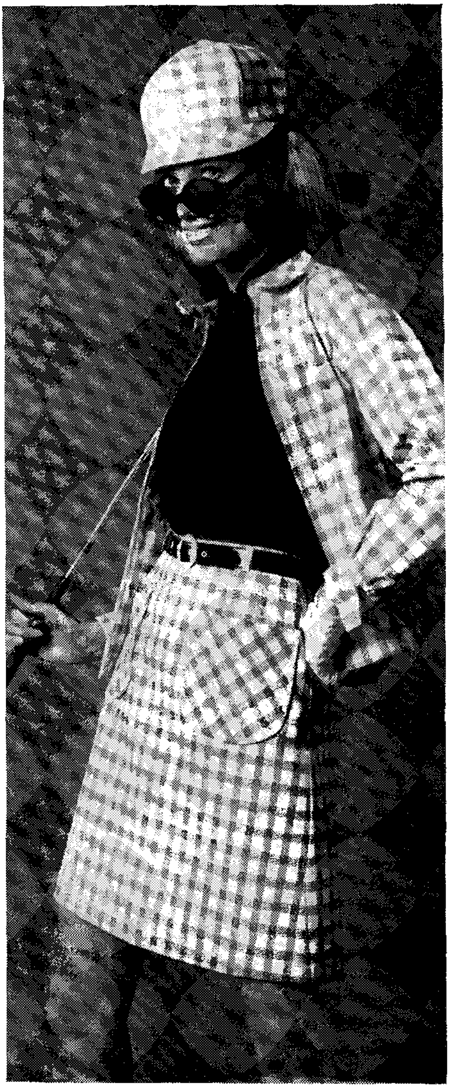
Hatchet Girl

DOUGLAS MOORE's opera "Carry Nation" was a huge public success last Thursday evening, on the occasion of its première here by the New York City Opera in the New York State Theatre. This pleased me, for I have always regarded Mr. Moore as the standard-bearer for the kind of American opera—simple, melodious, and honest—that will eventually survive after all the clatter of experimental music has died down. "Carry Nation" is also the kind of opera that seems to me appropriate for Americans to write. It is concerned with our American heritage, it is not affected by the declining vitality of the European schools of composition, and it is written in a style that is not so far from the musical vernacular that it cannot be readily understood by audiences. Whether or not it is a masterpiece is another question. America has produced few composers capable of producing masterpieces, and it is about time that this fact was recognized. We have, to be truthful about the matter, produced no composers who can be compared, in the quality of their output, even with Grieg or Puccini. MacDowell and Ives, the two who are usually spoken of, according to taste, as the best Americans, were not really of the first rank. MacDowell still holds a place on concert programs with his quite nice Piano Concertos, and Ives, though he wrote some interesting music, shows a touch of amateurishness in most of his work. He owes most of his present vogue to the circumstance that he thought up a number of ideas—polytonality, unsystematic atonality, and simple confusion—a good many years before European composers adopted them. All that can be said for present-day American composition is that there is a lot of it, and that it represents a wide variety of styles, ranging from the conservative and entertaining (which is the style preferred by Mr. Moore) to the far-out, so-called experimental style, with various shades of "modernism" between them, mostly based on the Austrian decadence (Schoenberg, Webern) or the Parisian decadence (Stravinsky, Honegger, and the school of Nadia Boulanger). We Americans came onto the musical stage a bit late, and we have been unable to avoid entanglement with the slipping fortunes of the European musical tradition. Probably, all things considered, our greatest composers are men like John Philip Sousa and Duke Ellington.

But Mr. Moore's style of composition has its virtues, most of them lying in unpretentiousness, a genuine expression of emotion, and a wish to entertain. They are virtues that would have been taken for granted by Mozart, and though Mr. Moore is no Mozart, he is at least honestly Mr. Moore, a man who sets out to communicate with, rather than baffle, his audience. He has always had a particular interest in Americana as subject matter for his operas, and "Carry Nation" is the latest example of this preoccupation. It is not quite as good an opera as "The Ballad of Baby Doe," but the reason for this is not the music. There are pages and pages of beautiful music, skillfully written for the voice, in "Carry Nation." The trouble is in its libretto, which is pretty thin in action, ambiguous in point of view, and short of strong characters except for Carry herself.

As the opera opens, we see one of Carry's famous assaults on saloons. There is a lot of old-time barroom revelry, with ragtime and gaily dressed chorus girls. It has a nostalgic appeal. Is it meant with tongue in cheek or not? One does not know. Carry enters with her cohorts of Anti-Saloon Leaguers and proceeds to demolish the place while all the men present cower in terror. Then the first act proper begins, and we see Carry as a young woman, her marriage, and all the things that made her what she later became. Her father is a hellfire-and-brimstone preacher who has an unnatural passion for, as well as an enormous dependence on, his daughter. Her mother, whom her father has never loved, has lost all touch with the family and is rapidly receding into an imaginary childhood. Along comes Charles, a doctor, who boards with the family, and with whom Carry falls in love. But Charles is a compulsive alcoholic. Though her father is violently opposed, Carry marries Charles and goes off with him to live in another town. He begins going to the dogs, and is last seen drinking himself into a stupor in a men's club. Carry returns to her parents' home after Charles has pleaded with her not to leave him. In a church-

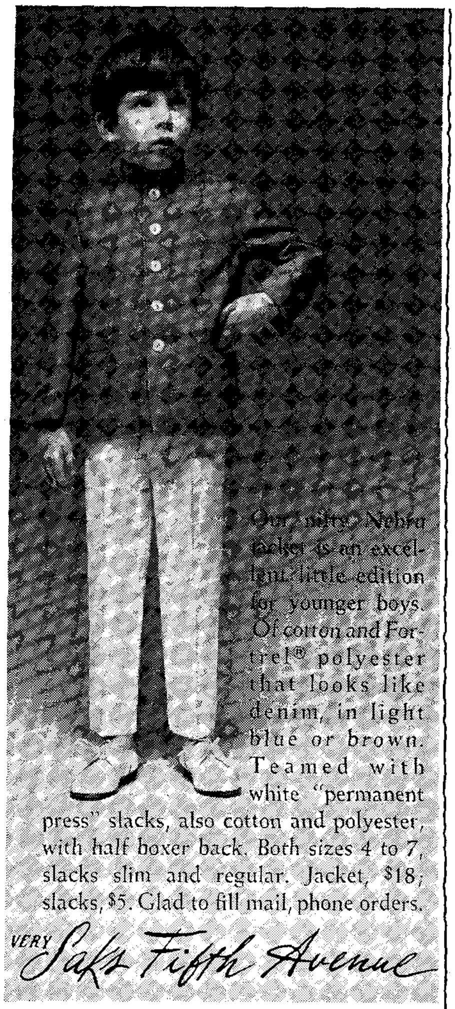
There is only one Arnel.
It keeps a golfer
in pro form.



David Smith designs this superb link set. In black and white checks of Richelieu fabrics, Arnel triacetate and cotton . . . that hand-washes, drips dry. Zip-front jacket, about $20; culottes, about $18. No-sleeve shirt, black, white or yellow, about $9. All in 8 to 18.
At Lord & Taylor, New York;
I. Magnin & Co., West Coast;
Marshall Field & Company, Chicago.
Sunglasses by Rayex.

CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Celanese® Arnel®


Our nifty Nehru jacket is an excellent little edition for younger boys. Of cotton and Fortrel® polyester that looks like denim, in light blue or brown. Teamed with white "permanent press" slacks, also cotton and polyester, with half boxer back. Both sizes 4 to 7, slacks slim and regular. Jacket, $18; slacks, $5. Glad to fill mail, phone orders.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

You'll find something new to talk about in Surinam.

Talk about the luxurious Surinam-Torarica Hotel right next to a tropical jungle. It's air-conditioned, has great food, a magnificent casino, an olympic-size pool. Talk about the Bushnegro fire dancers, Jungle Safaris, Moslem Mosques, Dutch curio shops. Surinam (Old Dutch Guiana) is only a few jet hours away via Pan AM or KLM or BWIA. For more information ask your Travel Agent, or call (212) CO 5-1737, or use this coupon.

Executive House Hotels
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020
Tell me all about Surinam
Name________
Address________
Phone No.________
City____ State____ Zip Code____

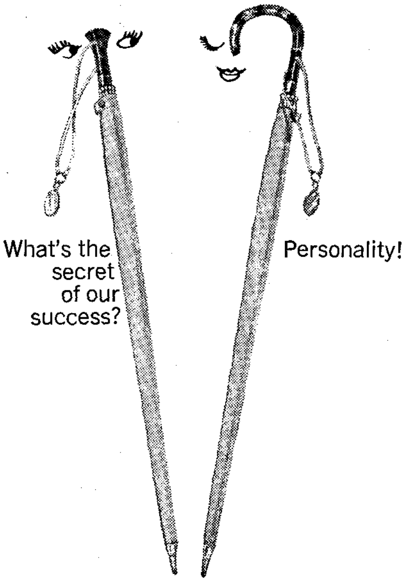
Surinam-Torarica Hotel/Casino.
Another Fine Executive House© Hotel.

yard, Carry reads a letter from Charles in which he expresses hope of overcoming his alcoholism. Just then her father enters with a telegram proclaiming that Charles is dead. Carry, not only saddened but boiling with rage, decides to embark on her crusade against alcohol. That is the end of the drama.

One of the troubles with this libretto is that both principal male characters are so weak, and think that they are so dependent for survival on Carry, that neither of them makes a figure of much interest. Nor does Carry's mother, who is off in a never-never land of her own, divorced from the rest of the action. As a character of human proportions we have only Carry herself, and Carry is involved, at the end, and just a bit too suddenly, in a crusade of dubious social value, as the Prohibition era taught us. Are we for Carry or for the demon rum? A difficult choice. The nostalgic, folksy Western saloon-and-drinking-song comedy scenes are in direct conflict with the serious part of the story, and the main dramatic impulse of the serious part is an attempt to give up drink—not the most absorbing of problems for an opera.

The production given "Carry Nation" was splendid indeed. Will Steven Armstrong had conceived the idea of letting its action take place before a series of arrangements of gigantically blown-up nineteenth-century primitive American paintings, and Patton Campbell's costumes were colorful. The director, Frank Corsaro, did the best he could with an essentially insoluble problem. Samuel Krachmalnick conducted capably. Beverly Wolff, she of the powerful mezzo voice, did everything that could be done as Carry. Both her singing and her acting were exemplary. Arnold Voketaitis was excellent as the father, Ellen Faull was outstanding as the mother, and Julian Patrick, a baritone making a début here, was a convincing Charles with a pleasing voice, which we shall probably hear again.

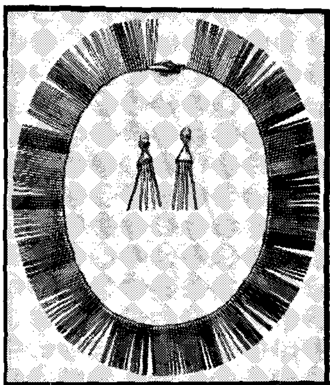
LAST Wednesday night, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear "Un Ballo in Maschera." It turned out to be a generally superb performance, with Leontyne Price and Carlo Bergonzi in what are among their most congenial roles, as Amelia and Gustaf III. Robert Merrill was the Captain Anckarström (Renato) and Lorenzo Alvary and Louis Sgarro were Sam and Tom, respectively. Mignon Dunn was the Fortune Teller and Joy Clements the King's Page. This was one of


What's the secret of our success?
Personality!

Schertz

PERSONALITY, the lovable umbrella that sings in the rain. Super nylon with matching case, topped off with mock tortoise handle and gold plated jeweler's snake chain with gold plated disc ready for monogramming. Two lovely handle styles, 16 richly hued solid Spring colors. $8.00 Schertz Umbrellas, Inc., 15 West 36th St., New York, New York 10018

WOODWARD & LOTHROP
Washington, D.C. and branches
I. MAGNIN & CO. West Coast
SAKOWITZ Houston


GET PERSONAL WITH MOTHER

Enchant her with Hans Hansen's gold and sterling wire choker from Denmark The choker . . . 45.00 Matching drop earrings . . . . . 9.50 Both prepaid. Add 3% tax in Massachusetts.

the UPPER STORY
1045 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

OLD·DROVERS· INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.

LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

those absolutely first-rate, singing Verdi performances that the Met is particularly good at, and the house rang with lovely vocalism from all present. To be sure, there were a few minor flaws. Miss Price, before her voice got warmed up to its magnificent best, sang a little foggily. And the stage band in the last scene was practically inaudible. Thomas Schippers conducted, turning in a generally good performance from the pit.

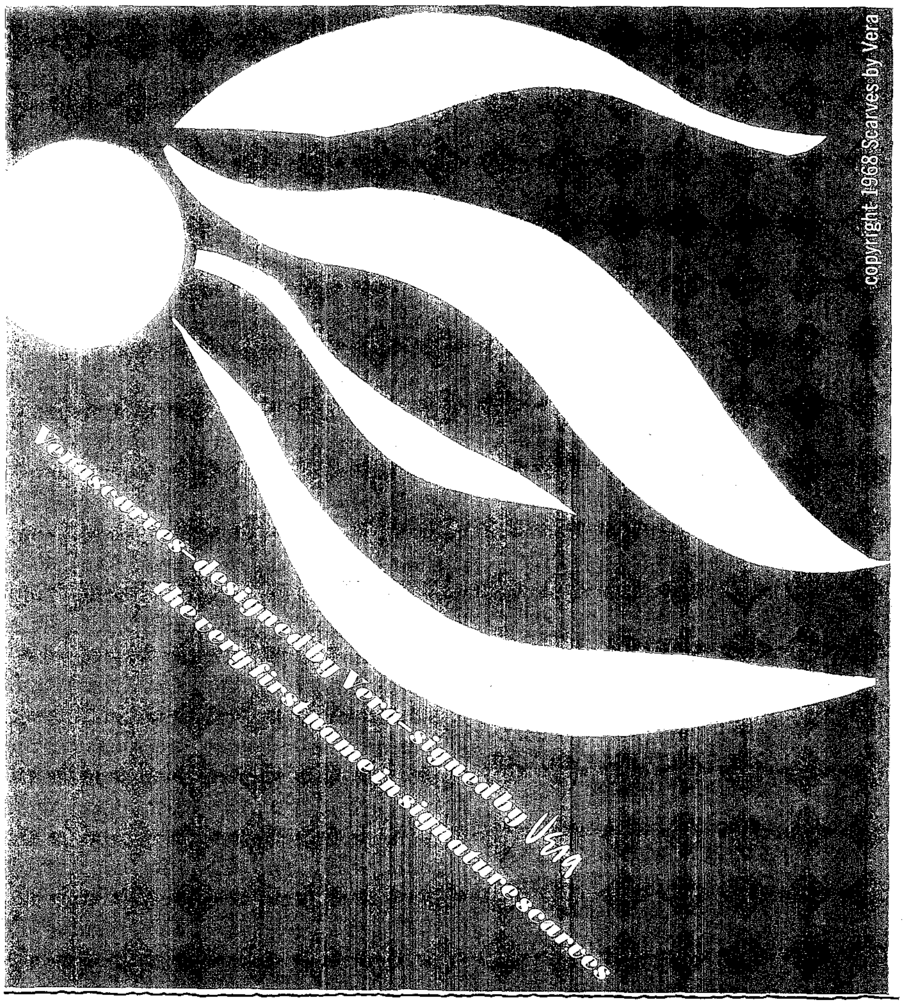
FRIDAY night offered a difficult decision for piano buffs. Byron Janis was playing a recital at Philharmonic Hall, and Daniel Barenboim was doing one at Carnegie Hall. I flipped a coin and went to hear Barenboim. He was involved in an all-Beethoven program—one of special difficulty, including both the "Appassionata" Sonata and the Sonata Opus 111, with the Sonata in D Major, Opus 10, No. 3, for an opener. Mr. Barenboim is a small man with tremendous technical equipment. Beyond that, he has extraordinary musical taste and intelligence—faculties that enable him to use rubato in precisely the right way, and to wait for his climaxes and thunder them forth with an infallible sense of form. He also has a fine sense of repose when repose is required, and he immediately eliminates the theory that all younger pianists today play mechanically. Here is a twenty-six-year-old pianist who is already a master, with one of the most refined palettes of dynamic shading to be heard anywhere, as well as a capacity for bravura (appearing mainly in the "Appassionata") and a subtle feeling for authoritative style (appearing everywhere, but especially in the Opus 111, in which the making explicit of Beethoven's subtleties of thought is notoriously difficult). There were a few things Mr. Barenboim did at twenty-six that he will not do at fifty. But they were minor. He is, even at this point, one of the world's important artists of the keyboard.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

The Impeccable Teddy

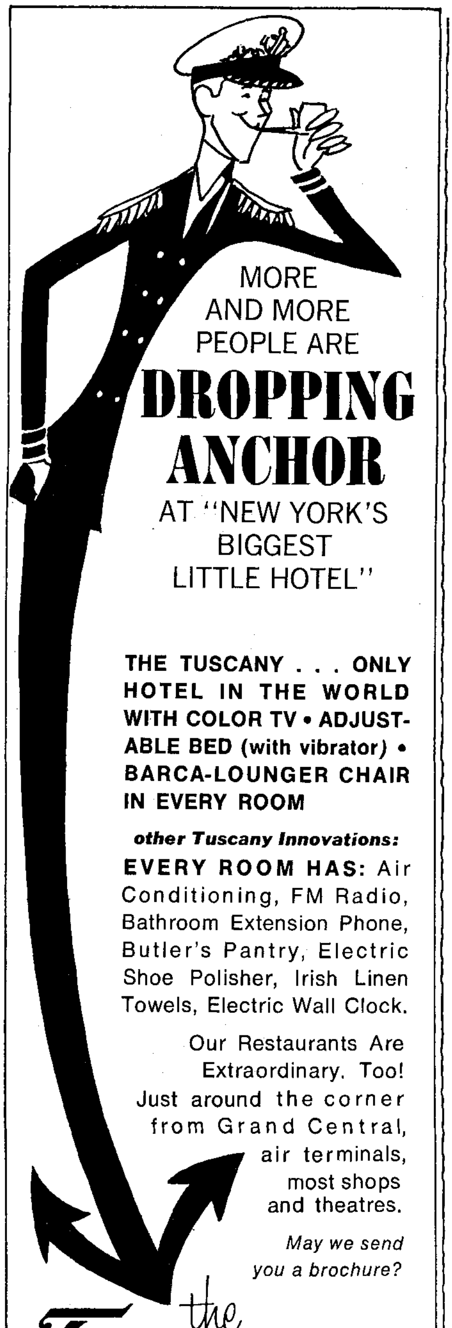
FOR more than thirty years, Teddy Wilson, who presides over rather than merely sits at a piano, has illuminated and ordered all he has touched in jazz. As a founding member of the Benny Goodman Trio, in the mid-thirties, he quickly imposed a logic and elegance on the group that guided Goodman, a Chicago jammer, and


copyright 1968 Scarves by Vera
Verascarves-designed by Vera-signed by Vera
the very first name in signature scarves

Pierre Grill
Pre Theatre Dinner
NOW BEING SERVED
BARGE

"I'm not really going to the theatre.
I just like eating here."

Pierre Grill Pre-Theatre Dinners, Mondays through Saturdays, $8.50
FIFTH AVENUE & 61 ST. • TE 8-8000


MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE

DROPPING ANCHOR

AT "NEW YORK'S BIGGEST LITTLE HOTEL"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV • ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) • BARCA-LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our Restaurants Are Extraordinary, Too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany

39th St. just east of Park Ave., N.Y. 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
Tel. (212) 686-1600

PORTRAITS, INC.

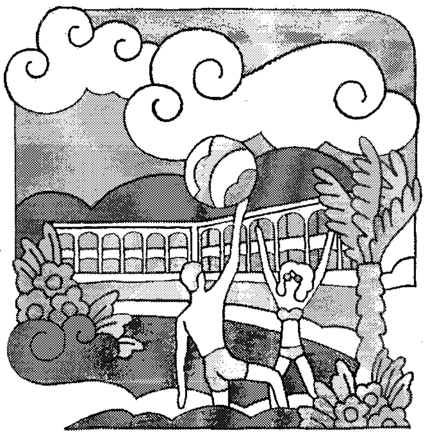
EXHIBITION: "PORTRAITS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY"

held for the benefit of
VISITING NURSE SERVICE OF NEW YORK
April 24 - May 21

41 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

contained Gene Krupa's quarrelsome dynamics and sense of rhythm. The trio's precision and grace stemmed from Wilson, whose abiding, articulate solos suggested retreats amid the surrounding hue. Concurrently, Wilson made a series of informal pickup recordings with Billie Holiday and such sidemen as Lester Young and Buck Clayton and Roy Eldridge that remain among the marvels of recorded jazz. He was a harmonic establishment for Miss Holiday to bounce off of, and she in turn inspired some of his least sedate solos. In the late thirties, Wilson put together a tidy, good, but short-lived big band, which was whittled down to the celebrated sextet that moved back and forth for four years between Café Society Uptown and Downtown. It included Bill Coleman or Emmett Berry, Benny Morton, Edmond Hall, John Williams (bass), and Sidney Catlett, and although it was, with its loose, driving precision, one of the best jazz bands ever assembled, it recorded only three instrumental sides. None indicate what the group really sounded like, and none, for that matter, have ever been released. Wilson has since led a peekaboo career, turning up at festivals, on television, in the studios, and occasionally with a trio in night clubs. But he has continued his princely ways, and he did so last week at the Village Gate, where he was holding forth with a trio. (He closed at the end of the week, but he reopens for three weeks on April 23rd.)

Despite Wilson's fluency, he is difficult to listen to, and for a good reason. He is a perfectionist, and it is not easy for most of us, shuffling guiltily along in our baling wire and chewing gum, to contemplate perfection for long. The eye wanders, the ear grows restless. Wilson's style is a refinement of the single-note innovations of Earl Hines and the massive eddies of Art Tatum. It consists mainly of long, unbroken single-note lines, separated by occasional drifting chords, and resting on left-hand tenths and offbeat chords. His solos are delivered in a melodious, lyric monotone, unmarred by clams and uncolored by dynamics. But such exquisitely modulated voices tend to thin rather than thicken with the years, and the first half of the sixteen or so numbers I heard at the Gate sounded like a good imitation of himself. Surprising, almost cocktail-piano chords appeared, and the long, pearly lines faltered. (His drummer, who was oppressive and twitchy, may have had something to do with it, and his bassist for the eve-

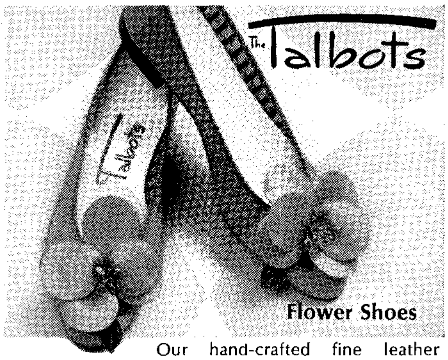

Dutch Treat

The Dutch are famous for spic and span housekeeping and the French for fine wines and food. Put them together on a lovely island sparkling in the Caribbean—that's St. Maarten, the idyllic setting for the Little Bay Beach Hotel.

Completely air conditioned, including your beach-front room with its private verandah, the new Stuyvesant Bar and Las Vegas type casino. Sun and swim in the new Olympic-size pool or off our wide beach. Evenings dance and enjoy native entertainment.

LITTLE BAY BEACH HOTEL
ST. MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES

For color folder and reservations see your Travel Agent or
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC., International Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10020
Phone: (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago, Miami, Toronto, London, England



Our hand-crafted fine leather shoes have everlastingly pretty leather flowers on the toes, hard leather soles, half-inch heels, and bright striped linings. Perfect for gay spring shifts. Yellow, shamrock, white, morning glory blue, or azalea pink. Sizes 5½-9½, narrow and medium widths. $14.00 Postpaid. **Send for free catalog**
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. MM, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043

Bonnie Oaks Resort
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Beautiful Lodge and Cottages
On Lake Morey's Shores
Your Hosts, The Avery Family
Reservations: Tel. 802-333-4302

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE

MINGEI-YA

2033 UNION
SAN FRANCISCO

& FOLK ART SHOP

ning was a young stand-in.) But then the old, certain immaculateness locked into place, and in a long "Sweet Lorraine," "Basin Street Blues," "Poor Butterfly," and a Fats Waller medley Wilson flashed and sang, and it was easy to understand how he once moved and shaped so much without even removing his gloves.

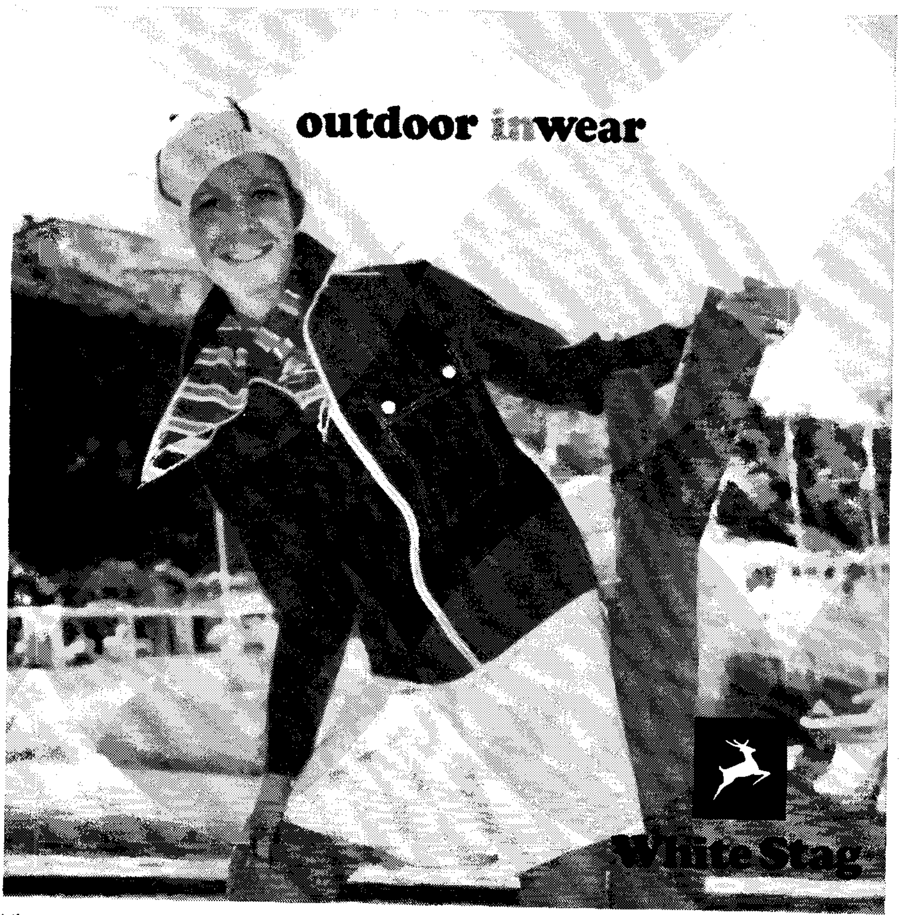
STALLED avant-garde movements suggest compost heaps; they smolder but rarely burst into flame. Archie Shepp, the thirty-one-year-old poet, playwright, *philosophe*, fashion plate, pianist, and tenor saxophonist, is at the center of such a movement, and last Friday night he appeared at the Carnegie Recital Hall with five other adherents—Roswell Rudd, Jr., and Grachan Moncur III (trombone), Howard Johnson (tuba and bass saxophone), Charlie Haden (bass), and Beaver Harris (drums). The program was a two-part Surrealist musical. The first part was a churning, forty-five-minute display that may have had something to do with "Limehouse Blues" (a snatch of it surfaced once), and that consisted aurally of a bruising, sometimes exciting, sometimes meaningless free-for-all, and visually of the musicians parading around the stage, waving their instruments about, standing at the rear with their backs to the audience, and in general carrying on—in sight *and* sound—like a New Orleans marching band. The second part, which may have been "The Shadow of Your Smile," was similar in form, though there were brief solos and the tempos were slower and the attack more lyrical. (It also began with an unidentified poem recited by an unidentified mumbler.) Both numbers were deep polyphonic baths and were far too long; fifteen minutes apiece would have sufficed for what was said. Rudd,

THE
SILLY
GRAM

Dear Folks—
We just won $25 and 10 year's supply of soap.
So thrilled. Need any soap?
Love,

western union

Telegrams are for Special Occasions. Invent one.



Victory at sea. You and the skipper. You're armed with a sailcloth jacket and culotte. One look. And he surrenders—to Outdoor Inwear... for the fun of it. Zip Jac, $13.00; Culotte, $10.00.

THE IMAGE MAKER
GGG
CLOTHES

Write for free style booklet. Wm. P. Goldman & Bros. Inc., Dept. D, 12 E. 14th St., New York 10003

a frenzied, funny, intensely knowledgeable trombonist, was in grand form, but the brilliant Haden, with his ringing double stops, staccato passages, and sliding guitar phrases, held the group together throughout. Shepp was largely inaudible, but he was, in his embroidered pullover shirt, pillbox hat, and tinted glasses, always startlingly visible, which is at least half of good theatre.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

RECORDS

Rock, Etc.

THE MUSIC SHOP

DURING the nineteen-fifties, the eagerness of politicians to avow their anti-Communism was matched only by the alacrity with which journalists and celebrity pundits attacked the then new rock and roll. In response to an especially insensitive polemic by Sam Levenson, I wrote him a letter defending the music for its freshness and its exciting beat, and added that since (like so many of his allies) he appeared to have reacted less to what he heard than to a general fear and resentment of teen-agers, I was enclosing a list of songs I thought he should listen to. I still have a copy of that letter, and though my arguments are satisfactorily prophetic, a lot of the songs on the list make me blush. If we who grew up with rock and have always loved it feel smug these days, the smugness is tainted—at least for some of us. We all knew Elvis was great, no matter what Harriet Van Horne said, but who among us has soul so pure that he never liked Pat Boone? My own taste was not only less discriminating than it could have been but often discriminating in the wrong way. I tended, for instance, to prefer the tamer, white versions of rhythm-and-blues records to the black originals. Partly this was because the imitators were pushed on the radio, but partly it was because Georgia Gibbs *sounded better* to me than LaVern Baker; I was one of the white teen-aged reasons the music was being watered down. So for me—as for all the present-day college kids who first came to rock through Dylan and the Beatles—the current resurgence of interest in rhythm and blues means the making of new discoveries.

At the moment, fifties music is an

incipient fad: a New York booking agent plans a national tour of oldies acts in conjunction with major radio stations; the Mothers of Invention, noted for devastating Brechtian parodies of rock and roll, are rumored to be recording original rhythm-and-blues tunes under the name of Reuben and the Jets; in England, where old rock records have become collectors' items, boys are trading in their Edwardian furbelows for leather jackets and greasing down their Beatle cuts. And, beyond the inevitable camping, rhythm and blues is being collected and reissued on records. Some months ago, Columbia brought out "18 King Size Rhythm and Blues Hits," a group of songs that were originally recorded by King, a Cincinnati-based r. & b. label. Now Atlantic—the company most responsible for bringing black music to the white market—has released a four-album set called "History of Rhythm & Blues." Though both anthologies are worth owning, I much prefer the former. "18 King Size Hits" makes no claim to completeness, yet, with selections ranging from the Southern blues of Little Willie John, through Bill Doggett's "Honky Tonk" (the best rock instrumental ever recorded) and the New York Pop sound of the Platters, to the soul music of James Brown, it demonstrates the scope and variety of r. & b. better on one record than the Atlantic collection does on four. At the same time, it is short enough not to need padding with mediocre songs, so nearly every cut is special. "History of Rhythm & Blues" is a failure more of showmanship than of substance. It is far too long for what it really is—a history of Atlantic Records—and the misleading title only calls attention to what has been left out. "History" does not even exploit the full Atlantic repertoire. It is very Pop-oriented, de-emphasizing blues in favor of commercially successful rock. (More than a third of the cuts are devoted to the Drifters, the Clovers, and the Coasters.) In principle, this is a perfectly legitimate approach, but again it points up the omissions. The Atlantic stable contains no examples of the popular Harlem sound—the Platters and all those mythic one-shot groups, like the Heartbeats and the Five Satins—whose sweet, diatonic harmonies appealed to Northern whites because they derived from gospel, a "whiter" music than blues. And although on "18 King Size Hits"—definitely a blues rather than a Pop record—the absence of white performers seems perfectly natural, on "History" the gratuitous inclusion of Bobby Darin just begs us to miss Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly. Still, the four records of "History" offer plenty of good music. "Volume 1: The Roots 1947-52" is the bluesiest, most diverse, and most interesting of them, and contains the two best cuts—the Clovers' tragicomic "One Mint Julep" and Laurie Tate's awesome wail "Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere." Second choice is "Volume 3: Rock & Roll 1956-57," which has a strong Southern contingent—Joe Turner, Ivory Joe Hunter, LaVern Baker, Chuck Willis—and includes the Coasters' classics, "Searchin'" and "Young Blood."

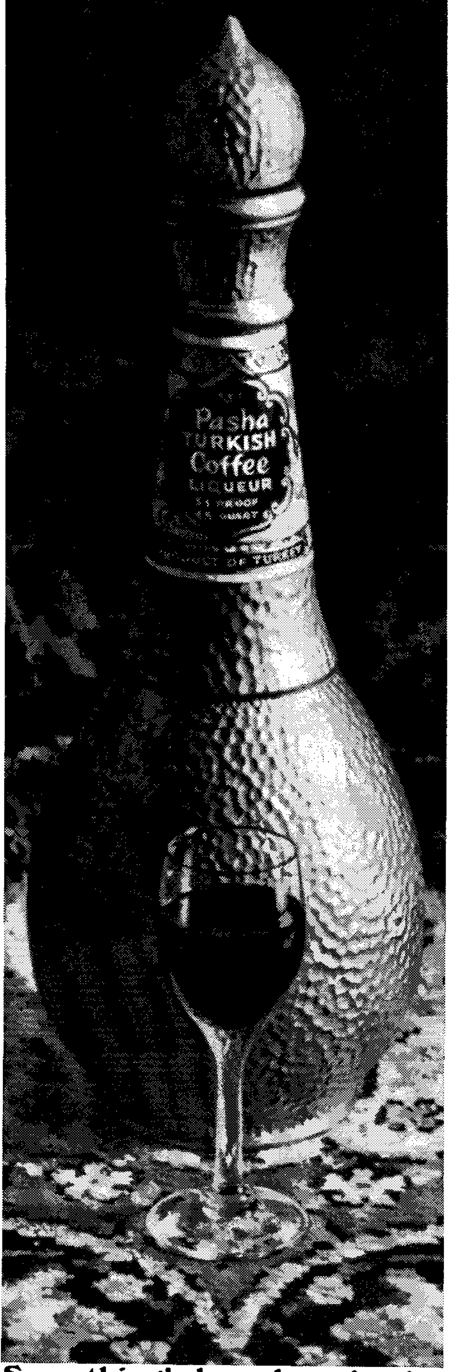
Black r. & b. always had a peripheral position in rock and roll, which absorbed and transformed it for the benefit of whites. These albums right some old wrongs. Now that I have come to demand the harder, rawer voices my teen-age ear rejected, listening to Otis Williams or LaVern Baker is a new and gratifying experience, and even the highly commercial groups take on more resonance. The anthologies confirm the superiority of fifties Negro music to most contemporaneous Pop. But they also place the music in a historical and developmental context, inviting comparison with earlier blues. And by that stricter standard much of it—especially the more popular Atlantic stuff—does not hold up as well. The lyrics, though they're free of the adolescent self-pity that suffused most early white rock, are sexually and poetically anemic. The music is less basic than the old blues, more ephemeral, more *Pop.* It is meant for the radio, not the archives, and, more significantly, it is meant for the marketplace. Which is why r. & b. is not quite folk music, and why I am afraid all those college kids may in the end be disappointed. —ELLEN WILLIS

• •

After breaking in with the Giants in their old Polo Grounds days in 1956, he remained with the club through 1962. He developed arm trouble and was traded to Baltimore after the 1962 season with pitcher Stu Miller and catcher John Orsino for pitchers Billy Hoeft, Jack Fisher and I'm as fast as I ever was.—*Suffolk* (*N.Y.*) *Sun*.

Nobody's asking about you.

Pasha Turkish Coffee Liqueur

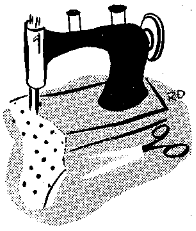


Something's been brewing in Istanbul. It's Pasha Turkish Coffee Liqueur. Imported from a land famous for its after-dinner pleasures.

IMPORTED BY & BOTTLED IN UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. 53 PROOF.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

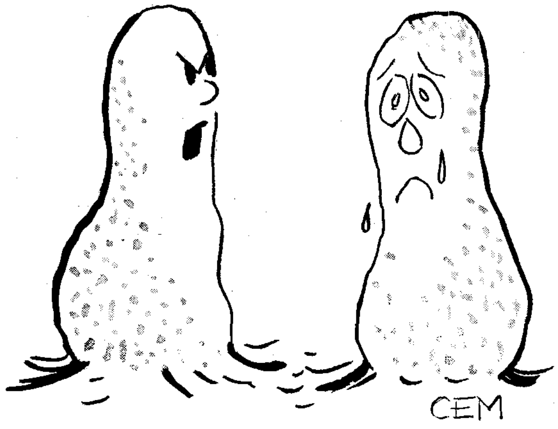
ABOUT THE HOUSE



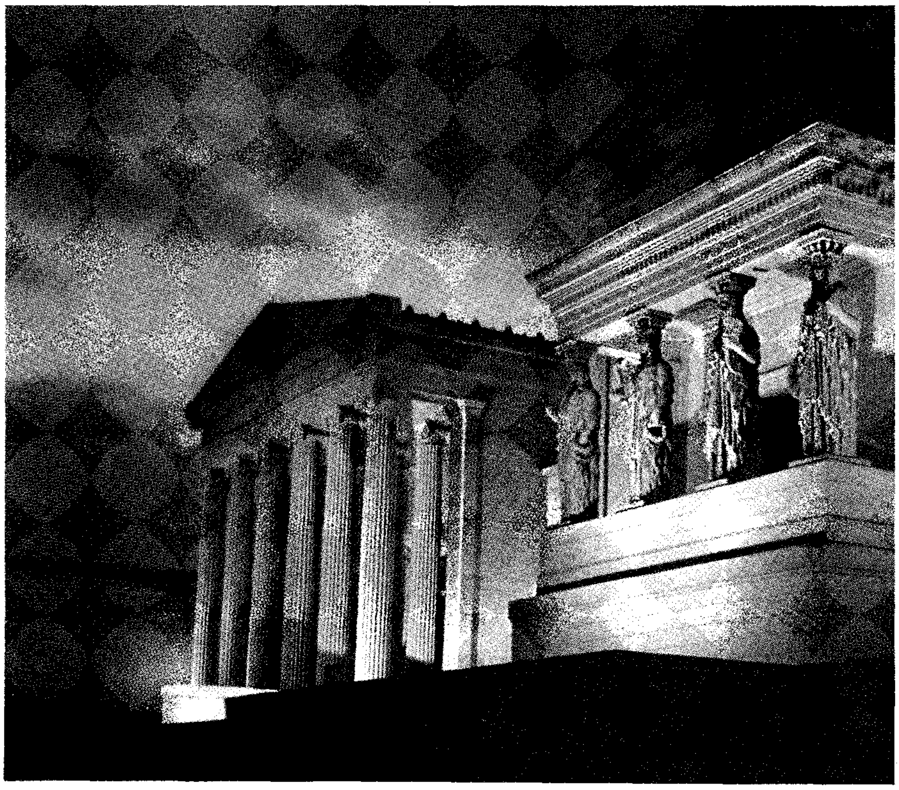
"WE should be getting rid of those lumps of furniture in our rooms and show less concern for the antimacassars of the past. And by antimacassars I also mean Eames chairs." The speaker (quoted in the *Times*) is a furniture designer named Ken Isaacs, who has designed a six-foot cube he calls the Living Structure, a sort of jungle gym made of two-by-twos and equipped with air mattresses, masonite shelves, and clip-on lights, that is intended to replace conventional living-room, dining-room, and bedroom furniture. People are to set the construction up in the living room and then eat, sleep, work, read, and entertain in it. Mr. Isaacs has already sold eight of his Living Structures—four to designers, two to psychologists, and two to government workers—and when the piece goes into production one may anticipate a lively demand for it among designers, psychologists, and government workers. I am not sure that the rest of us are quite up to the rigors of life in a six-foot cube. But after a tour I recently made of local furniture showrooms I can see why Mr. Isaacs and his fellow-creators of "environments" (as these large conceits have come to be known) should want to find an alternative to available modern furniture. A visit to a modern-furniture showroom today can be nearly as depressing as a visit to the theatre. Among the molded-plastic lumps and vinyl blobs and Plexiglas protuberances one is hard put to it to find anything to admire, no less to want to buy—unless, of course, one is decorating a bus or Lincoln Center. The vacuity of contemporary design may explain why so many forward-looking people, who would normally buy modern furniture, are not doing so today, and why some of today's most interesting and up-to-date-looking apartments have nothing in them made after 1900 but are furnished with a mixture of past styles. This so-called eclecticism doesn't always produce the effect it should—it can be precious and false—but, properly conceived, it can result in rooms of considerable beauty, individuality, and comfort. The furniture styles most in demand are those in which design is strong and ornamentation is at a minimum (we cast a functionalist eye on the past), styles such as Bentwood, Shaker, and Queen Anne, and as the demand grows and the supply dwindles, prices become inflated. Reproductions are being made, but, with few exceptions, they are unsatisfactory or scarcely cheaper than the originals. Which brings us to the exceptional establishment of Lloyds Distributors, Inc., 116 East 60th Street, where reproductions of antiques may be bought that are accurate, meticulously made, and relatively inexpensive.

When you enter the shop your heart will sink. You face a narrow aisle hedged by towering canyons of furniture piled three or four pieces high, and before you walk five paces the way is obstructed by a piece of furniture behind which the owner of the shop may be glimpsed in deep and apparently permanent conversation with someone else. Your impulse will be to flee, but don't. The person the owner is talking to is probably his son and co-owner, and when they see you these infinitely obliging gentlemen will attempt to extricate anything you wish to look at, however many pieces it is behind and under, and may actually succeed in doing so. The range of the Lloyds line is reflective rather of catholicity than eclecticism—more furniture styles are represented here than one would think it possible for one man's taste to embrace. My narrower sympathies led me to notice the following reproductions and to ignore a good many things undoubtedly as excellent: (1) A Queen Anne side chair, remarkably spare and slender, with cabriole legs that terminate in pad feet; a curved back with a vase-shaped splat; and a square upholstered seat set into a plain square apron. The chair, priced at $135, is nineteen inches wide and stands forty inches high, and the seat is eighteen inches off the floor. There is an armchair version with sinuous scroll-over arms and slightly ampler dimensions (forty-two inches high and twenty-four inches wide), for $165. The wood, in both cases, is mahogany and the upholstery can be anything you choose. Both reproductions seem to me especially felicitous examples of the Queen Anne style; they bring out more strongly than a lot of more elaborate and stolid extant originals do the unity of its curvilinear design and the brilliant interrelationship of its gracefulness and comfort. (2) A low chest, called a bachelor's chest, thirty inches high, twenty-eight inches wide, and fifteen inches from front to back, made of lovely burled walnut finished to a rich amber patina. The top surface is a hinged extension that flips over and becomes a writing surface supported by pull-out runners inconspicuously imbedded in the frame, and there are four drawers, each appointed with batwing pulls. This concise and elegant piece would be a useful addition to an apartment where space is at a premium; $325. (3) A French trictrac table, thirty-four and a half inches long, twenty-three inches wide, and twenty-nine inches high, whose top, which is reversible and removable, is inlaid with a chessboard on one side and covered with green felt on the other. The top covers an inlaid backgammon well, which rests on delicate curved legs. The pearwood it is made of has a warm golden refulgence, and, for all its facets, the piece has a delightful simplicity; $324.

The reproductions are made in a workshop on Lafayette Street, which the owner's son took me around to inspect. Lloyds does not do "adaptations" but finds good pieces and sticks to them, using the structural techniques of the originals, and the same woods when they are obtainable. The wood is distressed, but not in the laughable manner in which many reproductions are now being bashed and manhandled, and the finishes have a persuasive look of antiquity. I once tried to learn joinery at a local workshop for amateurs, and as I looked around the Lafayette Street shop I was struck by the difference between the two places. At the



"Knock it off! Every week can't be National Peanut Week."



Come to Greece in New York State.

This is architecture endowed with the classical spirit, an expression so uniquely Greek you could be in Athens. Actually, you're at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, where a magnificent collection of treasures transports you into a world of ancient and modern beauty. And minutes away is the beauty of nature at her most majestic, Niagara Falls, millions of tons of water thundering toward Lake Ontario. Southwest of Buffalo, at Chautauqua, you'll find still more beauty, the inspiring grace of the performing arts—symphony, drama, opera. This summer, come to the world of beauty, the world of fun, in New York State.

FREE. 1968 "VACATIONLANDS," YOUR WORLD-OF-FUN GUIDE. Packed to the covers with 96 pages of glorious color photos, information on where to go, what to see. Highway map. Admission fees and prices. Mail coupon today to: Room 507, New York State Dept. of Commerce, Box 1350, Albany, N.Y. 12201

Name ____

Address ____

City ____

State ____ Zip ____

Please include your Zip for fast reply!

WINE PHILOSOPHY I by BOLLA

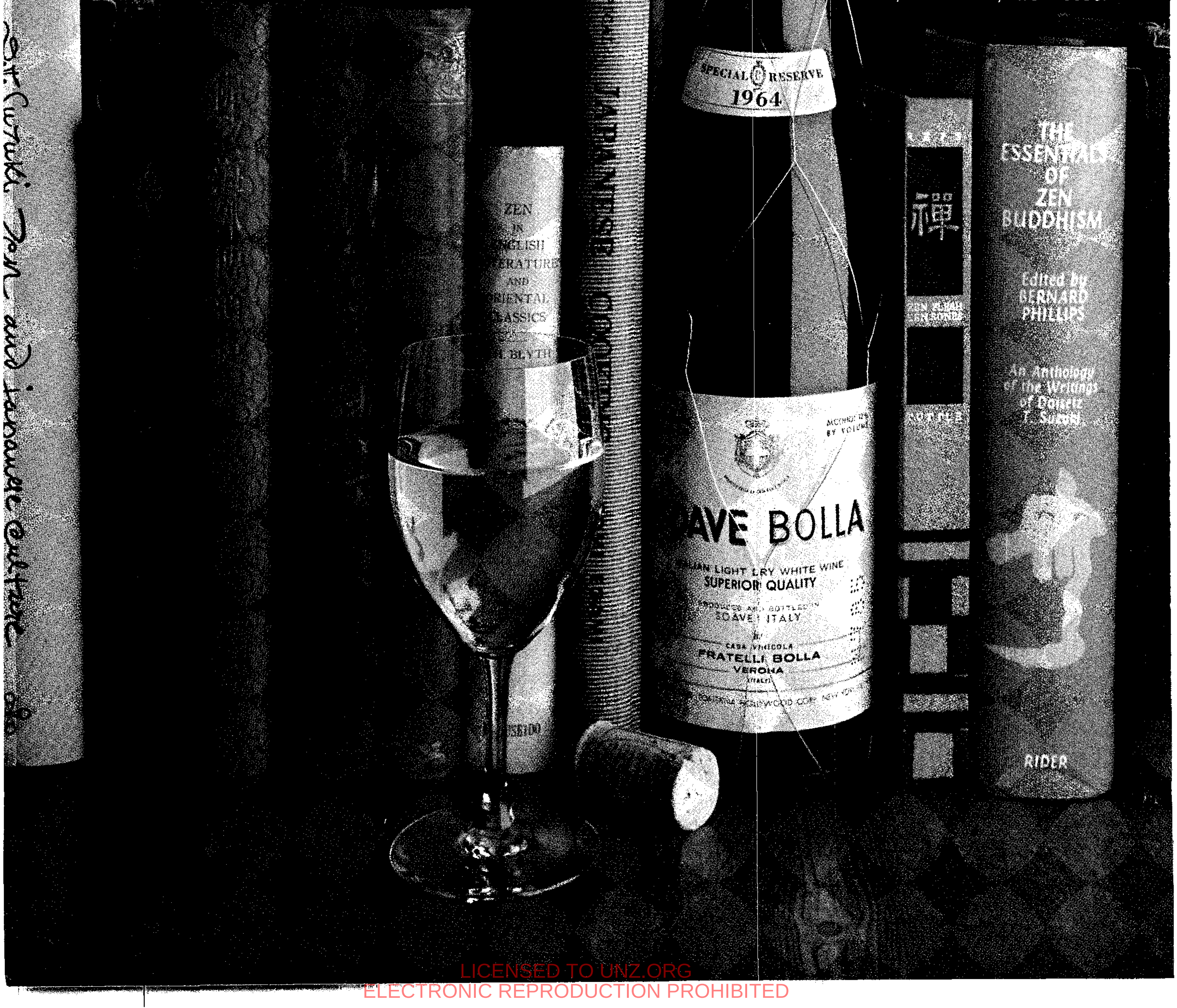
Just as you don't have to be Japanese to enjoy Sukiyaki, why should a rational thinking person drink the same wine with it every time? Let us pause and think about that. Maybe you didn't realize it then, but the first time you tried Sukiyaki weren't you being a little bit adventurous? You tried something new and different...and you grew to love it. Now why not carry your sense of adventure somewhat further and try a dry, white Soave Bolla. You'll find it will complement Sukiyaki perfectly.

You see, Bolla makes some of the finest wines in the world. Italian wines. Italian wines that will go with any of your favorite national dishes ...from Lamb Curry to Bouillabaisse. We at Bolla have a philosophy. Quite simply it's this: if the wine you drink complements whatever it is that you're eating; that's all that should count.

Come to think of it... maybe we should call this dissertation Logic I by Bolla.

Any questions?

Students who wish to pursue the subject further should write for a free book containing recipes of all nations to the exclusive U.S.A. importers. Fontana-Hollywood Corp., 468 Greenwich St., New York, N.Y. 10013.


D.T. Suzuki Zen and Japanese Culture
ZEN IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ORIENTAL CLASSICS
BLYTH
JAPANESE
SPECIAL RESERVE
1964
AVE BOLLA
LIGHT DRY WHITE WINE
SUPERIOR QUALITY
SOAVE ITALY
CASA VINICOLA
FRATELLI BOLLA
VERONA
禪
THE ESSENTIALS OF ZEN BUDDHISM
Edited by BERNARD PHILLIPS
An Anthology of the Writings of Daisetz T. Suzuki
RIDER

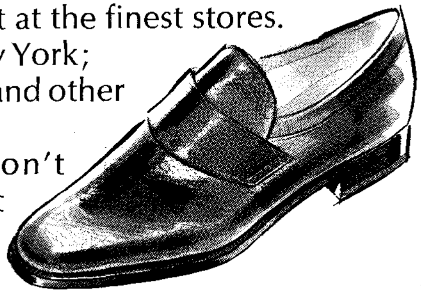
amateur workshop, we toiled at our puerile tasks as if our very lives depended on it, in an atmosphere heavy with effort and concentration and desperate remedies. The Lloyds cabinetmakers scarcely seemed to be working at all; they cut pieces or fitted joints or applied stains almost absently, like dancers doing barre exercises and with something of dancers' effortless economy of movement. In regretting the passage of handicrafts we tend to stress the hand and to overlook the craft—as if anything made by hand were preferable to anything made by a machine. An ill-made object done by hand is *not* better than a well-made object produced by a machine. As yet the best machine-made furniture is not up to the best handmade pieces, but there is reason to think that the machine will catch up. If computers can write sonnets, why shouldn't machines be empowered to make furniture that is beautiful and doesn't fall apart, and since skilled cabinetmakers are dying out and not being replaced, there is every reason they should.

SHAKER furniture is almost impossible to buy. What there is reposes in museums or in jealously guarded personal collections. Until recently, no reproductions of Shaker furniture existed (except for the chairs made at the Shaker Museum in Hancock, Massachusetts), but now Altman's has a number of reproductions of Shaker pieces, made in Spring Lake, Michigan, by an organization called the Guild of Shaker Crafts. I regret to say that the furniture is not all it should be. The pieces are faithful copies that retain the marvellously gainly proportions of the originals, and the workmanship is good *enough*, but hardly what you'd expect of Shaker furniture. The feeling of awe that a roomful of Shaker furniture inspires in the viewer is entirely absent from the Altman collection, and one senses anew that it is the pursuit of perfection by which they are animated that gives Shaker pieces their power, and invests their simple forms with beauty. The Michigan reproductions are imperfect—there are misalignments of parts, legs that wobble, Shaker boxes whose tops have large gaps between rim and top surface. Still, the undeniable handsomeness of the pieces may dispose one to forgive them their imperfections, and to buy them for country houses. A long trestle table—a copy of a Shaker community dining table—and an elegantly proportioned double counter with six drawers would be splendid together in a country dining

JAMES A. BANISTER CO., BELOIT, WIS. 53511. A DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORP.

YOU WON'T FIND THIS SHOE AT ANY STORE.

For a very simple reason.
It isn't any shoe.
It's a Banister Shoe.
One of the finest shoes you can buy. (Because we use the finest materials we can buy.)
Naturally, when you're looking for the finest shoes, you have to start at the finest stores.
Like Wallachs, New York; Gano-Downs, Denver and other fine stores.
After all, you don't start looking for Filet Mignon at a hamburger stand.



Banister
BRAVA STRAP SLIP-ON. IVYWOOD OR BLACK LLAMA—GRAINED CALFSKIN. ABOUT $38.

The natural shoulder plaid for gentlemen... our new Forum Cloth suit

Examine this 3-button suit for Spring from the Glynford Collection by Graham & Gunn. Notice especially the fine lightweight fabric—Forum Cloth. Plaids in black and white with blue framing, medium grey with burgundy, or olive with blue. Meticulously tailored, with flap pockets and high center vent. $110.

The Forum Cloth suit contains 55% Dacron® polyester/45% wool

GRAHAM & GUNN, LTD.

Graham & Gunn suits from $110 to $175, sport coats from $75 to $125 at these and other fine stores:

F. R. Tripler & Co., New York
Capper & Capper, Chicago and Detroit
Jack Henry, Inc., Kansas City
Hubert W. White, Minneapolis and St. Paul
Littler, Seattle
Norton Ditto, Houston
The Ascot Shop, La Jolla
Andrade Ltd., Honolulu
Milton's Ltd., Hattiesburg
Root's, Inc., Summit
Douglas Allen, Pensacola
Everett Holzapfel Inc., Nashville

His castle and fortress

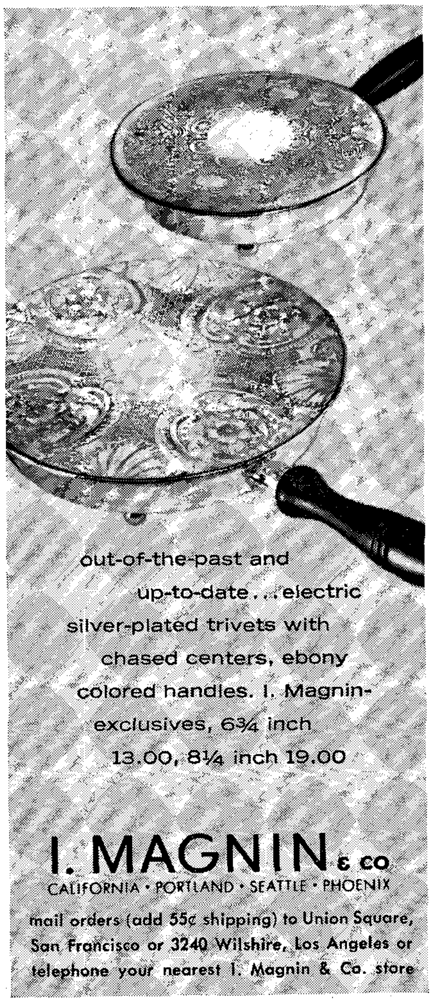
That's what Home meant 400 years ago to Sir Edward Coke. It's what men still seek—particularly those under transfer to another area. But since the Castle concept varies with each family, Homerica is bound to ask many questions about your family's way of living, before alerting affected Realtors (of its hand-picked national network) to go on the prowl. Homerica has handy today's housing facts on any of 4000 communities where, each month, *Homerica settles 400 recently transferred families.* Yet—an astonishing fact—you pay *nothing* for Homerica's experienced know-how, counsel and guidance working in your behalf. Send for brochure.

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Avenue
New York 10017
(212) 661-3111

1901 Ave. of Stars
Los Angeles 90067
(213) 277-3110

Marina City, Chicago 60610 (312) 527-3111



out-of-the-past and up-to-date . . . electric silver-plated trivets with chased centers, ebony colored handles. I. Magnin-exclusives, 6¾ inch 13.00, 8¼ inch 19.00

I. MAGNIN & CO
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

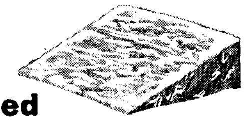
room. The table is $200, and the counter is $400. The furniture is made of pine and has a quite glossy natural finish that should improve as it mellows and loses some of its shine. The Shaker Guild, a buyer at Altman's told me, is a group of amateurs who make the furniture after work hours and on weekends, and perhaps as time goes on they will become more proficient at their avocation. But it may be that Shaker furniture—"religion in wood," as an authority has styled it—is too intimately connected with Shaker beliefs to ever lend itself to reproduction by Non-Believers.

AT Les Vieux Métiers de France, Inc., 306 East 61st Street, one can buy outstanding and very expensive reproductions of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century French antiques. The reproductions are made in an old brewery in Maxeville-Nancy, under the direction of a thirty-three-year-old entrepreneur named Henry Algan, who has been a painter, a ceramicist, an interior decorator, and an antiques dealer, and whose own collection of old pieces is the basis for his line of reproductions. When I visited the showroom, M. Algan, who is extremely slender and wears mutton-chop whiskers and a wolfskin coat, was there to answer questions about his furniture, but our conversation, conducted in French by him and in English by me, with an English-speaking Frenchwoman as go-between, left something to be desired, I felt. M. Algan would say something that sounded like: "*Rien! En vain j'interroge, en mon ardente veille, la nature et le Créateur; pas une voix ne glisse à mon oreille un mot consolateur. J'ai langui triste et solitaire, sans pouvoir briser le lien qui m'attache encore à la terre. Je ne vois rien. Je ne sais rien. Le ciel pâlit. Devant l'aube nouvelle la sombre nuit s'évanouit. Encore un jour! Encore un jour qui luit. O mort, quand viendras-tu m'abriter sous ton aile? Eh bien! Puisque la mort me fuit, pourquoi n'irais-je pas vers elle? Salut! Ô mon dernier matin! J'arrive sans terreur au terme du voyage; et je suis, avec ce breuvage, le seul maître de mon destin!*" And the translator would turn to me and say, "He says they use wax."

Whatever the secrets of its manufacture may be, the furniture looks impressive and is impeccably made. There is a preponderance of the craggy, massive provincial furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—tables and cabinets and chests and benches, whose look of splendid crudity is abetted, one

ONE WAY TO HAVE A DANISH ACCENT INSTANTLY

Good and true imported Danish blue is crunchable with crackers, munchable with muffins, lunchable with salad or soup. Whip it up, snip it up, dip it up. Once you've got the tang of it, Danish blue cheese gives any meal an intriguing accent!



Imported
DANISH BLUE CHEESE
TRY OTHER DANISH CHEESES, TOO

One of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the world!
Luxurious accommodations for 600
Year 'round resort activities
Write for Color Brochure & Weekend Plans
Cherry Hill Inn
Route 38 at Haddonfield Rd.
15 min. from downtown Phila.
N.J. Turnpike Exit 4 • Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: (609) NO 2-7200

A TRULY REMARKABLE RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Rattazzi
Private rooms available for cocktails or dinner.
Closed Sat. and Sun.
9 EAST 48 STREET, N.Y.C.—PL 3-5852

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERA MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

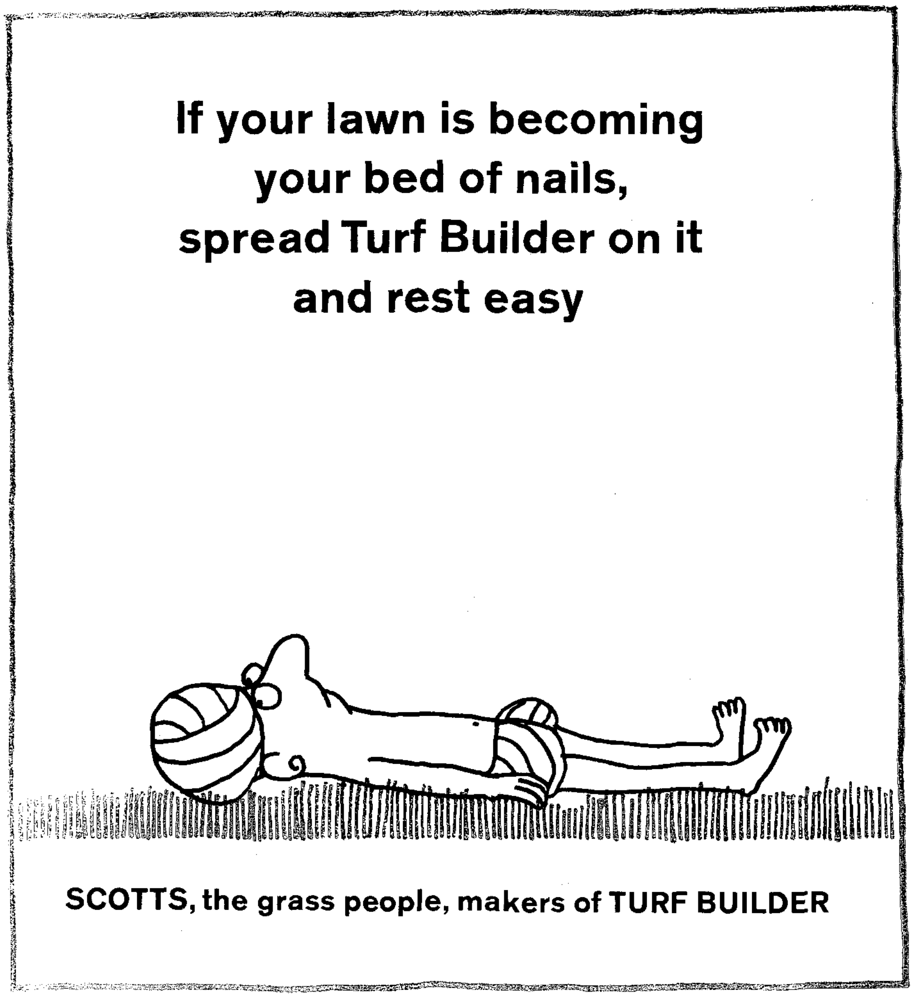
sees on closer examination, by innumerable nicks and dents and holes and gashes that have been meticulously reproduced from the originals. The wood used is solid oak and one may order the furniture in a variety of stains, ranging from natural to a dark brown that is almost black. For $2,995 you may acquire a mammoth Renaissance bahut, a cabinet that is seventy-eight inches high, sixty-four inches wide, and twenty-six inches deep, and is decorated with elaborate but vigorous carvings, set within the panels that form the doors. A handsome armoire, slightly smaller than the bahut, has panelled doors containing bold carvings of lozenges and stars, and costs $1,550. A *table typique paysanne*, twenty-nine and a half inches high and thirty-one and a half inches wide, comes in lengths of seventy-one, seventy-eight and three-quarters, and eighty-six and a half inches, and stands on heavy, roughly carved square legs braced by two short and one long stretcher; $900, $950, and $1,000. Another fine, sturdy table is one whose original came from a wine cellar in Burgundy (such tables were used for the meals and wine tastings that took place in the *caves*) and whose extremely thick top is supported by solid, roundly turned legs. It has the same measurements as those cited for the country table, and the price is $995. A rough and appealing combination chair and storage chest called a *cantou*, whose original was used for storing salt in the mountain regions, is very effectively scarred and isn't as uncomfortable as it looks, for some reason. It has a square back and seat and square-cut arms, and beneath the seat there is a drawer; $563. There is a very comfortable seventeenth-century *chaise à porteur* ($2,400), covered with a rich tapestry material on the outside and lined with wool, with glass windows and four carrying poles at the sides. When the *chaise* is not being used as a means of transportation, the store thriftily suggests, you might use it as a telephone booth. And if, besides footmen, you employ decorators, bring one along, and you may have the *chaise* and everything else in the showroom for forty per cent less than the retail price. —J. M.

•

ORGANIZATIONS--RELIGIOUS

Air Mail From God
3205 West Av............DI 4-4061
If no answer dial ....DI 4-3885
—*San Antonio telephone book.*

No, Virginia, not dead—just out for the evening.



If your lawn is becoming your bed of nails, spread Turf Builder on it and rest easy

SCOTTS, the grass people, makers of TURF BUILDER

Pour a luau.

All you need is Leilani rum, some fruit, and maybe a flower. Leilani makes it authentic. Since it's made in Hawaii.

For some good reasons. 4,000 hours of sunshine a year. Lots of moisture in the air. And especially the lava rich soil. It makes for the world's juiciest sugar cane.

Take away any of them and you couldn't have Leilani's light, delicious taste. And without Leilani, you couldn't have a luau.

Leilani Hawaiian Rum

No luau should be without Tiki. You can have 4 of his mugs for $3 (where legal). Send check to:
Tiki Leilani Mugs
P.O. Box 798,
Dept. N
Mayfield, Ky.

Hawaiian Rum • 80 Proof • Calvert Dist. Co. • Honolulu, Hawaii

VERY
ELEGANT
VINYL BACKGROUND
for a sophisticated room

TIBER (with border) is an unusual and interesting texture which is a perfect foil for fine furnishings and wall decor. It is available in several rich color combinations. See it at your interior designer or wallpaper dealer.

Albert Van Luit & Co.
WALLCOVERINGS

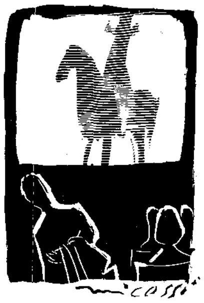
Send 50¢ for actual samples of Tiber . . . or $1 for samples plus illustrated Decorator Kit.

4000-TN
CHEVY CHASE DR.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
90039

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Minority Movie

A FEW weeks ago, I was startled to see a big Pop poster of Che Guevara—startled not because students of earlier generations didn't have comparable martyrs and heroes but because they didn't consider their heroes part of popular culture, though their little brothers and sisters might have been expected to conceive of them in comic-strip terms. Jean-Luc Godard, who said on the sound track of a recent film, "One might almost say that to live in society today is something like living inside an enormous comic strip," has already made a movie about the incorporation of revolutionary heroes and ideas into Pop—"La Chinoise." In the narration of an earlier movie, Godard defined his field as "the present, where the future is more present than the present." In "Masculine Feminine," which was about "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola," a man about to burn himself up needed to borrow a match, and many people were irritated by the levity and absurdity of it—but the *Times* reported just such an incident this month. In the further adventures of those children, in "La Chinoise," the heroine wants to blow up the Louvre; someone threw a stink bomb into a party at the Museum of Modern Art last week. We don't have time to catch up with the future that is already here, and Godard is already making movie critiques of it—documentaries of the future in the present. His movies have become a volatile mixture of fictional narrative, reporting, essay, and absurdist interludes. His tempo is so fast that it is often difficult to keep up with the dialogue, let alone the punctuation of advertising art and allusions to history, literature, movies, and current events. There is little doubt that many of us react to movies in terms of how the tempo suits our own tempo (as a child, I could never sit still through a Laurel-and-Hardy feature, and I have something of the same problem with most of Antonioni's recent work). Since Godard's tempo is too fast for many people—perhaps most people—they have some ground for anger and confusion. But I think he is driven to ignore the difficulties that audiences may experience—not because he wants to assault them or to be deliberately "uncommercial," not out of pretentiousness or arrogance, but out of the nature of his material and his talent.



Though Godard is a social critic, using largely documentary material, he does not work in the expository manner of television documentaries but intuitively seizes new, rapidly changing elements and dramatizes them as directly as possible, projecting his feelings and interpretations into the material. He assumes in his audience an Americanized sensibility—that is, a quick comprehension of devices and conventions derived from American film style—and his temperamental affinity with American popular art probably seems particularly disreputable and trivial to those educated Americans who go to art-film houses for the European cultural ambiance. Antonioni's ponderously serious manner serves as a guarantee of quality; Godard is so restless and inquiring that he hardly develops his ideas at all. Often he leaps back to rework a theme when he sees how to develop what was only partly clear before. His style is a form of shorthand, and this irritates even some people who one might assume are perfectly able to read it. We all know that an artist can't discover anything for himself—can't function as an *artist*—if he must make everything explicit in terms accessible to the widest possible audience. This is one of the big hurdles that defeat artists in Hollywood: they aren't allowed to assume that anybody knows anything, and they become discouraged and corrupt when they discover that studio thinking is not necessarily wrong in its estimate of the mass audience. Godard, like many American novelists, works in terms of an audience that is assumed to have the same background he has. And, of course, many people do—perhaps a majority of the people in the art-house audiences, though they're not used to making connections among fast references at the movies. No one complains about the quotation from Kafka's "Metamorphosis" in "The Producers," or about Gene Wilder's being named Leo Bloom in the same film, or even about another character's being called Carmen Giya; this is considered cute "inside humor" when it's obviously done just for a laugh. But if, as in "La Chinoise," some of the names are used as a shortcut to the characters' roles—Kirilov, for example, for the most des-

Pick a flower. Power.
Do a daisy. Crazy.
Plant your stems in panty
hose. Stretch nylon crepe
fresh from the Hanes
hothouse in shocked and
whispered tones. For a
bloomin' pow wow,
buy dozens.

flower pow

Hanes

UNMISTAKABLY MISTY HARBOR...THE "VENICE"

You are an average looking female from Topeka, Kansas. You follow a dream on the charmed canals of Venice. Make a wish from the Bridge of Sighs. Prestissimo! You get your wish. In your "VENICE", you chameleon into a fabulous beauty and out-glamour the newest crop of Italian movie starlets. Any-weather poplin in exclusive "BUOY CLOTH" of 65% DACRON® POLYESTER-35% cotton protected with ZE PEL rain and stain repeller. In the PINK (SHOWN HERE), apple green, apricot, ice blue, lemon, raspberry, peacock, mint, British tan, olive, natural, ivory, brass, navy, black, brown. Sizes: regular 6-20; petites 2-16; juniors 3-15. About $37.50. Talls 12-22. About $38.50.

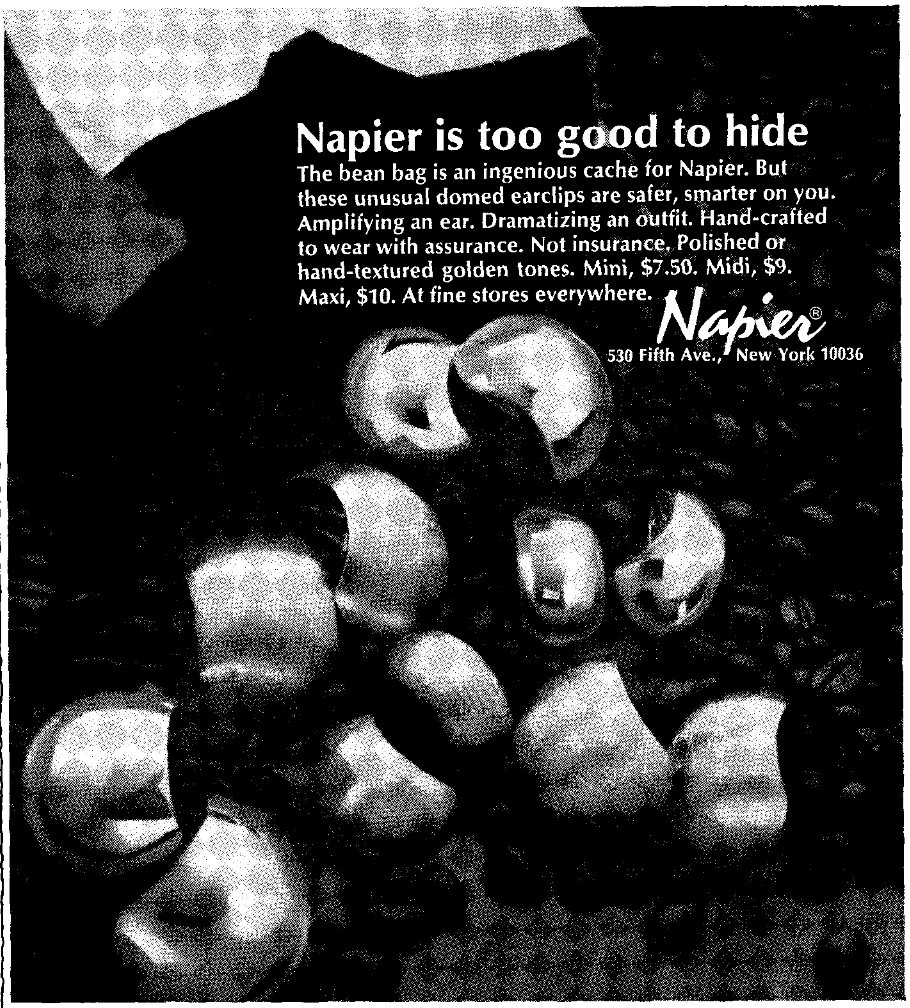
*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

At **B. ALTMAN & CO.,** New York
WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D.C.
HAHNE & CO., Newark; **HAMBURGERS,** Baltimore
RAPHAEL'S, New Britain; **G. FOX,** Hartford
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN, Detroit; **RICH'S,** Atlanta
MILLER & RHOADS, Richmond
F. & R. LAZARUS, Columbus
ADDIS CO., Syracuse; and fine stores
everywhere or write **MISTY HARBOR** Ltd.,
512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

Misty Harbor® LTD.
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

perately confused of the revolutionaries—people are sure to object, though this is done in novels all the time. There are many references that may be incomprehensible to some in the audience, but should Godard stop to explain who Rosa Luxembourg was or what Malraux stands for or why he brings in Sartre and Aragon or Artaud or Theatre Year Zero or Daniel and Sinyavsky? Can't he assume that those who care about the kind of film he is making—those who are involved with the issues of his art—already share most of his frame of reference and are prepared to respond to someone's using it in movies, that they are no longer much involved with movies in the same old frame of reference, which doesn't permit dealing with the attitudes of, as in this case, radical youth? This is minority art not by desire but by necessity. Most innovative artists working in movies have tried to reach the mass audience and failed—failed to reach it as artists. Godard, who is perhaps a symptom of the abandonment of hope for a great popular art, works as artists do in less popular media—at his own highest level.

Inventive and visually gifted, Godard is also, and perhaps even primarily, literary in his approach, and his verbal humor presupposes an educated audience. In "La Chinoise" he uses words in more ways than any other filmmaker: they're in the dialogue and on the walls, on book jackets and in headlines; they're recited, chanted, shouted, written, broken down; they're in commentaries, quotations, interviews, narration; they're in slogans and emblems and signs. Those who dislike verbal allusions will be irritated constantly, and those who want only straightforward action on the screen may be driven wild by his neo-Brechtian displacement devices (his voice on the sound track, a cut to Raoul Coutard at the camera) and by his almost novelistic love of digression—his inclusion of anecdotes and of speculations about movie art and of direct-to-the-camera interviews. And his doubts can be irritating in a medium that is customarily used for banal certainties. Not many movie directors regard their movies as a place to raise the questions that are troubling them. Sometimes Godard's questioning essays come apart like hasty puddings, and then his whole method falls open to question. He is also prone to the use of the *acte gratuit*, so common in philosophical French fiction of this century but rather maddening in films because such acts violate the basic premise of

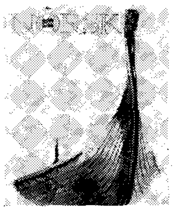


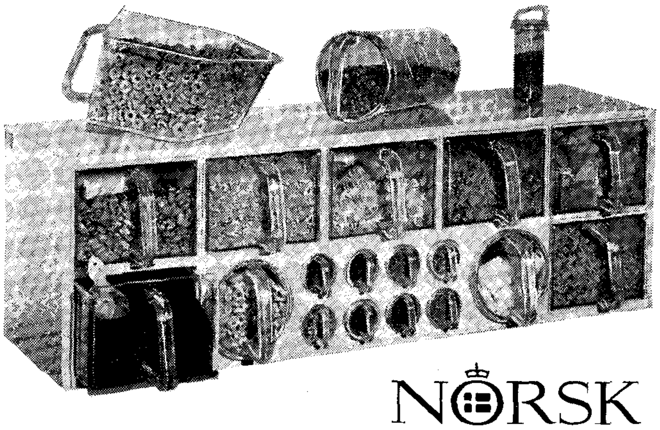
Napier is too good to hide
The bean bag is an ingenious cache for Napier. But these unusual domed earclips are safer, smarter on you. Amplifying an ear. Dramatizing an outfit. Hand-crafted to wear with assurance. Not insurance. Polished or hand-textured golden tones. Mini, $7.50. Midi, $9. Maxi, $10. At fine stores everywhere.
Napier®
530 Fifth Ave., New York 10036

kitchen spice . . . and everything nice

can be stored in this wooden white-enamelled Modern Pantry from Norway. Great to look at . . . this space-saver stores groceries, herbs and spices in air-tight, see-through containers and drawers. It can be mounted on a wall or placed on a counter or shelf (shown: 28¼" long, 9" high, 7½" deep—$38). Send for our free brochure on 11 sizes —$27-$46 each.

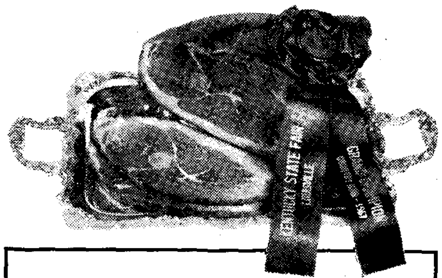
Shop Norway at home with our elegant, 100-page, color-filled, 8½" x 11" "Guide to Norwegian Gifts" illustrating over 1,100 items from six integrated shops in one store . . . There's the Jewelry Shop (50c), the Silver, Crystal, Porcelain, Pewter and Curiosity Shop (25c each), or the entire guidebook, $1.00.





NORSK

Norsk (Dept. 12) 114 East 57th Street (Off Park Ave.) New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) PLaza 2-3111 (Outside New York U.P.S. delivery area, freight collect; add sales tax where applicable.)



For Easter

Our aged and registered Kentucky Country Hams won every first place award, including the Grand Champion Ham, at the Kentucky State Fair this past year — judged on flavor, aroma and leanness.

Delight your friends by serving or giving this famous Kentucky delicacy. Each ham is accompanied by complete cooking and serving instructions, or we'll cook it for you. Guaranteed or your money back.

Smith & Barry

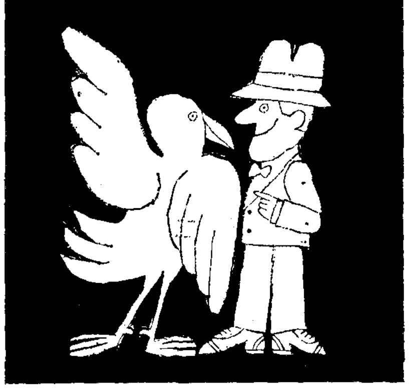
Write for descriptive brochure or send check for size ham desired: Uncooked weight — Apx. 11 lbs. $16.50; Apx. 13 lbs. $19.50; Apx. 15 lbs. $22.50. Add $2.50 for shipping, or $7.50 for shipping and cooking.

PRIDE OF TRIGG COUNTY KENTUCKY

BROADBENT'S
B&B BINGHAM'S
AGED & REGISTERED KENTUCKY COUNTRY HAM

Broadbent-Bingham Kentucky Food Products, Inc.
Dept. N, P. O. Box 6053, Louisville, Ky. 40206

Easy to follow directions on how to get lost in the land of the sky



Just clip this coupon:

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________
STATE__________ZIP CODE__________

Mail to Dept. F-1, Asheville Chamber of Commerce, Post Office Box 1011, Asheville, North Carolina 28802

Our free guidebook describes unusual one-day excursions in that hauntingly beautiful region of Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains surrounding Asheville, North Carolina. It ignores the commonplace, concentrates on the fresh and unspoiled in the land of the sky. Use as a detailed itinerary and for basic information.

ASHEVILLE

dramatic construction—that the author will show us what led to the crimes or deaths. Godard gives us quick finishes that are not resolutions of what has gone before.

Some of these factors are genuine deterrents to moviegoing, but Godard is, at the moment, the most important single force keeping the art of the film alive—that is to say, responsive to the modern world, moving, reaching out for new themes. The last year has been a relatively good year for American movies—there have been more pictures fit to look at than there were in the preceding few years, when Hollywood seemed to have become a desert, but, with the exception of "Bonnie and Clyde," if you missed any or all of them you would hardly have missed a thing, because they are merely genre pieces brought up to date: thrillers, Westerns, or "strikingly new" films, which is to say films about adolescent rebellion that take over material, attitudes, and sensibility already commonplace to anybody who reads books or goes to plays. We can go to foreign films, and a romantic tragedy set in another period and culture, like "Elvira Madigan," may be highly satisfying when we want to dream away and weep a little and look at lovely pictures—as we did at "Mayerling" in the thirties. And a slick thriller or a Western may still be entertaining enough and basically, crudely satisfying when we are tired and just want to go sit and see some action. But what these late-sixties versions of standard movies don't have is the excitement of contemporaneity, of using movies in new ways. Going to the movies, we sometimes forget—because it so rarely happens—that when movies are used in new ways there's an excitement about them much sharper than there is about the limited-entertainment genres. Godard's films—the good ones, that is—are funny, and they're funny in a new way: "La Chinoise" is a comic elegy on a group of modern revolutionary youth—naïve, forlorn little ideologues who live out a Pop version of "The Possessed."

Godard once wrote, "I want to be able sometimes to make you feel far from the person when I do a closeup." We feel far from Véronique, the teen-age philosophy student of "La Chinoise," all the time, and it's a scary sensation, because she is so much like every other girl on campus these days. As embodied by Anne Wiazemsky, the granddaughter of Mauriac who made her début in Bresson's "Balthazar" and is now married to Godard, Véronique may be more of a represent-

DeLuxe Hotel Accommodations at attractive rates on New York's exclusive Central Park South

...YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

That's why it's the favorite of travelwise men and women. Superb midtown location, continental check-in, exclusive 100% fresh air conditioning system, fine cuisine, 24-hour operator attended elevators and warm personalized service make The Barbizon-Plaza one of New York's finest luxury hotel values.

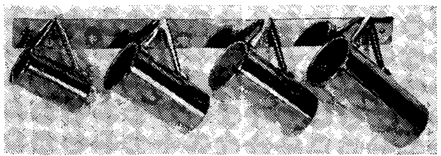
The Barbizon-Plaza
A Luxury Hotel
106 Central Park South, N.Y., N.Y.

RESERVATIONS AT GUARANTEED RATES

Choice Singles: $14.00 to $19.50
Choice Doubles: $19.00 to $26.00
Tower Studio Suites: $28.00 to $33.00

FREE INDOOR GARAGE—includes pick up and delivery. Available only for de luxe singles from $18.00 up and doubles from $25.00 up. Not included on package tours or special group rates.

WRITE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE N
Tel: CI 7-7000 • Teletype 212 640 4099



SOLID COPPER MEASURING CUPS

These four graduated measuring cups are so attractive you'll want to have them on display in your kitchen. But you'll wind up using them because they are so handy. Cups are made of solid copper with brass handles and are tin lined. They range in size from ¼ to 1 cup. All have their own individual pegs on 15" solid brass rack. Complete 5 piece set $8.95

Prepaid in U.S.A.
No C.O.D.'s Please!
Write for complete catalog.

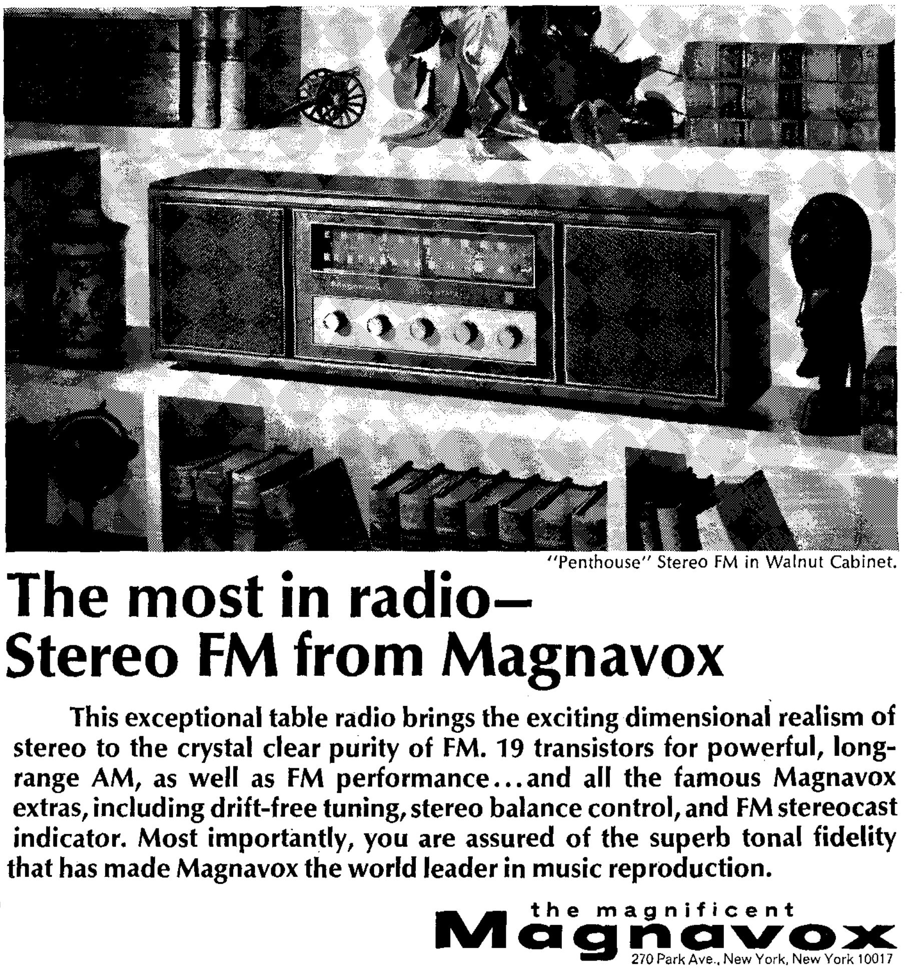
Bazar Français
EST 1877
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10. N.Y.
21ST 6 AVE

THE CAPRICE

Kirby Atterbury's Restaurant
on San Francisco Bay
TIBURON • CALIFORNIA
Reservations 415-435-3400

Chateau Madrid
Presents
AN EXCITING LATIN REVUE
Shows 9 & 12 Fri. & Sat. 9-12-2
42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773

ative of the new radical youth than any other movie has come up with. She is an engaged nihilist, an activist who wants to close the universities by acts of terrorism; she thinks that this will open the way for a new educational system, and that a few deaths don't matter. She is politically engaged, and yet this condition seems to go hand in hand with a peculiar, and possibly new, kind of detachment. She and the four other members of her Maoist group who share the apartment where most of the movie takes place seem detached from the life around them, from how they live, from feelings of any kind. In her soft, small voice, and with the unself-conscious, frightened, yet assured face of so many American college girls, Véronique makes rigid formulations about morals and philosophy; she has no resonance. The group live in a political wonderland of slogans lifted out of historical continuity; they prattle about correct programs and objective conditions and just, progressive wars and the Treaty of Brest Litovsk. They have none of the strength or the doubts that come from experience. They are disparately together in their communal life; they could just as easily recombine in another grouping. Véronique is a new version of Godard's unreachable, perfidious girl, but this unreachable ideologue, though as blankly affectless as the heroines of "Breathless" and "Masculine Feminine," is not treacherous, nor is there any deep enough emotional involvement between the boys and the girls for deceit to be necessary or for betrayal or victimization to be possible. Sex is taken for granted, is so divorced from emotion that the members of the group seem almost post-sexual, which may be just about the same as pre-sexual. They study Marxism-Leninism, and chant Chairman Mao's sayings from the little red book like nursery rhymes; they play with lethal toys, and—in that bizarre parroting of the Red Guard which is so common here, too—they attack not the economic system and the advertising culture that has produced them but the culture of the past and its institutions, and bourgeois "compromisers," and Russian-style Communists. Véronique wants to bomb the Sorbonne, the Louvre, the Comédie-Française; she murders a Soviet cultural emissary visiting Paris, a representative of the culture stifling the universities, who is selected almost at random to be the first in a series. The group's political life in the flat is a contained universe that almost seems to


"Penthouse" Stereo FM in Walnut Cabinet.

The most in radio—
Stereo FM from Magnavox

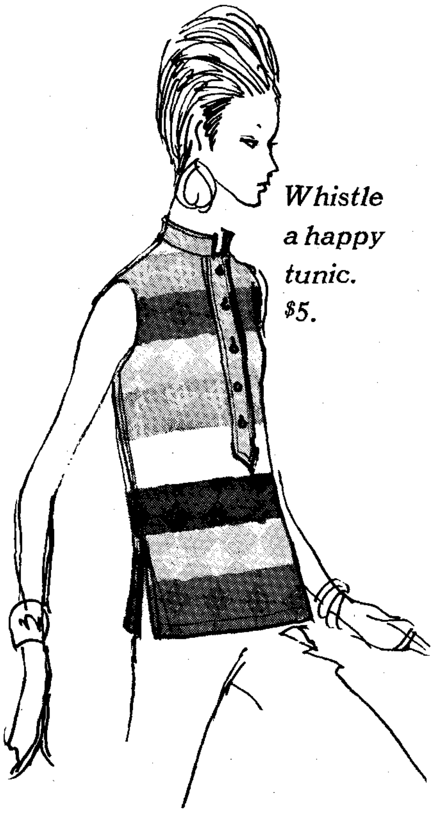
This exceptional table radio brings the exciting dimensional realism of stereo to the crystal clear purity of FM. 19 transistors for powerful, long-range AM, as well as FM performance...and all the famous Magnavox extras, including drift-free tuning, stereo balance control, and FM stereocast indicator. Most importantly, you are assured of the superb tonal fidelity that has made Magnavox the world leader in music reproduction.

the magnificent Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York, New York 10017

La Française champagne.
We named it
for our women.

La Francaise.
The Frenchwoman.
A champagne made only from
the delicate first pressing
of the grapes.

La Française
by Taittinger
TAITTINGER



Whistle a happy tunic. $5.

Ship'n Shore®

The Davis Cabinetmaker puts about twelve weeks of skill and patience and pride into making a solid walnut hutch that Adelaide will love one day, almost as much as her china doll.

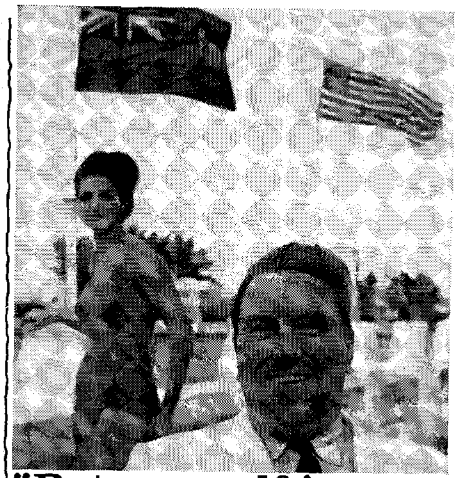
DAVIS CABINET COMPANY

For "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture" send $1.00 to Dept.NY4, Davis Cabinet Co., Nashville, Tenn.
"Craftsmen of Fine Solid Wood Furniture"

dematerialize the more familiar world, because it is such a separate, paper-thin universe. Their conspiratorial plots seem like games; they are too open and naïve to hide anything. They expel a member for "revisionism," and the little bespectacled boy goes to the foot of the table and consoles himself with bread and jam. Yet from the flat where they play-act revolution they go out and commit terrorist acts with the same affectless determination. Véronique kills the wrong man and is not fazed by it; *she goes back and gets* "the right one" as unemotionally as she might correct a mistake in an examination. Godard shows the horror, the beauty, and the absurdity of their thinking and their living, all at the same time; they are like a new Children's Crusade, and he sees the pathos in it.

"La Chinoise" is a satire of new political youth, but a satire from within, based on observation, and a satire that loves its targets more than it loves anything else—that, perhaps, can see beauty and hope only in its targets. But not much hope. In a section toward the end, the movie goes outside comedy. Godard introduces Francis Jeanson, an older man with political experience, a humane radical who *connects*. Jeanson tries to explain to Véronique that her terrorist actions will not have the consequences she envisions. She describes her tactics for closing the universities, and, gently but persistently, he raises the question "What next?" There is no question whose side Godard is on—that of the revolutionary children—but in showing their styles of action and of thought he has used his doubts, and his fears for them, to warn them. Though his purpose is didactic, the movie is so playful and quick-witted and affectionate that it's possible—indeed, likely—that audiences will be confused about Godard's "attitude."

How can the modern "possessed" be *funny*? The fusion of attitudes—seeing characters as charming and poetic and, at the same time, preposterous and absurd—is one of Godard's contributions to modern film. (Truffaut worked in almost the same mode in "Shoot the Piano Player"—the mode that in America led to "Bonnie and Clyde.") Godard's attitude toward his characters is similar to Scott Fitzgerald's in that he loves beautiful, doomed youth, but his style is late-sixties. If one examines books on modern movies, the stills generally look terrible—shlocky, dated, cluttered, and artificially lighted. Stills from Godard's films provide



"Put yourself in my place" SAYS CONRAD ENGELHARDT, PRESIDENT OF BERMUDA'S INVERURIE

Inverurie's popularity spread fast. Our guests told their friends about us. And their friends told others. So we added a new wing. Our fifth one! Dorothy Draper designed the luxurious rooms. The views are spectacular. And so is the activity at Inverurie. You'll swim, cycle, golf, play tennis, enjoy star-studded entertainment and dancing. And that's only the beginning! Come and see. You'll love Inverurie or my name's not Connie Engelhardt! See your travel agent or The Wolfe Organization, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036. Telephone LO 5-1114.

INVERURIE
The Hotel at the Water's Edge
PAGET, BERMUDA

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

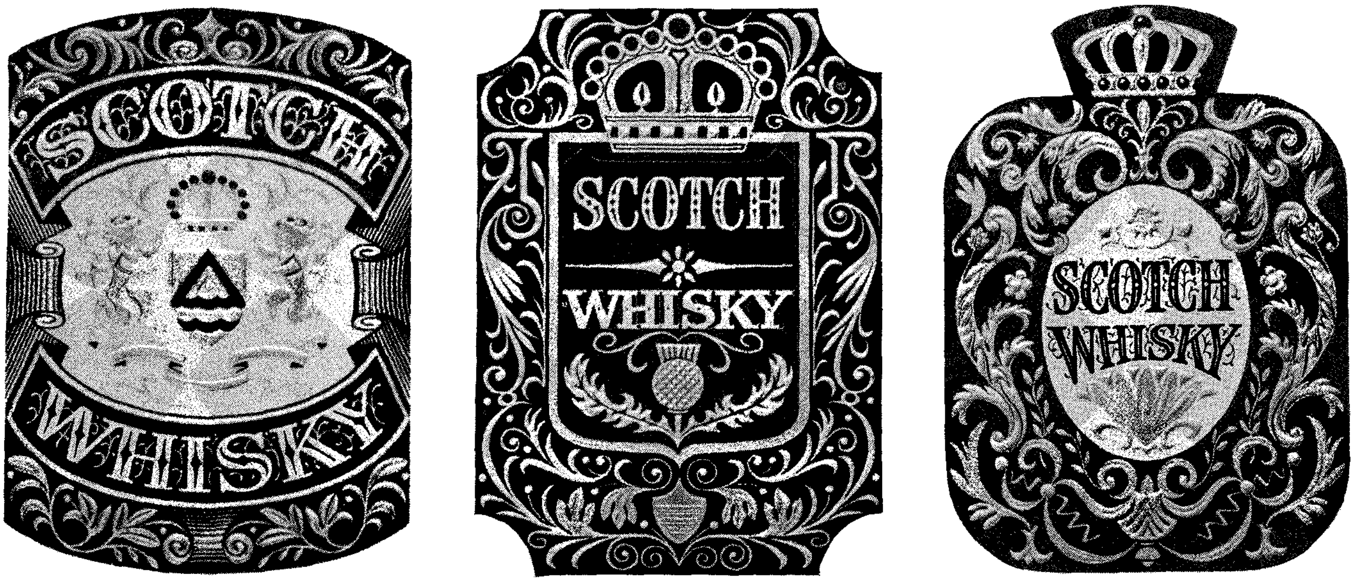
Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted *for its quiet elegance; adjacent to* Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300
A Bing & Bing Hotel

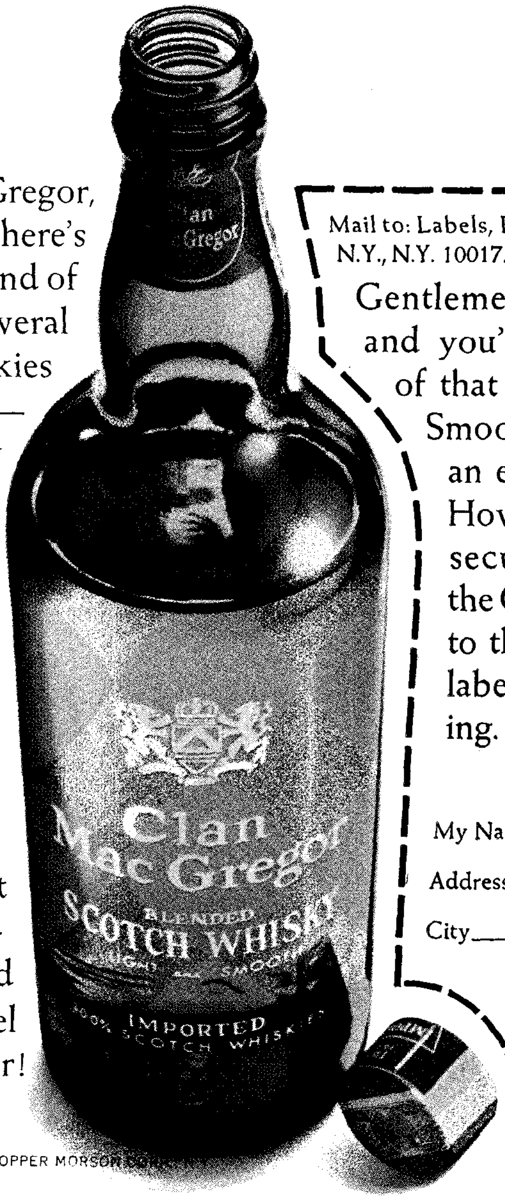
Le Restaurant *Par Excellence*
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950



Free! Three snobby labels for dolling up Clan MacGregor Scotch bottles.



If you're new to Clan MacGregor, your taste will instantly tell you here's the peer of most any superb blend of light Scotches. (Among them, several mouth-watering Speyside whiskies—money can't buy smoother—that we sell to the hoity-toity blends.) And you're human. You'll like saving that $2 or so a bottle. (We import in barrels and bottle here; it costs us nothing to pass along what we save in freight and taxes. All you pay for is the Scotch.) But, as we say, you're human. And perhaps—at least at first—you'd rather your friends didn't realize that you serve the premium taste in Scotch...purchased at less than the premium label price. Ergo, this irresistible offer!

Mail to: Labels, Box 1900, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

Gentlemen: I've just tried Clan, and you're right. The elegance of that taste really reaches me. Smooth-eroo! And I can use an extra $2 or so any time. However, I'm in no way insecure about displaying the Clan bottle. I just happen to think your three snobby labels are suitable for framing. Please rush.

☛ I enclose 25¢ (no stamps) for postage and handling.

My Name________________

Address________________

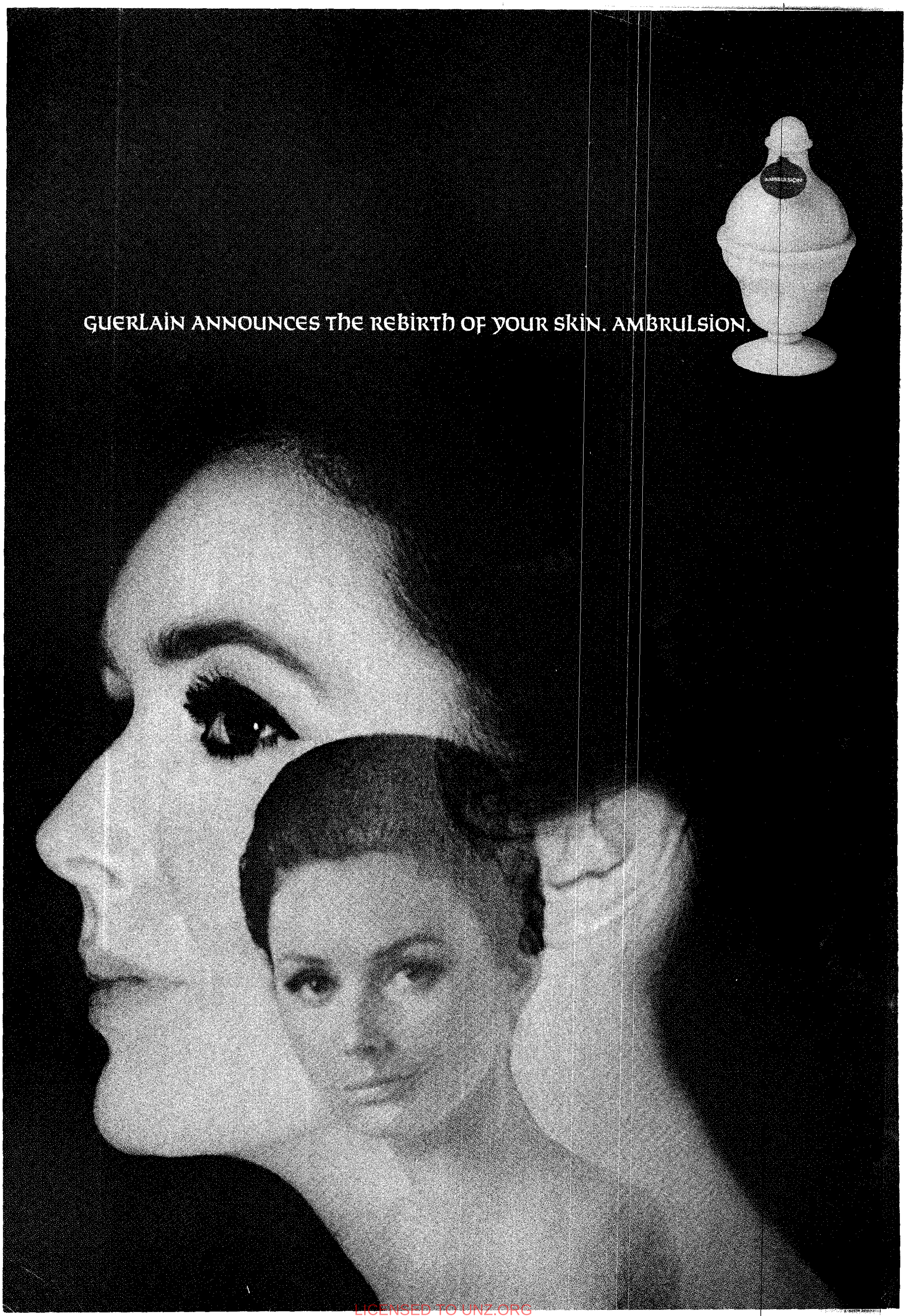
City________________

State________ Zip________

Available only in states where legal.
Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.
Offer good until September 30, 1968.

04

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF © IMPORTED BY POPPER MORSON


GUERLAIN ANNOUNCES THE REBIRTH OF YOUR SKIN. AMBRULSION.
AMBRULSION

such a contrast that they can be spotted at once. In natural light, his figures are isolated and clearly defined in space against impersonal modern buildings with advertising posters or in rooms against white walls with unframed pictures from magazines. The look is of modern graphics, and that, of course, is why the stills reproduce so well. The ironic elegance of his hard-edge photographic compositions on screen is derived from graphics, comic strips, modern décor, and the two-dimensional television image. The frames in a Godard film are perfectly suited to fast comprehension—one can see everything in them at a glance—and to quick cutting. They can move with the speed of a comic strip, in which we also read the whole picture and the words at once. This visual style, which enables him to make a comedy out of politics and despair, has, however, often been misinterpreted as an attempt to achieve "pure form" on screen. Godard is not trying to create a separate world of abstract film that might be analogous to the arts of music and abstract painting, and it is a way not of explaining his movies but of explaining them away to say that they are works of art because they are going in the same direction as painting—as if every art reached its culmination when it was emptied of verbal meaning and of references to this world. Godard uses abstract design because he responds to the future in the present and because he is trying to show how human relationships are changing in this new world of advertising art, dehumanized housing, multiple forms of prostitution. He does not work in a studio; he selects locations that reveal how abstract modern urban living already is. He fills the screen with a picture of Brecht and the definition "Theatre is a commentary on reality." He uses words as words—for what they mean (and he satirizes the characters in "La Chinoise" for using words abstractly). He is no more an abstractionist than the comic-strip artist, who also uses simplified compositions and bright primary colors as a visual-verbal shorthand technique. If the meaning is conveyed by a balloon containing the word "Splat!" you don't need to paint in the leaves on the branches of the trees or the herringbone design on the pants. And if modern life is seen in terms of the future, the leaves and the weave are already gone. The folly of viewing Godard's stripped-down-for-speed-and-wit visual style as if he were moving away from the impurities of meaning is that it is a way of cancelling out everything that goes

We take pleasure in announcing that
in an exchange of remarks
concerning capital gains
between
the striking blonde in the Courrèges culotte
and
the stunning creature in pure white crêpe
at the opening of
the John Heliker exhibition
at the
Whitney Museum
on Wednesday, April 3
the name Hentz came up.

H. HENTZ & CO.

72 WALL STREET · FOUNDED 1856 · MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

The SHOWPLACE RESORT ON THE OREGON COAST

Salishan is one of America's great new resorts! Outstanding . . . distinctive . . . different! 125 luxurious rooms • gourmet and casual dining • lounge, pool, sauna • miles of secluded beaches. For full color brochure, or information, write:

SALISHAN LODGE
Alex Murphy, Manager P.O. Box 148-NY
Gleneden Beach, Oregon 97388 • Phone 503/764-2371

MASTER HOSTS

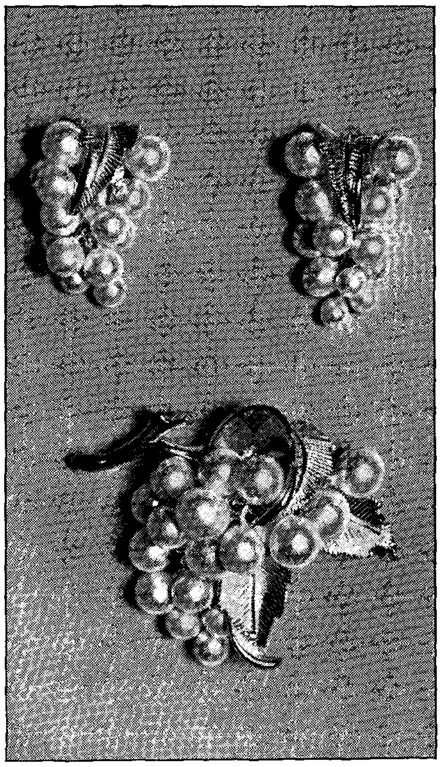
At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NU,Trenton, N. J.
CYBIS
© Cybis 1968

See "A History of American Art Porcelain". Museum of Modern Art, Miami, Fla., Apr. 3-May 10.

When invited to a Danish home for the first time, it's an old custom to present flowers upon entering. But women who visit our salon usually hand us our "bouquets" after seeing our glorious furs.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court



Graceful earrings and equally graceful pin, all with a leaf motif enhanced by a cluster of simulated pearls. Or, if you prefer, a cluster of jade-like beads. Gold tone. The earrings, 6.00. The pin, 6.00
Fifth Avenue and all branches

Peck & Peck

on in a movie like "La Chinoise"—of "appreciating" everything the "artist" does and not reacting to or understanding anything the person says.

For a moviemaker, Godard is almost incredibly intransigent. At this point, it would be easy for him to court popularity with the young audience (which is the only audience he has ever had, and he has had little of that one) by making his revolutionaries romantic, like the gangster in "Breathless." Romantic revolutionaries could act out political plots instead of robberies. But he does not invest the political activists of "La Chinoise" with glamour or mystery, or even passion. His romantic heroes and heroines were old-fashioned enough to believe in people, and hence to be victimized; the members of Véronique's group believe love is impossible, and for them it is. Godard does just what will be hardest to take: he makes them infantile and funny—victims of Pop culture. And though he likes them because they are ready to convert their slogans into action, because they want to do something, he dares to suggest that they haven't thought through what they're doing. The whole movie asks, "And after you've closed the universities, what next?" —PAULINE KAEL

•

For decades there has been talk of a "secret ray" or a "death ray." Now it appears that the United States is going to have a Spectrum Bomb, which will give off bursts of X-rays that will destroy the warheads of incoming missiles.

Thus the "secret ray" or the "death ray" may be on its way to realization.

The advances made by science since the end of World War II have been phenomenal.

Now with the advent of the Spectrum Bomb, the plain, ordinary Atomic Bomb may be forced to take a back seat. But thermonuclear warfare is something to be dreaded—and avoided if possible.

It looks as though the world's leading powers are rapidly reaching a point that they could just about destroy each other overnight.

That certainly is not a pleasant thought.
—*El Paso Times.*

Well, now, let's not be downcast!

•

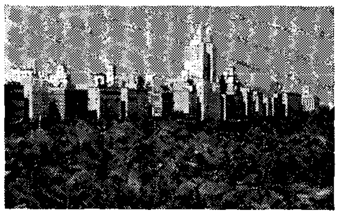
THE MYSTERIOUS EAST, WHERE YOU QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD

[*Letter received by a man in Charlottesville, Va.*]

GENTLEMEN:

Owing to an increased amount of business and with a view to promoting greater efficiency, the Foreign Department of BUNSEI SHOIN, a leading international back files dealer of scholarly periodicals in the Orient, will terminate their business as of the end of this month.

The smartest
point of view in
New York...
ESSEX HOUSE



OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK

It's New York's prestige address: near Lincoln Center, Rockefeller Center, theatres, galleries and smart shops. Elegantly appointed rooms and suites with TV and serving pantry. Hotel garage adjacent.
Single from $20, Double from $26
Suites from $37

DINING AT ITS BEST
Casino ON-THE Park

For reservations call Robt. F. Warner in Chicago, Boston, Miami, Washington, Toronto; John A. Tetley in Los Angeles, San Francisco; Utell Int. in Dallas, Montreal; Booker Ltd. in London.
MEMBER OF DISTINGUISHED HOTELS
ESSEX HOUSE
VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. & MNG. DIR.
160 Central Park So., New York, 10019
Tel.: (212) 247-0300

EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137, or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
"a bit of Jamaica that swings"
Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. Directly on the ocean — fully air conditioned. A staff of 250 — no conventions — adults only. For brochure and tariff see your Travel Agent or write owners. Box 15073, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215

ART and the SHELL
Stix
daily 1-5:30
closed
sun. & mon.
13 VANDAM ST. N.Y. 13

BOOKS

Questions Concerning Giacomo

WHAT IS “GIACOMO JOYCE”?

It is (a) a tiny prose work of some twenty-six hundred words, whose first sentence is interrogative—“Who?”—and whose substance is so evanescent with tentativity and mysteriousness that the reviewer, like the heroine, finds it handy to don “quizzing glasses.” Variously described as a “short story” and “the notebook” and “a love poem which is never recited” and “this most delicate of novels,” “Giacomo Joyce” was probably copied out, in his best schoolbook hand, by James Joyce (1882-1941) in 1914 in Trieste.

(b) It is also an elegantly produced, boxed, ten-dollar object of veneration published by Viking Press on January 1, 1968—a saint’s bone whose marrow is (a) and whose surrounding calcium consists of nine pages of introduction by the foremost of American Joyce scholars, Mr. Richard Ellmann; four and a fraction pages of notes amplifying and exemplifying correspondences and echoes already noted in the introduction; and, most delightfully and luxuriantly, a photographic facsimile of the manuscript pages, two of them full size (13¼″ by 10¼″) and folded quarto, the six others reduced by half but still legible.

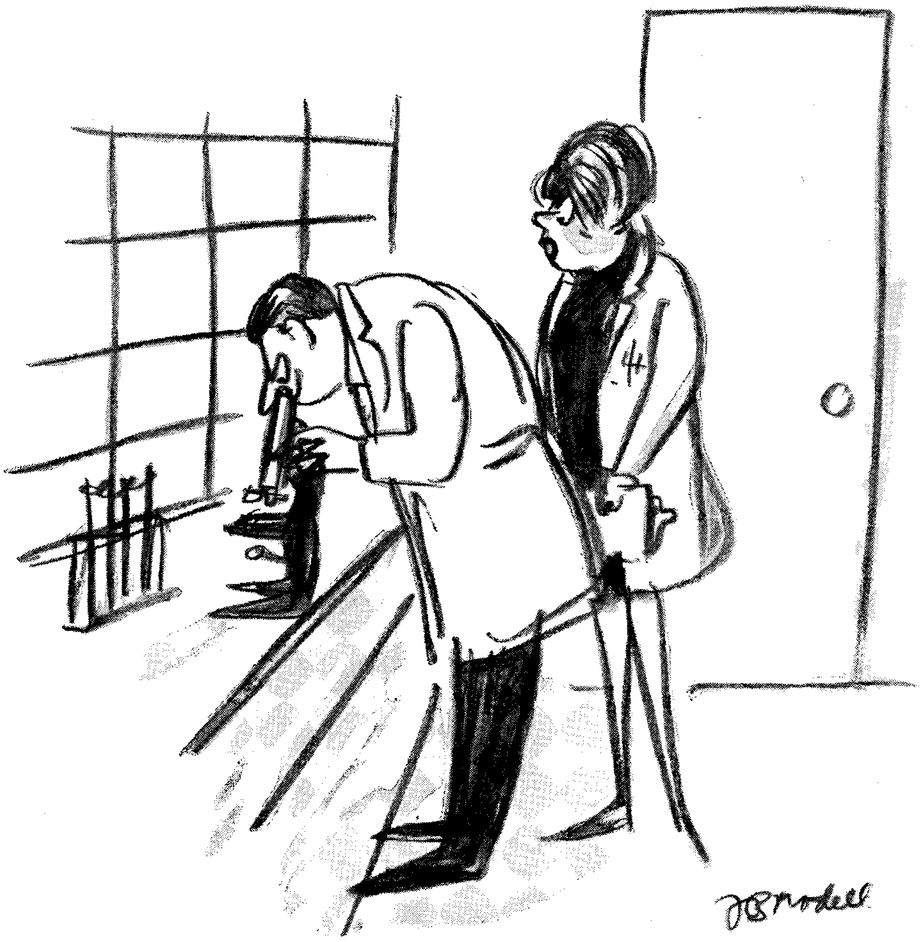
DOES THE SUMPTUOUS FORMAT OF (B) ENTIRELY SUIT THE MODEST TEXT OF (A)?

It is a pleasure to handle, in an age when the crafts languish, so fine a piece of book production. Mr. Ellmann, as master of scholarly ceremonies, writes gracefully, employing his matchless intimacy with the Joycean universe to demonstrate how phrases from this slender text were dispersed, with surprising transmutations, through “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,” “Exiles,” “Pomes Penyeach,” and “Ulysses.” The decision to print, however, this text line for line as it appears in the manuscript, with all the spaces, not only compels a rather stingy size of type but somehow weakens the voice of the text; the sections of this notebook quoted in Ellmann’s massive biography of Joyce (Oxford, 1959), set in orthodox justified lines, read more vividly, with more of the narrative energy whose lack is the most puzzling aesthetic quality of “Giacomo Joyce.” Departing from normal typographic procedures seems chichi, since the facsimile manuscript is also bound into the volume.

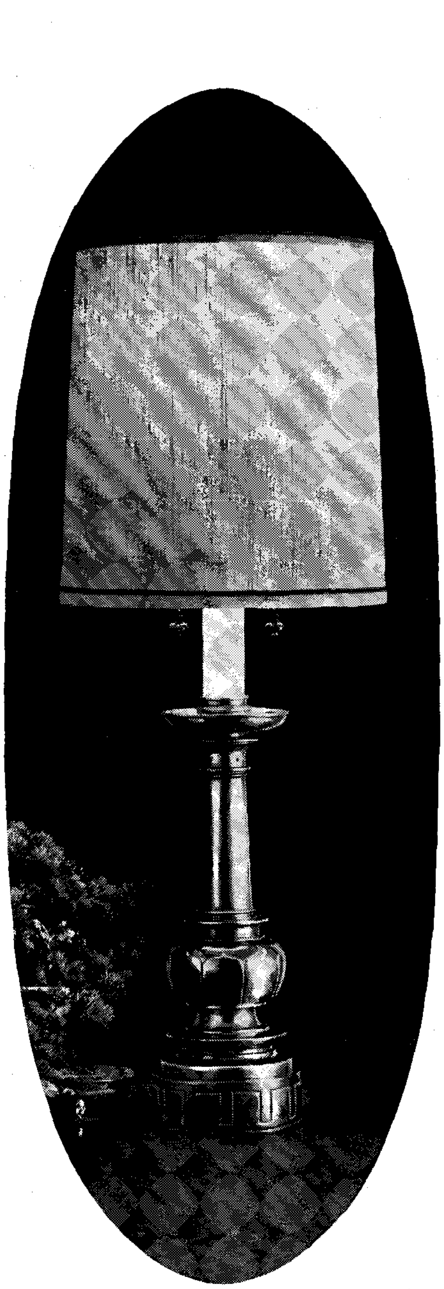
The facsimile is doubly welcome, as a specimen of Joyce’s fluent, lucid hand and as light upon the central riddle—of what the work wishes to *do;* we seem to draw a little closer to Joyce’s intention in examining the graphic texture of these paragraphs and phrases spaced and scattered upon large sheets of art paper. There is no crossing-out or emendation, though there is some trouble with “websoft” on page 7. This indicates a fair copy from preëxistent notes, yet on some pages the tone of ink (page 10), or the size of the writing (page 15), or the speed of the penmanship (page 13) changes between paragraphs. Mr. Ellmann’s suggestion is that, “perhaps with Mallarmé in mind,” Joyce was indicating “pauses of varying duration measured by spaces of varying length.” If that is so, this pictographic intention is indifferently carried out; the amount of waste space—the lower third of the sheets is frequently blank, and some of the space gaps, as on pages 5 and 8, are huge—seems inartistic and its distribution rather random. More likely that this enterprise, whether of copying or composition, was executed at several sittings, with a mixture of purposes, among them crystallization and formal ordering for the author’s own benefit, as a way of pinning these images to a surface from which they could be later plucked and employed in published works. I doubt that “Giacomo Joyce” was ever intended for print. It is too personal, too unformed and febrile; it would scarcely be published now were its author not a classic. Publication in a very private sense, however, may have been intended: these pages, one’s impression grows, were copied out to be shown or given to someone, like the parchment sheets upon which Joyce five years earlier copied out the poems of “Chamber Music” as a gift for his wife.

SHOWN OR GIVEN TO WHOM?

One possibility is Italo Svevo, Joyce’s fellow-author and fellow-Triestine of the time, who contributed



“What’s happened to us, George? I remember when you used to look at me that way.”



Adaptation of
a traditional
votive
candlestand
in the spirit of
Ch'ien Lung
bronzes.
41 inches.
About $100.*

The Stiffel Lamp

For brochure of selected Stiffel lamps,
send 25¢ to The Stiffel Company,
Chicago 60610.

*Slightly higher west and south.

so much information and temperament to the character of Leopold Bloom, and who had written and shown to Joyce a novel called "Senilità" (the English title, at Joyce's suggestion, became "As a Man Grows Older"), concerning a middle-aged man's love for a young woman, and who had asked Joyce, in a letter dated June 26, 1914, "When will you write an Italian work about our town? Why not?" Joyce had recently shown Svevo a typescript of the first three chapters of "Portrait of the Artist," and "Giacomo Joyce" could be his response to Svevo's challenge. The story's complex tone, literary and personal and polyglot and arch, and its distinct Triestine locality are congenial with this thesis; any clear-cut echo of "Senilità" would be virtually clinching. But Mr. Ellmann offers none, and Svevo's elegiac and wry psychologizing belongs to a different literary era from Joyce's compacted personal imagery. The friendship between Svevo and Joyce was a curious one. The letter of June 26th, read in full, is stilted even beyond the stiltedness of Svevo's English; his inquiry in context seems more polite than spirited. Svevo was in his fifties, a prosperous and amiable businessman who had diffidently abandoned writing after two early, neglected novels; Joyce was in his early thirties, an impoverished and unamiable Berlitz instructor, full of faith in his own genius and, as his brother Stanislaus put it, "that inflexibility firmly rooted in failure." Joyce's fierce enthusiasm for Svevo's novels—tinged, perhaps, by the generosity authors feel toward noncompetitors and by Svevo's usefulness to him as a hoard of Jewish lore—seems to have rather baffled the older man. They came together as student and teacher, since Svevo wanted to improve his English. His letters retain a student's shyness and tact.

A more piquant possibility is that the intended readership of one was the work's subject herself. "Giacomo Joyce" tells us that she had been shown a section of the "Portrait"—presumably the third, wherein Stephen's erotic sins are described, for "She says that, had 'The Portrait of the Artist' been frank only for frankness' sake, she would have asked why I had given it to her to read." On the next page the author broods, "Those quiet cold fingers have touched the pages, foul and fair, on which my shame shall glow for ever." It can be objected that within "Giacomo Joyce" its heroine is sometimes mocked and sometimes hymned in physical terms she could only have found embarrassing. But Joyce was peculiarly fond of this mode of wooing—courtship by shamelessness. He detailed to Nora Barnacle his sexual life before he met her. In the long letter of August 29, 1904, he refers to another letter, in which he dwelt on the details of their first liaison: "You have misunderstood, I think, some passages in a letter I wrote you and I have noticed a certain shyness in your manner as if the recollection of that night troubled you." And, amid that extraordinary torrent of letters he directed toward her from Dublin in 1909, while she remained in Trieste, he beseeches her, "Now, my darling Nora, I want you to read over and over all I have written to you. Some of it is ugly, obscene, and bestial, some of it is pure and holy and spiritual: all of it is myself." He dotes on the "something obscene and lecherous in the very look" of certain words, and hopes that "you too will write me letters even madder and dirtier than mine to you." It was always one of his marital sorrows that she would not read his books. Voyeurism and exhibitionism both were exercised by the performance of writing. In 1918, Joyce, seeing Martha Fleischmann on a Zurich street, sent her four ardent and presumptuous letters in French and German. In the first, he tells this unknown lady she is "*un joli animal*," likens himself to Dante espying Beatrice, and concludes by saying, in French, "I believe you are good at——." The word, evidently obscene, was torn from the corner by the recipient. He also sent her a copy of "Chamber Music," and Ellmann's biography describes how Joyce "from his vantage point on the street had watched her take it from the letter box and sit down with it in her front room." Among Stephen Dedalus's sins are "the foul long letters he had written in the joy of guilty confession and carried secretly for days and days only to throw them under cover of night among the grass in the corner of a field or beneath some hingeless door or in some niche in the hedges where a girl might come upon them as she walked by and read them secretly." When, in "Exiles," Robert Hand rebukes Joyce's alter ego Richard Rowan for waking his wife from sleep and confessing the night's infidelity, Rowan answers, "She must know me as I am." But one suspects that in Joyce's case candor was an act not

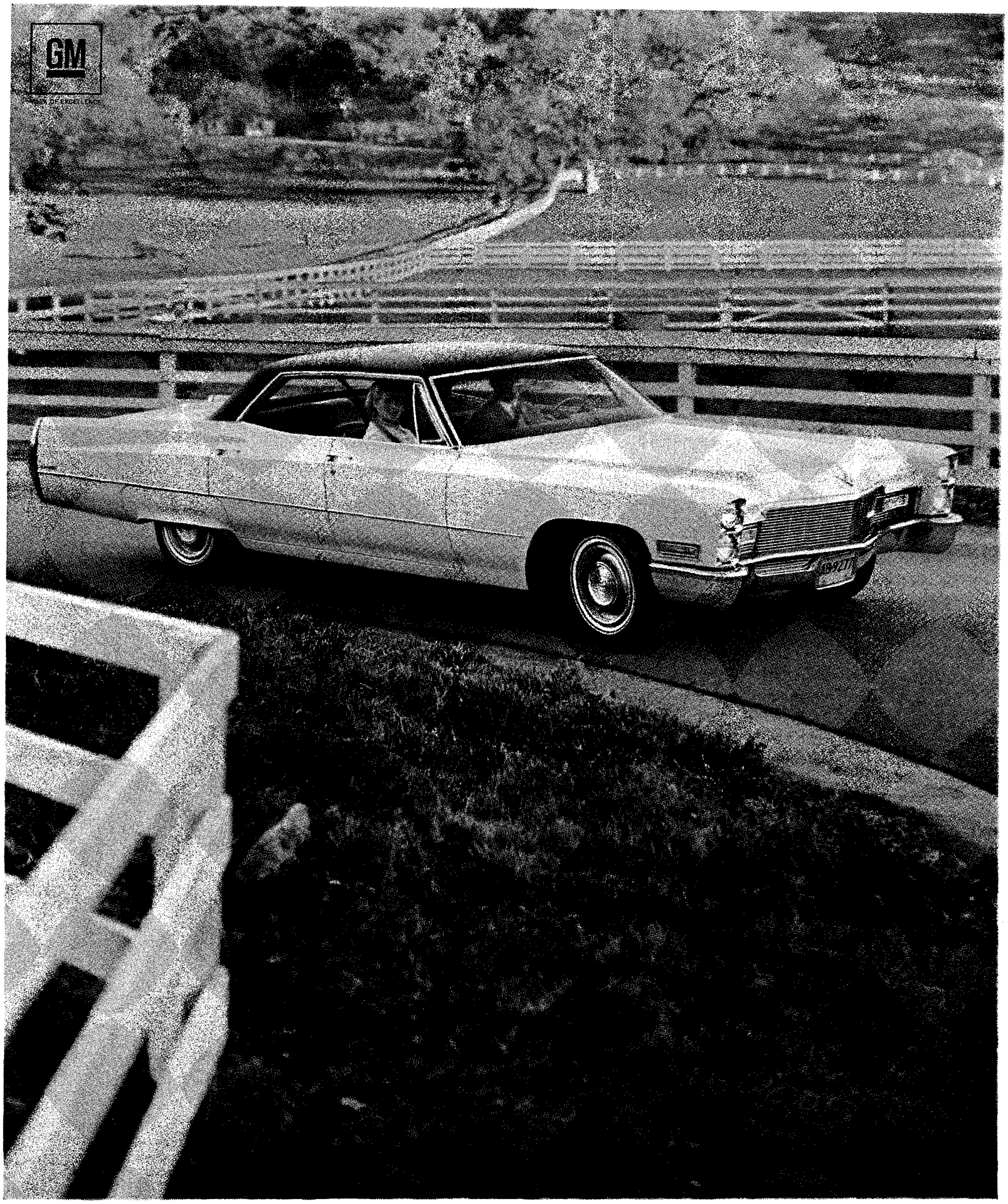
© JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC.

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH®

ALL PRICES ARE "ABOUT."

Longer days, sunnier days... and John Meyer neo-classic niceties. Enlivening lunch in town and dinner in the country with their spirited tailoring and brilliant colorings. Young and fun, the Boy suit with its back-vented jacket, A-line skirt in Erinweave plaid $35. Oxford dress shirt, lace-edged and French-cuffed $10. Buckle clutch $10. Piqué Dome hat $7.50. Posy pin $2. A special bouquet: Panel-A skimmer $23. (Yours to monogram.) Scalloped skimmer with its soft rolled collar and skillful embroidery $26. Bermuda bag $9. Other signs of spring: the bracket dress $23. Jacket dress, the skirt pleated all around $45. Silk scarf $6. All in Sunbeam, Razzleberry, Larkspur, Key Lime, Orange Peel.

Cadillac Motor Car Division



About the only thing the others can match is the color. A Cadillac is so beautifully styled, meticulously crafted and uncompromising in its luxury that it stands apart from all other cars. A host of advanced features and driving conveniences adds to its distinctiveness, and extraordinary attention to detail makes Cadillac noticeably quieter, more comfortable and easier to drive than any other fine car. Your authorized dealer will even show you some colors no one else has matched.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

merely of integrity but of concupiscence. It would not have been out of character for him to display this delineation of passion to its young but intelligent and nubile object.

One is forced into these conjectures by the definite omissions of Ellmann's introduction. He tells us at the outset of the manuscript that "The present owner . . . wishes to remain anonymous." He goes on to discuss the "title" of these pages, which are "loosely held within the nondescript gray-paper covers of a school notebook. . . . On the upper left-hand corner of the front cover, the name 'Giacomo Joyce' is inscribed in another hand." Well, *whose* hand? Can no comparison be made of the handwritings of Joyce's intimates at this time? Is it a matter of indifference who was permitted to bestow this ironical title? It looks to me, assuming that the label on the Viking volume is an accurate reproduction, as if the word "Joyce" were written in the center, with a spidery "Giacomo" added above it, perhaps in the "cobweb handwriting" of the little book's heroine. Ellmann declines to speculate. And he withholds two points of information given in his biography of Joyce. "Giacomo" was Casanova's first name and "a familiar epithet in Italy for a great lover," and the lady, the young student with whom Joyce fell in love and who inspired this work, also had a name. She was Amalia Popper, the daughter of a Jewish businessman called not quite Leopold Bloom but Leopoldo Popper.

WHAT WAS THE NATURE OF JOYCE'S INVOLVEMENT WITH SIGNORINA POPPER?

A GOOD question. Ellmann assumes that the affair is "of eyes rather than of bodies" and that the sexual episodes of the manuscript represent "morose delectation—diet of writers." This is not hard to believe of overheated passages like

> Soft sucking lips kiss my left armpit: a coiling kiss on myriad veins. I burn! I crumple like a burning leaf! From my right armpit a fang of flame leaps out. A starry snake has kissed me: a cold nightsnake. I am lost!

But there are quieter passages with an air of reality:

> Whirling wreaths of grey vapour upon the heath. Her face, how grey and grave! Dank matted hair. Her lips press softly, her sighing breath comes through. Kissed.

Joyce observes that "her body has no smell: an odourless flower" and describes a seduction with a soft clarity of

Hello, stranger.

Welcome back, friend.

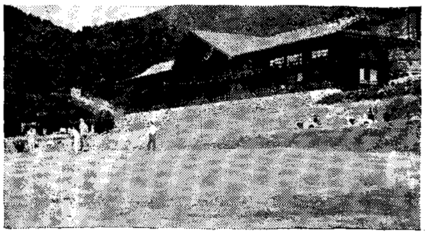
At New York's Summit Hotel, friendship is the only policy. For example, our dedicated staff. Genuinely interested in your well-being. Meaningful little touches. Bar-Refrigerators and other personal conveniences. Good food and drink. Nightly entertainment. Dancing. An in-hotel garage. Goodbye, second class. Hello, Summit. Your best friend in New York.

SUMMIT
OF NEW YORK
Home of the famed Gaucho Room
EAST 51ST AT LEXINGTON • TELEPHONE: (212) 752-7000 • A LOEW'S HOTEL • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT

Hand-Wrought English Bronzes
by MASCOTS
At fine stores.
Award-winning collector's catalogue of over 200 pieces $1.00
MASCOTS, Oxford, New Jersey 07863

. . . at Hound Ears golfing is great!

The beautiful championship golf course at Hound Ears is surrounded by the serenely quiet beauty of the North Carolina Mountains. Luxurious facilities and accommodations await you.
Write for brochure.
POST OFFICE BOX 277 BLOWING ROCK, NORTH CAROLINA



children's riding clothes

Novices and Ribbon Winners come to Millers for riding clothes cut for comfort, correct in every detail and fit by experts. Come in now for a complete selection including hard to fit sizes, all sensibly priced. Send $1.00 for our new catalog "Everything for riding." (deductible from first order).

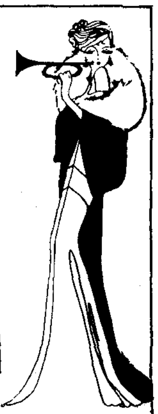
MILLER'S
123 East 24 St, New York 10010

This is your island in the sun. Hilton Head.

Almost foreign in nature, historic Hilton Head Island. Upon it, lush Sea Pines Plantation. Where the land continues unspoiled—while guests are spoiled with much deliberation. With delicacies of the Carolina Coast Country, served at the William Hilton Inn or at the Plantation Club. And golf; 36 championship holes on the two Sea Pines courses, which are so lovely many people have built homes along the fairways. Lovely beaches, swimming, tennis, fishing and boating, and moss-draped trails. Unforgettable island adventure here. The best under the sun.

For information on the Inn, Homesites, Homes or Golf Villas for rental, write us or contact the Robert F. Warner, Inc., office in your area.

WILLIAM HILTON INN
SEA PINES PLANTATION
Box 72, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina



BROADWAY'S BEST MUSICAL!"—LIFE

JANIS PAIGE as MAME

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

MON. THRU THURS. EVGS.: Orch. $9.90; Boxes $9.50, 7.50; Loge $9.00; Mezz. $8.50, 7.50, 6.50, 5.50 & 4.50. FRI. & SAT. EVGS.: Orch. $11.90; Loge $10.00; Boxes $9.50, 7.50; Mezz. $9.00, 8.00, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50. WED. & SAT. MATS.: Orch. $7.50; Loge $6.50; Boxes $6.50, 5.00; Mezz. $6.00, 5.00, 4.00, 3.25.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th St.

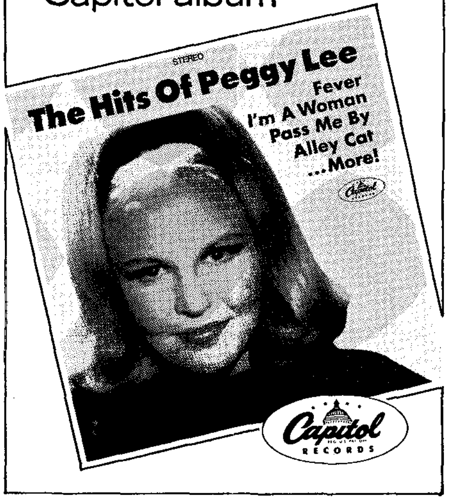
Giambelli 50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

detail that belongs either to reality or to an imagination of genius:

> I hold the websoft edges of her gown and drawing them out to hook them I see through the opening of the black veil her lithe body sheathed in an orange shift. It slips its ribbons of moorings at her shoulders and falls slowly: a lithe smooth naked body shimmering with silvery scales.

True, Joyce was an imaginative genius. True, his adventures with women, Nora Barnacle excepted, appear to have tended toward either plain whoring or timid, voyeuristic adoration. But his attentions to Martha Fleischmann, of which only the correspondence remains, caused her lover and *Vormund*, Rudolf Hiltpold, to write Joyce (all this is confided in a note to Frank Budgen) "a threatening violent letter" leading to a "long interview" in Hiltpold's apartment, with "violent gestures" on Hiltpold's part and "that timidity which yet is courage" on Joyce's, ending in a return of Martha's letters and a "*Waffenstillstand*." The photographs of these years (Ellmann's two volumes of Joyce's letters contain many, and Viking has recently published a fascinatingly illustrated study, "James Joyce and His World," by Chester G. Anderson) show a somewhat rakish dandy; in 1915, the Joyce strumming a guitar is positively handsome. Richard Rowan of "Exiles" says he has betrayed his wife "grossly and many times." The one moment of psychological tension in "Giacomo Joyce" occurs when the heroine's father tells Joyce in Italian that "My daughter has the greatest admiration for her English teacher." This assertion, whose manner purportedly combines "suspicion, naturalness, helplessness of age, confidence, frankness, urbanity, sincerity, warning," is inwardly greeted by Joyce with the exclamation "Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!" The girl's susceptibility is as moot as the strength of his advances. Concerning the percentage of wealthy middle-class Jewish girls seduced by their instructors in prewar Austria-Hungary, there was no Kinsey to gather statistics. The elliptical, fraught allusiveness of "Giacomo Joyce" and the powerful resonance with which the experience reverberates through Joyce's work (Signorina Popper not only is credited with being Beatrice Justice of "Exiles" and the Irish girl of the last chapter of the "Portrait" but is supposed to have contributed the something Mediterranean in the character of Molly Bloom) do seem insufficiently explained by a one-sided infatuation. The relationship, at

Peggy Lee
does 45 minutes of the most movin', groovin' dazzling entertainment you've ever heard
live at the Copa
April 11-24
...and 40 minutes of the same on her new Capitol album



What! You haven't seen 'Man of La Mancha' yet? Now is the time!

at the MARTIN BECK THEATRE
45th St. W. of 8th Ave., 246-6363

Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs: Orch. $9.90; Mezz. $8.50; Balc. $8.00, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75. Fri. & Sat. Evgs: Orch. $11.90; Mezz. $9.90; Balc. $8.75, 7.90, 7.00, 6.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 3.75. Sat. Mats. avail. beg. June 1; Sat. Evg. Orch. Seats avail. beg. May 11; Sat. Evg. Mezz. Seats available beginning June 15. Please enclose *stamped self-addressed envelope.*

Portraits April 9-20
by Molly Guion
Grand Central Art Galleries, Inc.
40 Vanderbilt Ave., (Biltmore Hotel) N.Y.
TN 7-3344

HOTEL Meurice
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $11.50. Doubles from $17.50. Suites from $19.00.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

any rate, made an impression upon Signorina Popper. Nineteen years later, in 1933, now Signora Risola of Florence, she wrote Joyce asking for permission to translate "Dubliners" into Italian. Permission was granted, and a book entitled "Araby" did appear in Italian, but the standard Italian translation was done by other hands. She died not much longer than a year ago, and perhaps her death (again we must resort to speculation) somehow released "Giacomo Joyce" to posterity.

Is "Giacomo Joyce" good or bad art?

DIFFICULT to answer, even discounting the extent to which it is not art at all but personal therapy and private communication. Parts of it sing with the familiar voice: "She follows her mother with ungainly grace, the mare leading her filly foal." Some images bring the heroine into good focus: "A pale face surrounded by heavy odorous furs. . . . The long eyelids beat and lift: a burning needleprick stings and quivers in the velvet iris." Other images float oddly, unattached: "Long lewdly leering lips: dark-blooded molluscs." Some of the writing is Joyce at his most palely swooning: "Her eyes have drunk my thoughts: and into the moist warm yielding welcoming darkness of her womanhood my soul, itself dissolving, has poured and flooded a liquid and abundant seed." Some of it is mere noise: "Weep not for me, O daughter of Jerusalem!" And some downright trite: "This heart is sore and sad. Crossed in love?" These many glimpses, exclamations, and parodic spurts, though anticipating, in Ellmann's happy phrase, the "clashing of dictions" that becomes the method of "Ulysses," do not quite hang together, perhaps because they are engraved upon a personal incident that remains obscure rather than upon the mundane, mappable events of Bloomsday. "Giacomo Joyce" does point up the lack of psychological presence Joyce's characters, even in the masterworks, often have. His dialogue, for example, where it is not comic or telegraphic (and largely excepting "Dubliners"), more suggests worked-up notes than the living exchange of speech. The key utterance in "Giacomo Joyce" is Amalia's saying, "Because otherwise I could not see you," a remark which meant so much to Joyce that he gives it twice to Beatrice Justice in "Exiles;" neither here nor there does it make much sense. In both places the statement, like many things said

Never too early
for Early American

Is it ever too soon for a child to live with fine furniture? Child Craft says No.

Case in point, the handsome Salem group, with authentic detailing of turned posts and drawer pulls, even a 4-poster canopy for extra period charm.

As with all of Child Craft, a regular bed is ready in the same style, when baby outgrows the crib.

Nice to know Child Craft is open stock, to keep up with their needs as they grow up.

The Grown-Up Furniture for Children
child craft
Salem, Indiana

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

NAME

ADDRESS

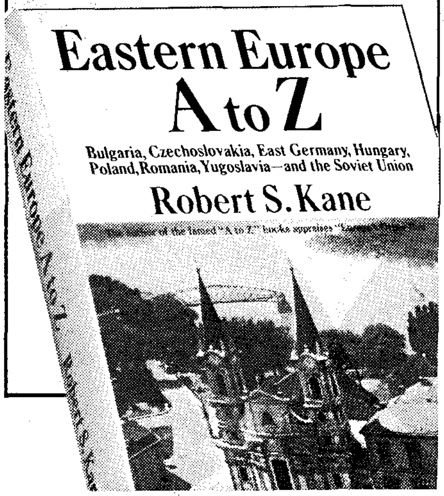
(Please include ZIP Code number)

A Kane's-eye view of 'Europe's Other Half'

In this newest of his "A to Z" series, Bob Kane opens the curtain — wide: beds are frequently too narrow but bikinis are happily synonymous with beaches ...Czechs can be bores but Poles perky . . . Americans and Russians are similarly gregarious, sensitive, fun-loving. Here it is — Romania's muraled monasteries, Hungary's still-great cuisine, Bulgaria's new Riviera, Yugoslavia's East-West mélange, Ulbricht's Berlin — a characteristically unvarnished Kane appraisal, from politics to packing, hotels to handicrafts, Moscow to the Moldau.

Covering 8 countries, EASTERN EUROPE A TO Z ($6.95) has just joined ASIA A TO Z ($5.75), AFRICA A TO Z, SOUTH AMERICA A TO Z, SOUTH PACIFIC A TO Z, and CANADA A TO Z ($4.95 each) at all booksellers.

DOUBLEDAY


Eastern Europe
A to Z
Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Romania, Yugoslavia—and the Soviet Union
Robert S. Kane

The new
AGATHA CHRISTIE
is "a genuine literary event...a surpassing mystery."
—N. Y. Times Book Review
ENDLESS NIGHT
$4.95 at bookstores
DODD, MEAD

in "Ulysses," arrives unprepared, oddly out of context, and without weight. Compared to Tolstoy's protagonists or those of Henry James, Joyce's people do not take each other seriously; they seem detached, for all the formal significance arrayed behind them, from concern with their own fate, and move sluggishly beneath the semi-opaque thickness of their artistic rendering. They are the creations of an artist-God who is himself "refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails." Indeed, "Giacomo Joyce" is most interesting for its illustration of a stage of the aesthetic sequence that Stephen Dedalus had expounded; "Giacomo" marks the point where the lyrical form—"the simplest verbal vesture of an instant of emotion"—emerges into the simplest epical form, "when the artist prolongs and broods upon himself as the centre of an epical event. . . . The personality of the artist passes into the narration itself, flowing round and round the persons and the action like a vital sea." "Giacomo" anticipates not only the triumph but the limits of "Ulysses." We do not see as well in water as in air, and the chief character Joyce's books glorify is himself, the writer as God and oceanic mind, the frail and arrogant sponger/saint with the black eye patch, holding all literature and languages inside his head, mixed with "pebbles and rubbish and broken matches and lots of glass." It is this monstrous and marvellous self-dramatization whose adventures we follow in his books, whose fanaticism transfigures gritty old photographs of Dublin and Paris, and whose relics we revere.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

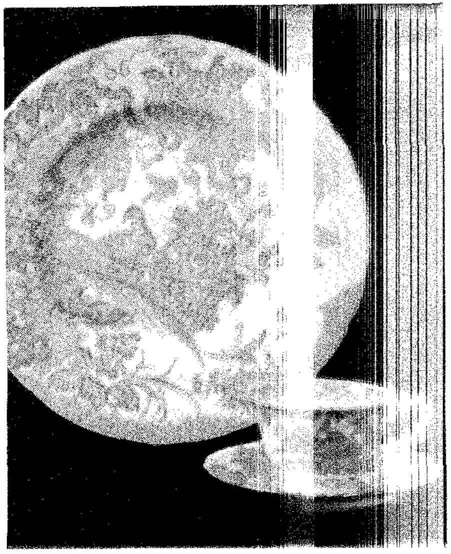
FICTION

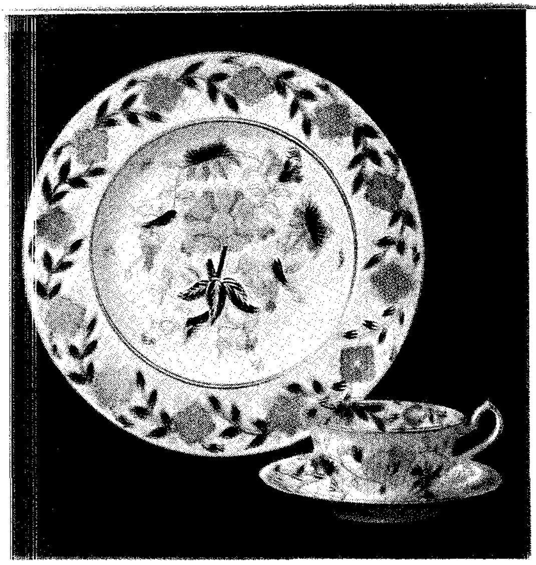
Overdrive, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row). This lively novel is set in England after the Second World War. Its hero (or villain) is a young veteran who makes himself a business tycoon by employing in civilian life the energetic, amoral resourcefulness that made him a splendid tactical leader in battle. From time to time, readers with some first-hand experience of business may be reminded that the development of successful enterprises in the twentieth century is really not much like life at the front. Mr. Gilbert, however, is a gifted writer of thrillers, and he banishes such doubts by pushing his entertainment along at a headlong pace, hustling the reader into a more than willing suspension of disbelief.

GENERAL

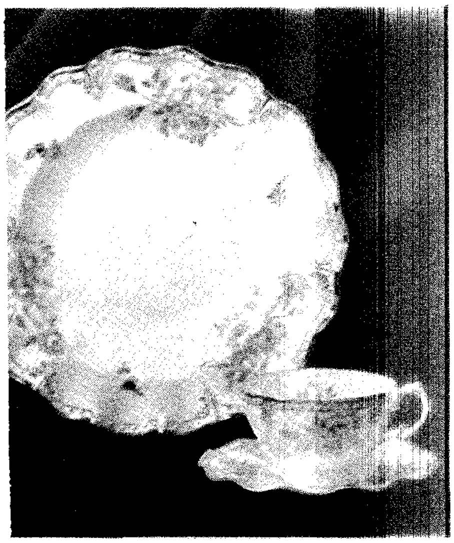
The Autobiography of W. E. B. Du Bois (International). Readers should not be put off by the first fifty-odd pages, in which Du Bois tours the world in 1958 and 1959, and finds only progress and happiness in the Communist countries—and nowhere else. After recounting this euphoric voyage, Du Bois gets down to telling the story of his life, and then he becomes an interesting and vivid narrator. He began as a brilliant Negro (more accurately, part-Negro) child in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where he was encouraged on his way to college by a number of sympathetic townspeople at a time (1885) when the Berkshires put few youngsters of any color all the way through high school. Du Bois recalls his years at Fisk, Harvard, and the University of Berlin with remarkable clarity—the book was written when Du Bois was ninety. (He died in 1963, at ninety-five.) The young man had ambitions for great intellectual achievements in the then new field of sociology. These were not fulfilled, because white colleges did not hire Negroes, and Negro colleges could not or would not finance his projects. He describes his many quarrels with, among others, Booker T. Washington and, later, with the staff of the N.A.A.C.P. (which he had helped found). As the author reviews his stormy career, the reader notices a curious trait: Du Bois is cool and critical about his own personality but passionate and uncritical about his own ideas; he would rather portray himself as unlovable than as mistaken. Ten dollars.

Desert Solitaire: A Season in the Wilderness, by Edward Abbey (McGraw-Hill). A celebration of the untamed glories of the high desert country of southeastern Utah—sculptured rock, red dunes, purple sage, piñon pine, and boundless space—by a one-time seasonal ranger at Arches National Monument, coupled with an explosion of healthy rage at the gaucheries of the lumpen tourist (" 'Where's the john? How long's it take to see this place? Where's the Coke machine?' ") and at the compulsive road builders and urbanizers of the National Park


RED AVES, 5 PC. SET $3[illegible]


ASIAN ROSE, 5 PC. SET $97.50

GOLDEN HERALDIC, 5 PC. SET $52.50


ROYAL PINXTON ROSES, 5 PC. SET $72.50

BLUE MIKADO, 5 PC. SET $35.00

GREEN DERBY PANEL, 5 PC. SET $59.50

ROYAL CROWN DERBY BONE CHINA DINNERWARE IS SO "DAMNABLY EXPENSIVE"
. . . AND WORTH EVERY PENNY OF IT!

ROYAL CROWN DERBY

Brochures illustrating Royal Crown Derby dinnerware and giftware, together with an illustrated history of the factory since 1750, are available for $1.00. However, if you should like to see for yourself the superior qualities of Royal Crown Derby, a Red Aves ashtray (albeit small), in a giftbox, together with the aforementioned brochures, may be had for $5.00. Please address all inquiries to Royal Crown Derby, 280 Summer St., Boston, Massachusetts 02210.

On Iberia Air Lines of Spain only the plane gets more attention than you.

On Iberia Air Lines of Spain the wrench comes first, then the rose.

The wrench stands for the careful way all Iberia DC-8 Fan Jets are serviced. It also stands for the skill of Iberia pilots with millions of miles of experience.

Next in importance is the rose. It represents the gracious way all Iberia people delight in showing their passengers what Spanish hospitality really means.

The wrench and the rose. No wonder Iberia is the fastest growing name in international air travel.

For complete flight information see the man who knows travel best—your travel agent or call your nearest Iberia ticket office.

IBERIA

Air Lines of Spain
...where only the plane
gets more attention than you.

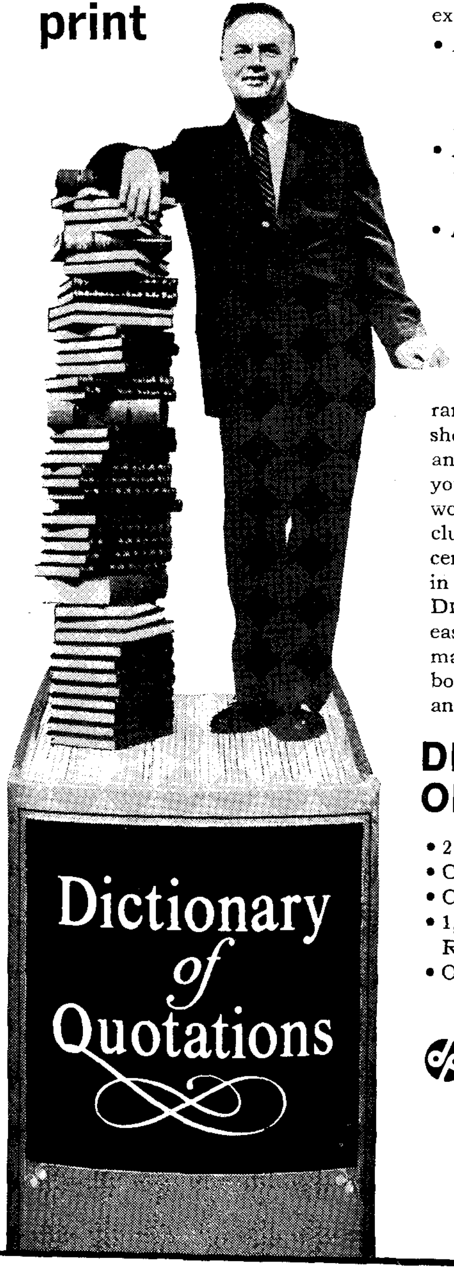
Madrid, Lisbon, London, Paris, Rome, Milan, Frankfurt, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Dublin, Brussels and other leading cities throughout the world

Service. Mr. Abbey is a good hater ("Where [Major John Wesley Powell] and his brave men once lined the rapids and glided through silent canyons two thousand feet deep the motorboats now smoke and whine, scumming the water with cigarette butts, beer cans and oil, dragging the water skiers on their endless rounds") and an angular wit ("I'm a humanist: I'd rather kill a *man* than a snake"), and his book is a forceful encounter with a man of character and courage. Highly recommended. Illustrated with drawings by Peter Parnall.

LINDSAY'S CAMPAIGN: A BEHIND-THE-SCENES DIARY, by Oliver Pilat (Beacon). Oliver Pilat, an experienced political reporter, went to work as "Number 2 man in the Lindsay press department" in May, 1965, shortly after the opening of the then congressman's campaign for the mayoralty of New York. Mr. Pilat says that he thought the project of electing a Republican mayor in a Democratic city was as implausible and as unlikely of success as Cortez' conquest of Mexico with an army of five hundred and fifty-three, and this diary reflects, along with everybody's hard work, the sense of elated daring that accompanied the effort. The reader will find only a few surprises in Pilat's political gossip, though his tidbits extend one's understanding of political personalities because of his warm, shrewd, humane judgments. In one respect, his tale is shocking—his account of the hysteria and violence of the far-right pickets who often beleaguered Lindsay's campaign appearances.

THE ENGLISH SPIRIT: ESSAYS IN LITERATURE AND HISTORY, by A. L. Rowse (Funk & Wagnalls). A high-spirited and sensible collection. The author's specialty (as most readers know) is Tudor England, but (as most readers also know) Mr. Rowse has picked up considerable expertness in other fields, including Cornwall, poetry, the English Civil War, and literary and historical criticism. This book displays his attainments in all these subjects and shows, too, his characteristic bluntness at its most entertaining.

MEMOIRS OF A SOVIET AMBASSADOR, by Ivan Maisky, translated from the Russian by Andrew Rothstein (Scribners). These recollections of the author's service as Russian Ambassador in London during the Second World War are uncheerful reading, although Mr. Maisky ap-



Let BERGEN EVANS be your guide to the world's most quoted and quotable ideas, with the most up-to-date... easy-to-use... and thoroughly entertaining book of quotations in print

This vast new compendium of familiar *and unfamiliar* quotations is not only the first book of its kind in years—*it's also the first dictionary ever meant for pleasure reading!* Open it up to any page and you're caught up in the spell of brilliant ideas, brilliantly expressed, spiced with more than 2,000 explanatory comments by BERGEN EVANS, the witty and scholarly author, T.V. moderator, Rhodes Scholar, and Professor of English at Northwestern University.

And the DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS is unparalleled as a quick, easy-to-use guide to the world's wit and wisdom. In fact, *it is the most thoroughly indexed and cross-referenced collection of quotations ever published*—with three separate and exhaustive indexes:

- A *Subject Index* listing every quotation under each of its key words and under the general subjects it illustrates
- A *Topical Index* that shows where to find quotations on specific ideas or themes
- An *Index of Authors* for finding quotations from specific writers and sources

In addition, there is the book's regular dictionary arrangement of topical headings: The quotations under each heading are arranged chronologically in order to show the development of an idea and/or its wording. As a result, you'll be able to find any of the world's most notable sayings (including hundreds from the 20th century) on virtually any subject in a matter of seconds. And the DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS is as easy to look at as it is to use — a massive, beautifully printed and bound volume that will enhance any home or office.

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

- 2,029 pages
- Over 18,000 quotations
- Over 1,000,000 words
- 1,195 pages of Index and Cross-References
- Over 2,000 inimitable comments by BERGEN EVANS

$15.00, now at your bookstore

DELACORTE PRESS

THE LOBSTER MAN

. . . proudly shows you his latest catch. Look at his well-worn blue sweater . . . his heavy boots . . . his rugged lobster trap. You can almost smell the salt air! Another hand-painted Royal Doulton figurine from England. A rare catch for collectors. 7″ high. $36.50.

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 25¢ for collectors' book #10 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co. Inc., Dept. NY-4, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

TOWER ISLE IS JAMAICA

Ocho Rios' vacation landmark! 100 air-conditioned rooms on private beach—all rooms with baths, balconies. Continental, native cuisine. Dancing nightly, floor shows, pool—golf nearby. Private villas available. Completely refurbished! The spirit of Jamaica is the heart of TOWER ISLE.

An ISSA Hotel • Nick Brimo, Gen. Mgr.

See your Travel Agent or
Local Office of Leonard Hicks, Inc.

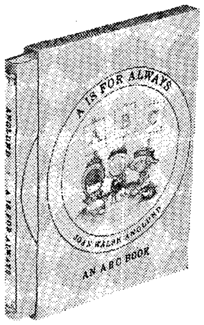
Some Fine Day
You'll Come
To
Waterville, Maine

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT

peared to many Western observers and to other memoir writers as an outgoing, approachable person—at least by comparison with the other Russian diplomatic personnel—and his contempt for Churchill and Roosevelt, combined with his determination to use them, was perhaps acceptable diplomacy. But Mr. Maisky's certitude that his country was invariably faultless, and that it is moral, just, and right that every nation's interest be subordinated to Russia's, is bizarre. When he writes, "Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania in the summer of 1940 entered the U.S.S.R.," he is not being disingenuous but—so the whole book suggests—telling the truth according to his peculiar lights. The translation does not suggest that he has any literary gift.

LETTERS ON WAVE MECHANICS, edited by K. Przibram, translated and with an introduction by Martin J. Klein (Philosophical Library). A marvellous collection of letters written to or by Erwin Schroedinger, one of the greatest theoretical physicists of the twentieth century and a man of enormous general culture. In 1926, he discovered the Schroedinger Equation, which is to atomic physics what the equations of Newton are to planetary motion. For years afterward, he struggled with the philosophical implications of his equation, and many of these letters deal with his doubts—and the doubts of others—about its validity. The book gives one a rare opportunity to see the workings of great scientific minds in the process of discovery, and it also affords a glimpse of the graces of European academic life just before the Nazis destroyed it. One of the most extraordinary letters was written by Einstein in 1926. In it he criticizes what he takes to be the Schroedinger Equation. On the basis of simple intuition, he then goes on to derive an equation that answers his objections. Much to Schroedinger's delight, this "new" equation was *exactly* the Schroedinger Equation; Einstein had misread Schroedinger's original paper.

NOTE: *Rand McNally has published* "A Doctor Among the Addicts," Nat Hentoff's study of Dr. Marie Nyswander and her approach to rehabilitation from narcotics addiction. Much of the book originally appeared in this magazine. . . . "Reasons for Moving," a collection of poems by Mark Strand, many of which were first printed in *The*



Joan Walsh Anglund

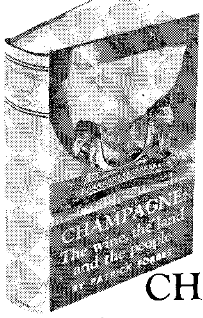
A IS FOR ALWAYS

An A B C Book

"Always / Be / Courteous / Determined / Efficient / Fearless." In this enchanting new alphabet book for the very young—and for Mrs. Anglund's admirers of any age—every letter stands for a quality to be emulated, and each is the center of a charming scene, depicted in full color in the inimitable manner of one of the most beloved author-illustrators of our time. $1.95, boxed in its own slipcase.

A 3″ x 4″ companion to *A Pocketful of Proverbs* and *A Book of Good Tidings.*

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD



"It must contain everything that is to be known about la Champagne & le Champagne."
—Punch

CHAMPAGNE:
The wine, the land and the people

BY PATRICK FORBES

Illus. $10.00

REYNAL/MORROW

MONSIGNORE

61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

MARIT GUINNES / APR. 3 - MAY 7

ASCHAN

ENAMELS

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD
21 EAST 57 ST.

Credit: A detail from William Blake's drawing, ADAM AND EVE SLEEPING.
Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

JUST PUBLISHED

John Updike's

NEW NOVEL

COUPLES

John Updike's fifth novel concerns the interactions of ten couples in an out-of-the-way New England community called Tarbox. The circle of acquaintance is felt as a magic circle, with ritual games, religious substitutions, a priest (Freddy Thorne), and a scapegoat (Piet Hanema). The action runs from the spring of 1963 through the following spring.

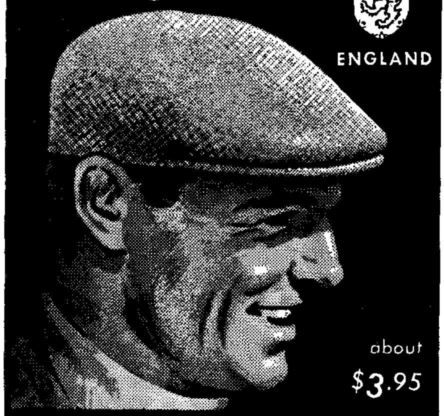
- 70,000 copies have been printed before publication.
- Soon to be made into a major motion picture by David Wolper.
- 458 pages • $6.95
- Now at better bookstores

ALFRED • A • KNOPF

TROPICAP®

you know it's right.....

MADE IN ENGLAND



about $3.95

because it looks right and fits perfectly. Retains its shape and guaranteed washable. You're *right* on *top when you wear the* open-weave TROPICAP, original, authentic style by Kangol. Now in 18 "match-mate" colors.

Sizes 6⅝ to 7⅝.

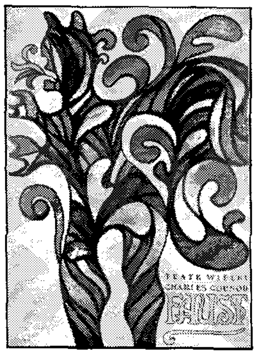
Dept. N at your favorite store, or write

E. STERN & CO. 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

TRITON GALLERY

Sole U.S. Distributor of

COLORFUL POLISH POSTERS



#14 **FAUST** by Jan Lenica

28"x37" Green, Blue, Black, Pink

$6. ea. + 65¢ mailing and handling one poster. 15¢ each add'l. poster.

RESIDENTS N.Y.C. ADD 5% SALES TAX
RESIDENTS N.Y. STATE ADD 2%

DEALERS INQUIRE!

TRITON GALLERY, INC.

THEATRE POSTERS

"In the heart of the Theatre District"

323 W. 45th St. N.Y., N.Y. 10036

212-765-2472

MOVING TO FLORIDA'S GOLD COAST?

Write for FREE copy of THE APARTMENT FINDER, Ft. Lauderdale-Palm Beach Edition. Pictorial guide to rental, condominium and cooperative apartments.

THE APARTMENT FINDER PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. 3-A, 1040 Bayview Drive

Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33304

New Yorker, has been published by Atheneum.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DISTURBANCE ON BERRY HILL, by Elizabeth Fenwick (Atheneum). A fine example of the domestic terror story, which is so often overdone, or done clumsily or pretentiously or affectedly. Berry Hill, a pleasant private community of seven houses cozily hidden by surrounding woods, is within commuting distance of New York City and proudly preserves a long tradition of family friendliness—the intimate business of one house is the almost intimate business of the six other houses. The people who live at Berry Hill are congenial enough and sensible enough not to resent incessant neighborly intrusions and not to mind that their comings and goings are inevitably noted by several pairs of eyes. Doors at Berry Hill are never locked, but when odd, disquieting little incidents begin to occur, first in one house, then in another, the residents quickly begin locking up. Some even have new locks put on their doors. Too late. A diseased mind, having found its outlet, is growing ambitious, and by the time the armed guard with his police dog is hired to patrol the grounds, the mad creature has grown reckless. Miss Fenwick is to be congratulated four times—for her skill in planning and maneuvering; for her brief, light-handed characterizations; for her Berry Hill atmosphere, so almost dull, so comfortable, so human; and for her ability to touch the normal so that it shakes just *that* much and no more.

THE INSTANT ENEMY, by Ross Macdonald (Knopf). Another of Mr. Macdonald's absorbing cautionary horrors about the sins of the fathers in the freeway culture of southern California. It opens, characteristically, in chaos; its components include a runaway girl and an unwanted boy, a pair of hand-wringing parents, a rich man and his ironclad mother, and a certain amount of LSD and alcohol and rape and bloody murder; and, as always, it ends with a kind of order imposed by the author's exemplary avenging agent, Lew Archer.

•

Thirteen hours are now devoted to "image development;" two years ago it was called "grooning."—*The Times.*

"Grooning" was better.

"An engrossing, completely original story fusing horrific fact with its subsequent bold, exciting transfiguration in the theatre." —*Emlyn Williams*

AGNES DE MILLE

LIZZIE BORDEN

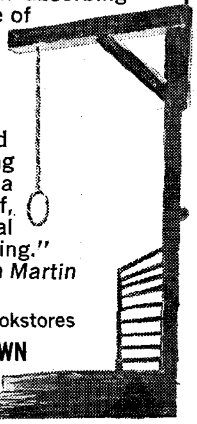
A Dance of Death

"An act of murder combined with the act of art in an absorbing dual mystery by one of the great theatre women of our age." —*Walter Terry*

"I thoroughly enjoyed it. It has something of the suspense of a mystery story, itself, besides being a real tour de force of writing." —*John Martin*

Illustrated, $6.95 at bookstores

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN



CHANDLER'S

49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIV STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROU AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEE AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-68.

BOOKS-ON-FILE

UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087

FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prim Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

IMPERIAL

If you want more than luxury in your luxury car

Watch the Bob Hope Show on NBC-TV.

1968 Imperial Crown Four-Door Hardtop

Arrive home ready for home.

Why fight your way home from work when you can relax your way home—in a 1968 Imperial.

Settle back in a front seat that adjusts to you, not vice versa. It is actually three seats in one—a plush 5-foot wide sofa, which adjusts into twin armchairs, or an armchair plus recliner.

With the touch of a button, power windows seclude you from the clamoring world. The tensions of your day are soon forgotten.

Relax. Surround yourself with the sound of stereo—with a 5-speaker, 8-track tape system* or AM/FM Multiplex Radio.*

You may even dial your own weather with Auto-Temp.* One setting automatically warms or cools, dehumidifies, filters pollen and dust from the air, and maintains the temperature you prefer—winter and summer.

When the traffic clears, you move out decisively. With the largest V8 ever offered by Chrysler Corporation.

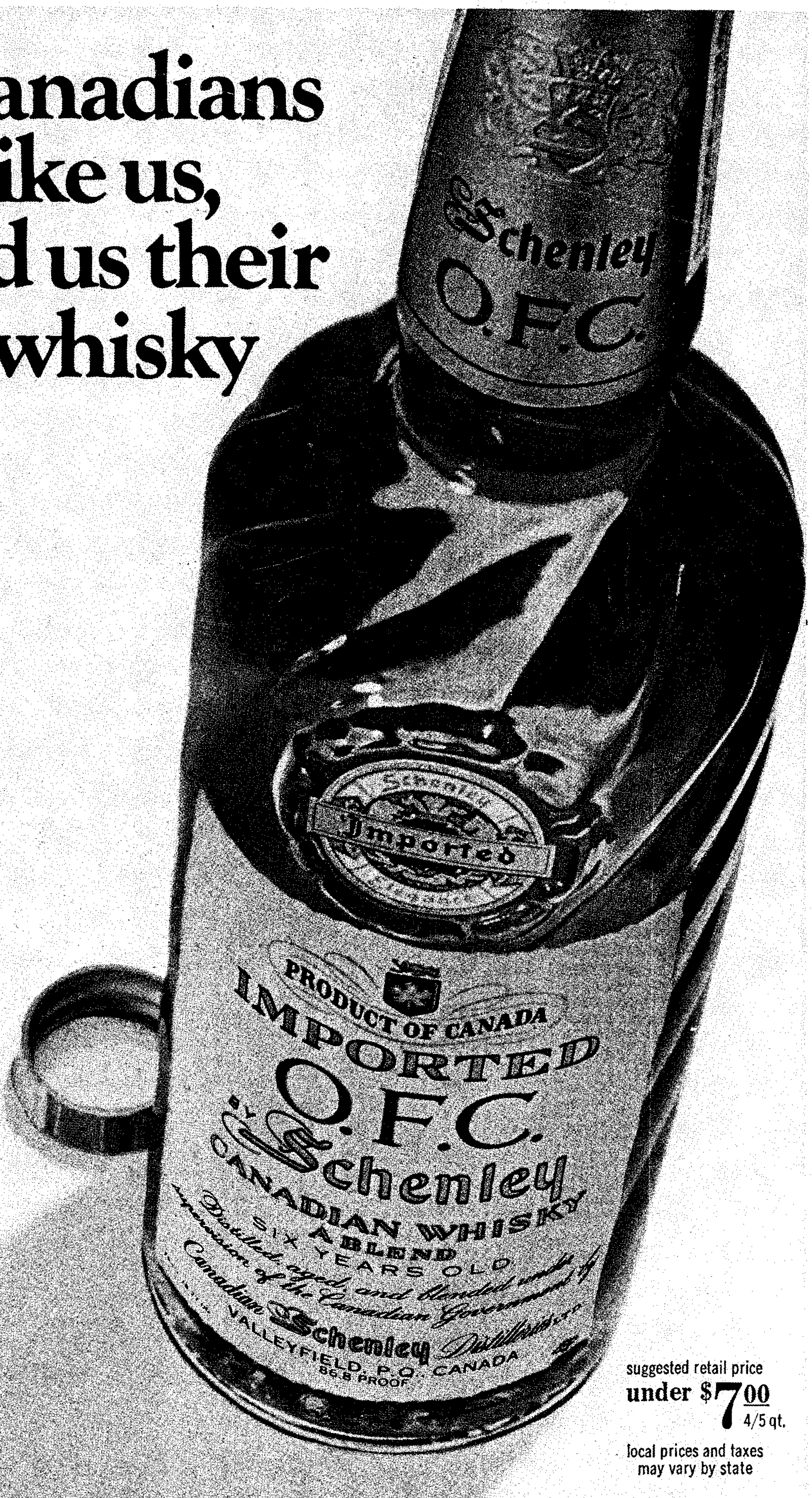
Tonight, see your Imperial dealer. Tomorrow, arrive home ready for home. In *your* new Imperial, finest automobile built by Chrysler Corporation.

*Optional

IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

The Canadians must like us, to send us their finest whisky


Schenley
O.F.C.
Schenley
Imported
PRODUCT OF CANADA
IMPORTED
O.F.C.
BY
Schenley
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
SIX YEARS OLD
Distilled, aged, and blended under supervision of the Canadian Government by
Canadian Schenley Distilleries
VALLEYFIELD, P.Q., CANADA
86.8 PROOF

suggested retail price
under $7.00
4/5 qt.

local prices and taxes
may vary by state

© SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.